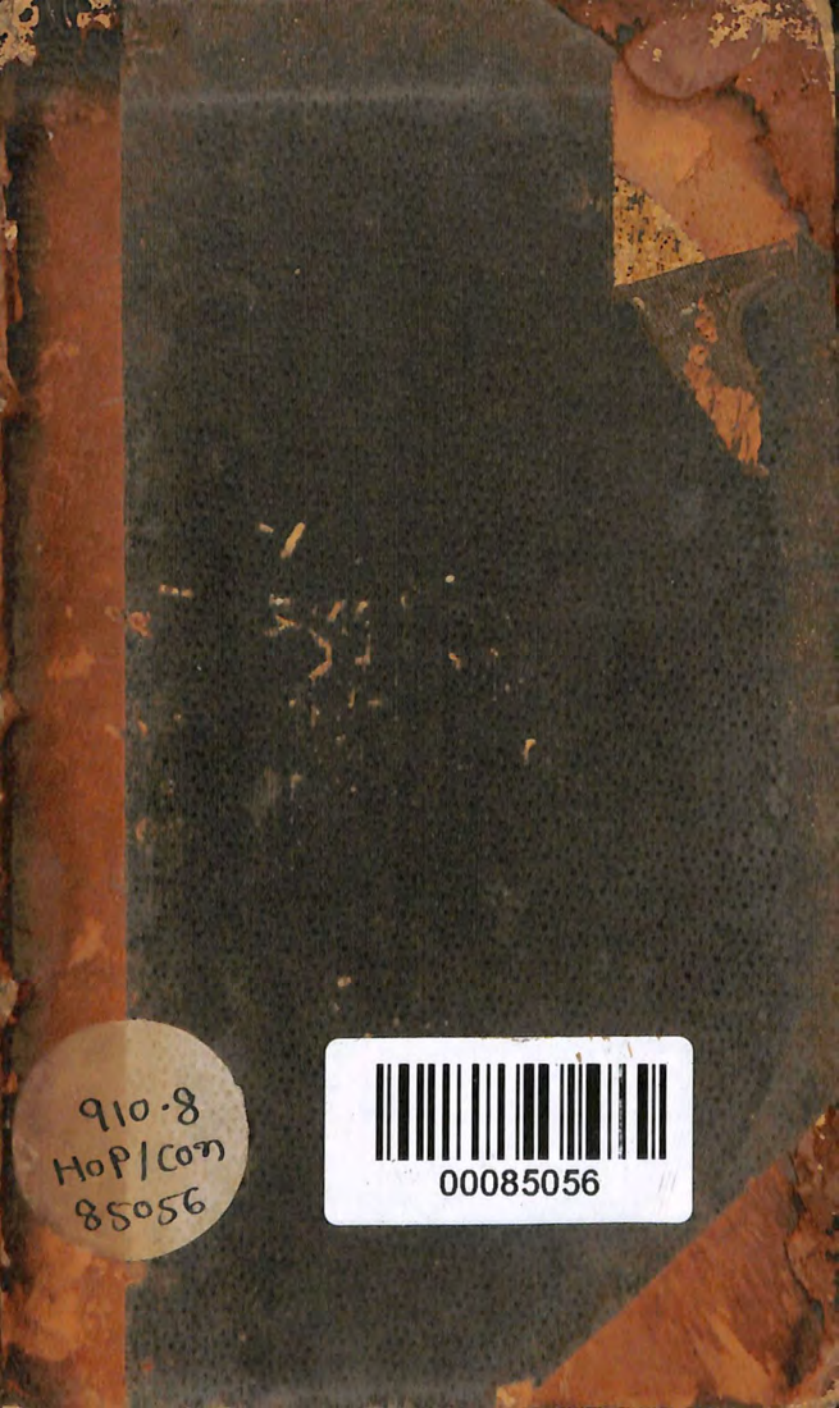
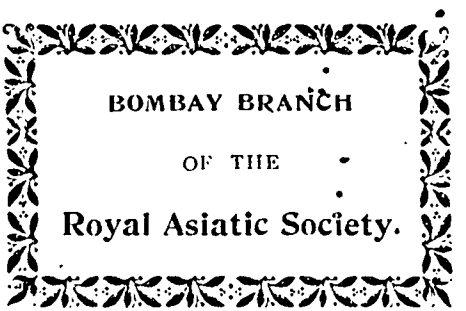

910.8
HoP/Con
85056
00085056



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016

CONTENTS

OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER XII.

Valley of Lauterbrunnen—The Jungfrau—The Staub-bach—Interlachen—English Chapel—Vicinity of Interlachen—Hofstetter's *Pension*—Awkward situation on the Aarderberg—Unterseen—The Jungfrau—Road to the Valley of Frutigen—Chalets—Village of Frutigen—Kanderthal—Kandersteg—Advice of Guides . . . . . *Page*

LETTER XIII.

Departure from Kandersteg for the Gemmi—Mannschaft—Ascent—Schwarbach—Canton of Wallis—Snows of the Gemmi—Daubensee—Glaciers—View of the Pennine Alps from the Gemmi—Descent—Activity of the mountain-guides, in boring along the edges of precipices—The Valley—Leuk—Avalanches—Journey to Leuk—Valley of the Rhone—Gothic view of Leuk—Romanism—Charnel-house Chapel—Tumo—Valley of the Rhone—Sion—Recent Avalanche—Dent Blanche—Goitres—Martigny—Deluge of 1818—and Lower Valais . . . .

LETTER XIV.

Ascent of the Forclas—Trient—The Tête Noire—Savoy; the Valorsine—Romanism—Sight of Mont Blanc—Valley of Chamonix—Glaciers, de Tour, d'Argentière, and Des Bois—Chamonix—Moonlight—Sound of Avalanche—Mont Blanc—Ascents—Ascent of Montanvert—The Mer de Glace—Chamois-hunting—The Bouquetin 51

LETTER XV.

Chamonix—Superstition—Effects of Alps—Road to Servoz—View of Mont Blanc—The Needle of Varens—Fall of Chede—Romanism—View of Mont Blanc from Sallenche—The Cholera—Cascade of Arpenas—Cluse—Bonneville—Savoyard History—Attempt of Polish Refugees, in 1834, to produce Revolution—Religious State of Savoy 82

LETTER XVI.

[redacted], and the Jura mountains—The city—Administration—Christ in the Cathedral—Magnificent views—[redacted]au—Voltaire—Ca[redacted]—Museum—The Cathedral—Calvin—[redacted]tion, August 1835—Ch[redacted]cle of Light—Centenary of the Reformation—Société Evangélique—Religious Institutions [redacted]moignage—Société Evang[redacted]urch of Geneva—Seceders; Eglise [redacted]evan History 99

LETTER XVII.

The Lake of Geneva—Jerome Bonaparte—Lausanne—Gibbon—Head of the Lake—Castle of Chillon—Rousseau—Vevay—Quadrennial fête—Edmund Ludlow—Büle—Freyburg—The Cathedral—Romanism—Liberty taken with Scripture—The Hermitage—The Suspension Bridge—Extraordinary Situation of Freyburg—Mixture of Languages—Alemanni, and Franks—Road to Bern—Costume—Bern—Its beauty—Cathedral—Bears—Arsenal—Public Buildings—Road to Soleure—Capuchin friars—Canton of Bern—Costume—Magnificent views of the Northern Chain—Last sight of the Alps . . 120

LETTER XVII.

Canton of Soleure—The City—Cathedral of St. Ursus—Romanism—The Weissenstein—Pass of the Jura—The Jura mountains—Isolated masses—Hollstein—Swiss cookery, and dinners—Liechstall—Basle—Swiss Travelling—Punishment for distributing religious Tracts, in Schwytz—French Church—Missionary College—Religion in Switzerland—Present State and Prospects—Education 151

LETTER XVIII.

Departure from Basle—Huningen—St. Louis—Alsace—I—Douane—Müllhausen—Béfort—Vesoul—Langres—mont—Nogent—Provins—Nangis—Road to Paris—M Operations and Events of 1814 . . .

LETTER XIX.

Sketch of French History—Feudal Divisions—Franks—The Merovingian Dynasty—Clovis—Maires du Palais, and Rois Fainéans—Carlovingian Dynasty—Pépin—Charlemagne—Charles the Bald—Charles le Gros—Capetian Dynasty—Hugh Capet—Feudal System—Philip II.—Louis IX. or St. Louis—Philip III.—Philip IV.—Valois Branch of the House of Capet—Charles IV.—Philip VI.—Wars with England—Charles VI.—Charles VII.—Joan d'Arc—Louis XI.—Charles VIII.—Orleans Branch of Capet—Louis XII.—Second House of Valois Capet—Francis I.—Francis II.—Religious Wars—Persecution of Protestants—Charles IX.—Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day—Bourbon Line—Henry IV.—Louis XIII.—Richelieu—Louis XIV—Mazarin—Louis XV.—Louis XVI. . 194

LETTER XX

auses of the Revolution of 1789—Inadaptation of the political System—The Press—The Reformation—Revival of Classical Literature—Louis XIII.—Louis XIV.—Louis XV.—Finances—Romish Religion—Examples of Revolutions—Philosophers—Taxation—Corruption of Manners—Character of Louis XVI.—The Queen's Court—Situation of the Parliaments and the Sovereign—Assembly of the Notables—Riot in St. Antoine—States General—Storming of the Bastille—Riot at Versailles—The Fédération—Riot in the Champ de Mars—Constituent Assembly—20th June—10th of August, 1792—Committee of Safety—Massacre of Prisoners—National Convention—Mountain Party—Reign of Terror—The Directory—The Consulate—The Empire—Fall of Bonaparte . 209

LETTER XXI.

Paris — Messageries — Situation, and general appearance — The Seine—Bridges—Quays—Extent—Mode of numbering houses —Camera Obscura—Views from the Bridges—Purity of the atmosphere—Want of planted squares—Barrières—Boulevards —Passion for amusement — French character — Execution— Effect of events—Palais des Thermes—Palais Royal—Tuileries —Place du Carrousel—The Louvre—Place Vendôme—Place Louis Quinze—Magnificence—Arc de l'Etoile—Hôtel des Invalides—Churches—Nôtre Dame, etc. — The Luxembourg— Bourse—Jardin du Roi—The Pantheon—Gobelins—Glaces— Revolution of 1830 . . . 254

LETTER XXII.

Religion in France—History of Protestantism—Persecutions— Present state of Protestantism—Institutions, and exertions— Toleration—Moral state of France—Infidelity — Romanism — Demoralisation of the capital—Versailles — St. Cloud—Mont Calvaire—Ruel—St Denis—Amiens . . 313

00085056

SKETCHES ON THE CONTINENT,

IN 1835.

LETTER XII.

Valley of Lauterbrunnen—The Jungfrau—The Staub-bach—Interlachen—English Chapel—Vicinity of Interlachen—Hofstetter's *Pension*—Awkward situation on the Aarderberg—Unterseen—The Jungfrau—Road to the Valley of Frutigen—Chalets—Village of Frutigen—Kanderthal—Kandersteg—Advice of Guides.

My dear Friend:—On leaving Grindelwald, we returned to Zweilutschinen, a place so called from the *two streams* that here meet; the combined waters of which were on our left, on the road from Interlachen. One of these torrents accompanied us from the glaciers of Grindelwald, and is called the Schwartz-lutschin, or *black torrent*;—the other,

the Weiss-lutschin, or *white torrent*, flows from the valley of Lauterbrunnen; the names of these streams being indicative of their difference of colour. The valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen are separated by a chain of mountains; so that we retraced our steps, and having recrossed the rustic bridge, proceeded towards the latter narrow valley. We were now literally walled in, on both sides, by stupendous mountains; and before us reared its mighty head the colossal Jungfrau, which rises from this romantic valley to the amazing height of 10,400 feet; or 12,900 above the sea.

This awful mass is more elevated than any of the mountains of Grindelwald; and is regarded as the most magnificent of all the *Northern* chain, or of the *Helvetian* Alps,—the range which runs north of the Valais, commencing with Mount Sanetz, and reaching, in a north-easterly direction, to the St. Gothard; which is situated between the cantons of Uri and Ticino.

In ascending the valley of Lauterbrunnen, the view of the Jungfrau is exceedingly grand. The extreme whiteness and brilliancy of the perpetual snows which cover its enormous sides, and its vast massy head,—and the towering pinnacles which seem to rise from numerous basins and gorges into some pure elemental region, far above

all the dark abutments of the base, conveyed to the mind an impression of elevation greater than we had before received; and it was impossible not to feel astonishment, in the contemplation of this vast heap of Alps: with such majesty and solidity, do they appear piled up to the very heavens. The glaciers of this throne of eternal snows should be viewed, we understood, from the Steinberg, a neighbouring mountain; or from the side next the Valais: as, from these positions, they are seen branching out to an immense extent; especially the glacier of Aletsch, which reaches upwards of twenty miles in length, and nearly to the Rhone.

The Jungfrau is such an assemblage of terrific rocks, and frightful precipices, that its summit was long supposed to be quite inaccessible. Some thirty years ago, an unfortunate individual who attempted the ascent, was never heard of more; and was believed to have fallen into some one of the yawning chasms on the side of the mountain, and to have perished, either by an instantaneous death, or by being carried down with an avalanche, so as to linger for a time in an abyss of eternal snow, conscious of the hopeless horror of his situation! Unintimidated by his unhappy fate, two brothers named Meyer, determined, in July 1811, to obtain the perilous honour of planting their feet, where no

human being had ever been known to tread before. After they had spent one night on the ice, their attendants lost courage and returned; the brothers, however, persevered, though almost blinded by the dazzling brightness of the snow; and passed another night still higher in this frozen and hazardous region. On the following day, they proceeded in the ascent, wearing black veils to protect their eyes; and after intense and perilous labour, they at length gained the loftiest snows of the Jungfrau, in a heaven which they described as of a pure, deep, and cloudless azure. They raised a flag on this unearthly spot, and descended in safety. At Grindelwald we saw, in the travellers' book, a long account of an unsuccessful attempt made, a few days before, by a young Scotchman. He and his guides had undergone great dangers, and, in their descent, had let themselves down awful precipices with ropes. The attempt was to be made again on the following Monday, but as the weather on that day was wet, it must have been deferred.

The village of Lauterbrunnen has an air of considerable comfort, and a very picturesque appearance,—being plentifully ornamented with trees, and enclosed by stupendous walls of rock: its pretty-looking new church gives it a modern appearance, which is interestingly contrasted with the surrounding antiquities of nature. The inn at the entrance of the

village, from Grindelwald, is commodious, and its back windows command a magnificent view of the piled masses of the Jungfrau. Opposite the little church, and on the right side of the valley, is the Staub-bach cascade, one of the most celebrated waterfalls in this land of the sublime and the beautiful. The long line of perpendicular rock, fringed with pines along the summit, down which it is precipitated into the valley, resembles an enormous rampart that might have been reared up to defend some Babylon of giants, by a race like those who were fabled to have heaped Ossa upon Pelion.

The Staub-bach descends from a height of about nine hundred feet. Two slender streams, falling from the top of the rock, dash against it, together, perhaps about half-way down,—then blend their waters, and hasten to the valley. The whole has an exceedingly light and airy effect, rather elegant than grand, as the quantity of water is but small, compared with the vast height of the fall. In the descent, the water is so foamy and dispersed, that, at a distance, it is like a misty veil hanging from the wall of rock, and undulating in the zephyr. This is an exquisitely beautiful cascade; and its name, *dust-stream*, may be derived from its being so much scattered in spray. Whether the fall is materially altered in its character by a wetter season we did not learn; but it is easy, in this neighbourhood, to trace the effects of those violent storms of

rain, which sometimes, on a sudden, swell the streams into raging cataracts, that flood the valley, and sweep rocks, trees, the dwellings of man, and the fruits of his agricultural labour, all before them, in one common desolation.

On our return to Interlachen, we established ourselves at the agreeable *Pension* of Christen Hofstetter. This is one of about a dozen, or more, very respectable boarding-houses; at which, for the sum of five or six francs per day, provisions and lodging, with every comfort, may be obtained.

Probably no spot in Switzerland is so much frequented as a rural place of residence, during the summer months, as this. Last season, there were, here, in all, seven hundred visitors, of whom five hundred were English. The day after our return from Lauterbrunnen was Sunday; and as two of our party were invalids, I went alone to the English chapel; which is part of the ancient Augustine monastery, and nunnery; situated in a spot which is finely shaded by noble walnut and lime trees. In 1431, the nunnery was suppressed by the reigning pope, on account of the disorders and irregularities that here took place. The clergyman who officiates, during the summer, is from the English episcopal church at Nice,—a very respectable and excellent man; and his sermon was decidedly evangelical and faithful. The number of the hearers could not be less than a hundred and fifty, or two hundred.

Interlachen, the name of which would seem, originally, to have been Roman, is situated, as the word imports, between two lakes,—those of Brientz and Thun, in a beautiful valley, walled towards the east, west, and north, by mountains; but, on the south, opening into a plain, in the midst of which rises a high green hill, which is so easy of access that it is called the 'Lady's Mountain.' The Aar, which flows between the two lakes, has three bridges over it: two of these, across its separate streams, unite it with the small, ancient, and dilapidated village of Unterseen; the name of which signifies the same as 'Interlachen.' Immediately over this village, frown the bare and stupendous rocks of the Aarderberg mountain. The roads which intersect the valley are excellent; and if it were not for the mountains, and the Swiss cottages, you might suppose yourself in England;—so green is this fine umbrageous vale; and so fertile is its soil.

An agreeable sylvan walk, of short extent, on the other side of the Aar, leads to a promontory which projects into the western end of the lake of Brientz: here are situated the hamlet and church of Ringgenberg; and the ruined tower of an old castle embosomed in trees. This scene is singularly picturesque; having very much the effect of an island on the lake; especially in coming in a boat from Brientz. The main road, leading from

the head of the lake, through the village, is wide and perfectly level, with rows of lofty walnut trees on each side; so as to have quite a sylvan, English effect. The road through Unterseen, to Neuhaus, on the eastern shore of the lake of Thun, is equally good, and is about two miles long, and almost straight. The valley here, also, is rich, with well-cultivated fields, in every part of it; and is bordered by mountains, considerably lower than those which are immediately above Interlachen; on which, more than once, during our stay, we observed the newly-fallen snow, in the morning.

Indeed this is one of the most picturesque situations in the whole country. You are embosomed in mountains;—near two of the finest lakes;—in a lovely, rich, and fertile vale;—with the snows of the gigantic Jungfrau in view, between the gorges of other mountains:—in the neighbourhood are Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, and other scenes of beauty and grandeur: so that, here, there is an assemblage,—within a comparatively small compass,—of some of the most romantic and sublime features of this truly extraordinary country. Add to which, there is an English evangelical ministry;—while almost every comfort is to be procured in the boarding-houses, that English habits can desire; which is not the case in every part of Switzerland. At a little shop, which is called the Public Library, Galignani's Messenger is regularly obtained from Paris.

At the *table d'hôte* of our *Pension*, was a motley assemblage, and almost a Babel of languages. There was a Russian lady of distinction, and part of her family, who spoke German and French; a Dutch couple; a Spaniard; Swiss, from the French cantons; and many English, who everywhere, since we had left England, formed the majority of travellers. Great decorum prevailed, and we did not observe that any cards or dice were introduced,—so commonly to be seen in the German inns. There was also affability enough even among the reserved English, to render it probable, that if any one of the company had fallen into the Aar at the end of the orchard,—the joke might not have been practically exemplified,—of one 'Englishman declining to save another from drowning, on the ground of not having previously been formally *introduced*.'

The numbers continually varied; as, on most days, some were arriving, and some departing: some returning, to tell of what they had seen in their respective tours; others setting out to visit Lucern, or Thun; or to ascend the Wengern Alp, in order to watch the avalanches of the Jungfrau; or to explore the frozen glaciers:—these travellers would be distinguished by their mountain costume; consisting of a light frock and pantaloons, a wallet, an alpenstock, or spiked pole,—and, sometimes, a pair of sandals with iron spikes, for safety in walk-

ing over slippery paths. It is not uncommon in Switzerland to meet a party of holiday school-boys accoutred in this way; and alping is a favourite amusement with the German students.

Two days of almost incessant rain, and the indisposition of two of our party,* prevented me, during the week of our stay here, from going to any distance; and I did little but read at home; or walk about the immediate neighbourhood; or watch the white, misty clouds which frequently dimmed, and half-shrouded the mountains,—giving them that air of mystic and spectral grandeur, which is thrown over vast objects, by indistinctness of outline, and is one among the many interesting phases of nature, in this land of sublimities.

The orchard of Hofstetter's *Pension* is bordered by the rapid Aar, which runs from the lake of Brientz into that of Thun. Immediately on the other side of the river, rises the Aarderberg mountain; reaching like a huge rampart all along the vale of Interlachen, and terminating in the prodigious rocks which overhang Unterseen. This mountain is clothed to the very ridge with forests, excepting where the numerous Alpine torrents

* Interlachen has the advantage of the medical skill of Dr. Charles Ebersold. This amiable man is very successful, and indefatigable in his profession; and, in visiting his patients, is constantly taking long and fatiguing journeys among the mountains.

have worn for themselves deep channels in the rocks, from the summit to the base. A short ascent leads to an arbour; and higher up the mountain, is a beautiful patch of greensward, which is so steep that it is exceedingly difficult to climb: the trouble however is repaid by the beauty of the scene which here presents itself. The picturesque village of Interlachen lies below:—in front is the Jungfrau, which is almost everywhere seen in these parts, in consequence of its vastness, and its height: the two lakes are expanded on the right and left; and the beautiful and smiling valley is between them: the *tout ensemble* is magnificent.

Another solitary excursion in the same direction, on a subsequent day, was not quite so agreeable. Being desirous of seeing the prospect from the *summit* of the Aarderberg, I crossed the covered bridge situated at the point where the Aar issues from the lake of Brientz; and having obtained some information from a peasant as to what turns to take,—after some little difficulty, on account of the great steepness of the ascent, and the intervention of rocks which sometimes rendered necessary a circuitous route,—I found my way, through a vast pine-forest, to the ridge of the mountain. The view was of the same description as before, but more extended; comprising the valley on the other side of the Aarderberg, and the mountains beyond it; including a summit or two capped with snow.

I walked along the ridge of the Aarderberg, till I came opposite to Unterseen; and had a commanding view of the lake of Thun, and of the lofty summits that appear to surround its extremity. No one being near, I could obtain no information as to the track; and unfortunately lost myself. Thinking the descent would be nearer down to Unterseen, than to return the way I came, as the mountain is lower where it overhangs that village; and seeing, as I thought, a path, I followed it: but after descending for half an hour, I came to the edge of the perpendicular rocks above Unterseen, and found that the path I thought was *human*, was in reality only one worn by the goats; and that it was impossible to get down the mountain that way. I had now left home about four hours, and had been fatigued with the ascent; there was, however, no alternative left but to *re*-ascend, through the thick forest to the summit; and having gained it, to return by the way I came: but I missed the path; and became entirely confused, by perceiving a number of similar narrow tracks, leading in different directions.

After another hour's laborious exertion, in attempting, in vain, to find my way back to the mountain-top, through the wood; and being by no means easy with respect to my situation and prospects—I resolved to change my plan, and instead of either ascending or descending, to endeavour, as much as

the thickness of the forest, and the ruggedness of the rocky soil would allow, to keep horizontally along the declivity, in hopes of coming to one of those ravines which, from the valley, I had observed running from the top to the base of the mountain. In the course of these exertions I became so exhausted, from having nothing whatever with me to eat or drink, that I was obliged to lie down several times, in order to gain fresh strength.

At length, I succeeded in arriving at one of the ravines, which led down with a very steep inclination to the base of the mountain; and partly by the help of my umbrella, and partly by clinging to the roots of the trees which the wintry torrent had left bare,—I was able, for a while, to slide down the shelving plates of rock, of which this dry channel consisted;—till I came to a place where the rocks were so steep, and the ledges so far apart, that I was compelled to abandon the attempt to proceed further in that direction. Here I could see the river Aar, and the village of Interlachen, with Hofstetter's boarding-house, immediately under me; and could hear distinctly the dogs barking, the men thrashing; and what would have been a mockery of hunger, if the desire of safety had not predominated over mere animal wants, I heard the *table d'hôte* bell ring for dinner. Yet there was one other consideration more painful

than all the rest—it was, the anxiety which would be felt, especially by one, on my account. I was in a situation which admitted of no delay, as it was now getting towards evening; and the bare possibility of having to pass the night on the mountain-forest, crossed my mind with an appalling force, and caused me to redouble my exertions.

With considerable additional efforts, I scrambled my way through the underwood, on the steep and rugged flank of the mountain, and at length struck into another ravine,—again met with the same difficulty,—arising from the precipitousness of the rocky channel,—and again endeavoured to make a sweep, through the wood, round to a lower part of the same ravine. I came to it again, and found that my only way to get upon it, was to let myself down between two very steep and narrow rocks that led to it; which, by the help of my umbrella, and by clinging to the trees that projected from the crags, I at last effected, not without great exertion, and got on to a mass of loose stone and gravel that lay at the base of the mountain, which I now reached without much difficulty. A man who was passing in one of the little flat boats that navigate the Aar, put me across into Hofstetter's orchard, through which I was glad to steal into the house; for my clothes had suffered considerably.

I had been seven or eight hours on the mountain; and got home at last, feeling gratitude to

Providence, for my preservation; and with no other inconvenience than torn clothes, scratched and blistered hands, and a wakeful night; for I was too excited to sleep, being continually possessed with the idea that I was falling down frightful precipices. One lesson was learned by this awkward adventure, —which was, never in future, without a guide, to attempt the ascent of even so humble a mountain as the Aarderberg is, as compared with its snow-crowned superiors.

The day before we left Interlachen, being the Sabbath, the parish-church of Unterseen was open at nine in the morning, the usual time of service in the Protestant churches throughout our line of travel. The church was full of people; and there was an air of devout intelligence about them; and that appearance of personal neatness and comfort, which the traveller may often observe, as forming a striking contrast with what is frequently seen in the rural parts of Catholic districts; though the ancient village of Unterseen itself, has a decayed and uninviting appearance, which would disappoint those whose associations were formed by the exhibition of it at the Diorama. The uniform, black head-dress of the women, made of silk and lace, gave a remarkably solemn appearance to the crowded assembly; and had almost the effect of a general mourning. The elders of the church, and the magistrates, sat in the old stalls which surround the chancel of this

homely building, and the clergyman wore a black gown with loose sleeves, and a white ruff round his neck, resembling the dress in which the puritan ministers are frequently represented. The sermon was a faithful and affectionate appeal, preparatory to the Lord's supper, which was about to be administered.

The Sabbath appeared to be observed, here, with decorum; and the bulk of the population of Unterseen seemed to frequent the church. But the attentions which visitors require at the boarding-houses at Interlachen, probably have an injurious tendency on the habits of the people; as they are so much occupied in waiting on their inmates; in this village too there is no German church, Interlachen being part of the parish of Unterseen. On the way back across the Aar, the glowing morning had thrown its radiance gloriously over the snowy masses of the Jungfrau, of which a magnificent view presented itself from the bridge. It shone in the brilliant sun, towering majestically above all the nearer Alps, like a vast throne of burnished silver, and had an effect altogether splendid; seeming well to harmonise with the ideas of triumph, and of glory that are associated with the Saviour's resurrection-morn.

We went to the English forenoon service, which was exceedingly well attended; and the discourse, both in its doctrine, and its spirit, entirely harmo-

nised with our views and feelings: but in the evening, we heard from the same gentleman a sermon advocating the personal reign of Christ on earth; on which subject, the preacher though a young man, spoke with much decision,

On the following morning we left Interlachen, to proceed to the Kanderthal, or valley of the Kander. Our road lay under the Abendberg mountain, along the south side of the lake of Thun, one of the most beautiful in Switzerland; near the south-western shore of which, and from five to six thousand feet above its level, rise the Niesen, and the Stockhorn. After passing the village and castle of Spietz, romantically situated at the water's edge, we bade adieu to this enchanting lake, reflecting from its bosom the vast masses that immediately surround it, and we proceeded to ascend a mountain road.

During this day's journey, among humbler summits, were pointed out to us some which belonged to the more gigantic of the Alps. The appearance of the snowy peaks of the higher mountains, when seen from a considerable distance, is, in some states of the atmosphere, extremely beautiful; they resemble elegant, shadowy cones, afloat on a sea of exquisitely pencilled clouds.

We continued our route along the valleys of Frutigen and Kander; and the former part of the journey was through scenes of surpassing richness. The verdure and fertility of the soil; the variety

and beauty of some of the mountains, clad with trees; the sublimity of others; and their novel and grotesque forms, surrounded at their bases every where, with verdant fields, and all the richness of Alpine pasturage—were, this day, a source of perpetual interest; and no journey we had taken in Switzerland, left on our minds a greater impression of the beautiful and the picturesque. The chalets, on the sides of the mountains, and occasionally the grazing cattle, added life to a scene of grandeur and loveliness. In this part of the Bernese Oberland, including the adjacent valleys of the Ober and Nieder Simmenthal, it is said that the chalets are upwards of twelve thousand in number; a mark of the fertility of the soil, of these Edens of Switzerland.

The chalets vary in size, and fitting up, according to the wealth of the owner, or the purposes for which they are designed. They are built entirely of wood: the walls consist of pine trees, rudely hewn square; or even left whole, merely having the bark off; and these timbers are usually placed at some distance from each other. The roof is constructed of thick layers of wood, bound together with rafters, and loaded with great stones, as a security against the wind. The smaller chalets, of which there are great numbers, are mere rustic barns; where the provender that has been gathered on the mountain valleys and terraces, in the sum-

mer, is laid up for the use of the cattle, during the winter; or where they themselves are sheltered. In the summer, the cattle are driven to the highest pastures; and some of the lower chalets are constructed of a size to admit of being employed as cottages for the cow-herds, with conveniences for making butter and cheese. Some chalets are of a superior order to the above, being, in fact, snug little houses on the mountain pastures, and belonging to those peasant farmers who have saved some money.

No one can pass through Switzerland, without being struck with the marks of industry which are perpetually to be seen. In all the lower valleys, many of which are, like this district, extremely luxuriant and productive, agriculture reigns; while the higher regions that are within the line of vegetation, are appropriated to pasturage. The vale of Frutigen has evidently repaid the industry of its inhabitants; as is to be seen in the indications of fruitfulness, and the numerous human habitations, with which it abounds. The vicinity of the lakes of Thun and Brientz, must also prove of an advantage to these valleys, in respect to transport, which others do not enjoy.

Frutigen is a superior, and very agreeable village, containing good houses, and a comfortable inn; and commanding a view of some of the distant snow-mountains of the northern range. Having here

recruited,—we next entered the Kander-thal, which is a narrower, and less beautiful valley, than that we had recently left. The latter part of the road became exceedingly wild and steep; surrounded by rocky mountains, with falls of water; while the roaring stream, called the Kander, was rushing through the valley, on our right. No journey had, as yet, interested us, on the whole more than this;—so various was the scenery;—so rude and lofty many of the mountains;—so fertile and lively the plains;—so rich the pastures for the cattle, especially during the former part of the day:—and, occasionally, a ruined castle, looking down upon us from a lofty height, told the tale of the chivalry of bygone times, and blended, in imagination, all that is fierce in human passion, with the grandeur and the beauty of surrounding nature. In short, during this day, several of the scenes were exactly of the kind appropriately known by the name of *Suisse*.

For a considerable part of the year, some of the streams, which we this day crossed, must be wholly impassable by carriages. One of them was an overflow of the river Kander; and in consequence of the rains which had fallen while we were at Interlachen, the current was so impetuous, and so powerful, that we saw it turn over stones of large dimensions; and the struggling of the torrent against our vehicle, convinced us that we were fortunate in having the weight of four persons in it, besides the driver.

In the evening, we reached the solitary hamlet of Kandersteg, shut in by mountains partly coned with snow;—a spot having a peculiarly desolate and gloomy aspect, from the barrenness of the whole neighbourhood, and the absence of foliage. This dreary village is situated at the northern foot of the Gemmi, and near the base of the glacier-throned Blümlis-alp. The coldness of the evening air, blowing from the snowy regions of the mountains rendered the fire in the homely saloon of the inn extremely agreeable.

This little inn, is a complete Swiss cottage, wholly built of wood, with a gallery on each side. The accomodations were the rudest we had met with. We had been told at Interlachen by a *courier* belonging to a family at Hofstetter's that the landlord was a '*perfect brigand*;' so that had we indulged imagination, we might have been almost prepared to meet with a sort of *Giant Despair* in this wild and savage wilderness. In this representation, however, there might be pique, as is not seldom the case between couriers and landlords: for the couriers often assume great consequence, and are as well served at the inns as the families themselves; as all arrangements are generally left to them. We found the landlord not wanting in civility, though certainly rough and unpolished. But the night we spent here, was the oddest that had occured to us. The inn was so full that it was with

difficulty all could be accomodated; indeed, some were obliged to sit up; so that talking was heard all night long; and the uproar produced by the dragging of beds up and down stairs, doors opening and shutting, and the whole wooden house creaking, was such, that sleep was impossible.

The rooms were all so near each other, and so thinly boarded, that the annoyances that were met with, became public; and were announced by some English gentlemen with no small degree of merriment: especially was this occasioned by the loud complaints that were heard, towards morning, respecting the devastations which had been committed by hordes of fleas.

We had come to Kandersteg, with the view of crossing the Gemmi; and having heard so much of the terrors of the *descent* of this lofty and abrupt mountain, on the side next the Valais,—it required courage, in some of our party, who had recently been invalids, to undertake so arduous a journey, over the most curious and extraordinary pass in all Switzerland. But we had ascertained that, with proper attendants, and our own precautions, there would be no real danger. The general cause of the lamentable accidents that have sometimes occurred to travellers in this country, has been their neglecting to follow, in all points, the advice and conduct of the guides; who, as they are constantly traversing the same mountains, are necessarily acquainted with all the dangers.

They always advise travellers who are about to cross over the higher regions of the Alps, to start early in the morning; to remember that it is less dangerous to *ascend* than to *descend;* and to avoid being out late in the evening; as this is the period when thunder storms generally come on. They caution strangers respecting the hazard of crossing the snow-mountains before the spring-avalanches have fallen; or immediately after a long-continued season of wet,—when there are frequent falls of the masses of rock, which are detached from the precipitous crags. They also inculcate the necessity of striving, as much as possible, against allowing a paroxysm of alarm to seize you, in travelling along the edge of a precipice; and exhort you to be sure to keep up your spirits.

LETTER XIII.

Departure from Kandersteg for the Gemmi—Mannschaft—Ascent—Schwarbach—Canton of Wallis—Snows of the Gemmi—Dauben See—Glaciers—View of the Pennine Alps from the Gemmi—Descent—Activity of the mountain-guides, in bounding along the edges of precipices—The Valley—Leuker-Bad—Avalanches—Journey to Leuk—Valley of the Rhone—Romantic view of Leuk—Romanism—Charnel-house Chapel—Costume—Valley of the Rhone—Sion—Recent Avalanche from the Dent Blanche—Goitres—Martigny—Deluge of 1818—Upper and Lower Valais.

My dear Friend:—On the morning after our arrival at Kandersteg, we set out to cross the Gemmi. The courier whom we had seen at Interlachen, had told us that our Kandersteg host had two mules, the larger of which was said to be a 'stubborn, unmanageable, savage creature;' and was described in no measured terms, and with epithets not by any means

limited to terrestial imagery. This had put us on our guard; and to avoid the possibility of having as a companion over such a mountain, an animal of so bad a character, care had been taken, the overnight, expressly to order a *horse*. In the morning, however, a large mule was brought out, ready saddled, and it was evident from the description, that this was the identical animal respecting which we had been cautioned. Fortunately, it so happened that there was still a horse in the stable; and in a few moments, at half-past six o'clock, the whole party, consisting of seventeen persons, and the horse, was in motion towards the mountain,—which rises abruptly from the end of the valley.

To avoid fatiguing the late invalids, we had two *chaises à porteurs*, which the men carried, by resting the poles on their shoulders; and not, as before, in their hands. Six *träger* or bearers, are required, two at a time, to each chair, for this laborious pass: and these twelve men, and a boy who assisted in leading the horse, on which one of the party was mounted, and in carrying some articles, completed the number of our *mannschaft*, as they term it. The horse led the way; next followed, the *chaises*; then myself; as usual, on foot. The appearance of these guides was wilder and more grotesque, than that of those who conducted us over the Brünig, almost every one wearing a nightcap instead of a hat, and each being, as usual, furnished with his

tobacco-pipe. They were in high spirits; and began the march along the end of the valley at a good pace, singing the remarkably wild notes of their mountain-songs, under a bright and unclouded sky.

Having crossed a small stream, we soon reached the foot of the Gemmi, and began to ascend the only part of the mountain, that, for about three months of the year, is not covered with snow, which, on the remaining parts, is perpetual. A very steep and rugged ascent, consisting sometimes of the rudest stair-case, as it were, of rocks, from which we looked down on the valley of Kander, lying at an immense depth below, brought us, after two hours' labour, through a narrow pass of fir-crowned crags, and by the side of tremendous precipices, to the commencement of the extraordinary scenery of the Gemmi. Tracts of wild and dreary desolation, often with no visible path, lay before us; and around, were snowy peaks, from which the fall of the avalanche repeatedly reached our ears. Yet a few chalets, some cattle, and a hut or two, at the commencement of this Alpine region, testified that nature yields something, even here: where, during the greater part of the year, frost and snow bind up all things under their wintry dominion.

It was interesting to see climate and situation marked by the successive productions of the vegetable kingdom; from the shrubs of the mountain-base, to the hardy pine which shadowed its

sides, and the low heath that vegetated on the barren undulations of some of the higher parts;—till, in the region of eternal winter, the ice and snow began to wrap all things in a glazed and impenetrable mantle.

The inhospitable pastures of the Gemmi are bestrewed with strong vestiges of Alpine convulsion: the avalanche has left the traces of its devasting fall; and near the cottage-inn called Schwarbach, rocks, heaped in chaotic confusion one upon another, indicate the ruin of a mountain; which, at some period, is said to have occurred here, to such an extent, that it was overthrown to its base. While passing over these desolate plains, the men did not fail to sing, with a sort of frantic glee; and to shout, in tones so extraordinary, that we all agreed it would be difficult to imagine how any one could utter such sounds, who had not been used to imitate them from childhood: we supposed that the war-whoop of the Indian must be something similar. They did this, as they said, *um die Echo zu wecken;** and, in one instance, five or six notes were distinctly repeated by the mountains.

The little solitary hut of Schwarbach is, now, only inhabited during three or four months of the year; for, throughout the long winters that here reign, the snow deeply covers the whole neighbourhood. About ten years ago, the master of this cottage,

* To awaken the echos.

having remained in it till the winter was too far advanced, was buried under the snow for twenty days, with a very scanty supply of provisions; amid the thundering of avalanches, and the constant dread of death. In the attempts that were made, from the neighbouring valleys, to extricate him from his perilous situation, a party were very near perishing by an overwhelming avalanche from the Altels, one of the adjacent hoary mountains; which is seen rearing its pyramid of eternal snow, on the left, from the gloomy abyss of the Gasteren Thal.

Schwarbach was an acceptable resting-place, and furnished an agreeable repast of coffee, and milk; for the wine was too sour:—the guides, however, preferred it to our fare. On our entering the cottage, a young man who was taking a meal, rose from the table, and was so attentive to our wants, that we at first thought he was the landlord; we soon perceived, however, that he had the *tonsure*. Like all the priests we had met with, he seemed to make it a part of his profession to be courteous and polite. The *policy* of Rome appears sometimes to excel the *principle* of those who see her errors; and she is wise in her generation, and often proves a gainer by her skill. We were reminded, by this circumstance, and by the showy prints of the Madonna which hung on the walls, that we were now in the Catholic canton of the Wallis, or Valais.

After refreshment, and about an hour's rest, our guides proceeded with renewed alacrity; and seemed to acquire spirits in proportion to the elevation we had attained. As we pursued the rocky, slaty path, the sterility of the scene became more striking; and the air felt exceedingly cold, after the heat and exertion of the earlier part of the ascent:—indeed we found that we had exchanged summer for winter, having reached the height of nearly 7,000 feet. We here passed over several patches of half-frozen snow, which had drifted, or perhaps fallen in avalanches, from one of the hoary peaks which are based on this rocky and dreary plain, and are covered with snow down to its level. Snow also filled the cavities of several of the neighbouring rocks. On the highest part of the pass, is a dreary lake, about a mile in length, called the *Dauben See*, surrounded by hollow rocks, situated at the foot of snow-mountains, one of which is called the Rhinderhorn. This lake is fed from the neighbouring glacier of Lammern, which descended from another snowy cone on the right; and the chilling, searching air, that breathed on us through the icy gorge which lies between this peak, and the glaciers of Stroubel and Retzli on the south-west, rendered it easy to credit the testimony of the guides,—that these Alpine waters are frozen during about three quarters of the year.

The lake has no visible outlet on this wintry

plain, but is believed to supply a distant valley-stream, by subterraneous communication:— some have suspected its origin to be volcanic. The road runs close by its gloomy brink; and the guides were so full of glee that it seemed advisable continually to caution them; but they uniformly replied there was no danger, and *fürchten sie nicht* was reiterated continually throughout the day. Their merriment was sometimes so great, that in order to meet the wishes of our party, it was necessary occasionally to request them to make less noise; they were always perfectly good-humoured, and for the time, complied. Indeed the impressive silence and barrenness of the higher regions of the Gemmi, and its snowy peaks, tend to inspire the stranger with feelings of deep seriousness and awe; and the solemn presence of these hoary chroniclers, — the representatives of immemorial time, is felt almost to render boisterous mirth a sacrilege against the majesty of Nature, in her most sublime domains.

At length, an opening between the mountain summits presented a new scene:—and the Southern, or Pennine chain of Alps, burst into view, from the other side of the Valais, and far beyond the waters of the Rhone, like an impregnable barrier, between the inhospitable clime of Switzerland and the paradisian plains of Italy; rearing in the blue horizon its pyramids of pure eternal snow;

among which, proudly claimed pre-eminence,—the Dent Blanche;—the Matterhorn, the slenderest needle of all the Alps, piercing the azure vault to the height of nearly 14,000 feet above the sea;—and the more stupendous Monte Rosa, second in altitude only to the arch-giant Mont Blanc itself.

The fleecy summits of these mountains were beautifully contrasted, in a clear sky, with the shadows from which they seemed to emerge, and with the darker masses that were near; and the whole effect was truly sublime. The impression instantaneously and powerfully felt, was—that, after all we had seen, of snows and glaciers, the grandeurs of creation, in these regions of wonder, were far from being exhausted;—Alps on Alps were still in reserve, in the boundless store-house of nature; and chaos after chaos seemed to rise on all sides, in this remarkable country, to testify to the majesty and omnipotence of the Creator, and the insignificance of the puny creature man!

'Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immoveable;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis an hour,
Whence he may date, henceforward and for ever!
To me they seemed the barriers of a world,
Saying,—thus far, no farther!'

Such scenes tend to raise the mind, for a moment, above earth;—to awaken thoughts of awe and wonder, and to fill the soul with emotions unutterable by language, and before unfelt:—but how soon are other, and far different associations, introduced! There is perhaps scarcely a mountain in this country, accessible to the foot of man, that has not resounded to the murderous sound of arms. Often have the pure snows of Switzerland been dyed with the blood of her bravest sons; and her towering summits, destined by nature only to witness the storms of heaven, have re-echoed to the skies, the thunder of war. The mountain-plain we were now crossing, rugged as it is, has not only been the scene of the march of troops; but strange to say, about sixty or seventy years ago, in a civil commotion among the two bordering cantons, pieces of heavy artillery were actually dragged down the frightful precipice of the Gemmi!

To this far-famed descent we were, all on a sudden, summoned. A terrific ledge now presented itself, looking down into an awful abyss of some thousands of feet in depth; beyond which lies stretched along, the rich valley of Leuk, a part of the Upper Valais. It is difficult to describe the tremendous appearance of this perpendicular wall of rock, which leads from the top of the Gemmi to the bathing-place called Leuker-Bad. The horse, and the men, were now immediately relieved

of their burthens, and we began, slowly and carefully, to descend this appalling precipice; each one holding the arm of a guide. The men also offered to us their spiked poles, used by those who traverse the higher regions, whether as hunters, or mineralogists, or general explorers of the wonders of nature. It may be added, that nothing can be more studiously civil and obliging, than the attentions manifested by these sons of the mountains,—especially to ladies, in an expedition, so novel, and apparently somewhat perilous, though to the guides, familiar.

The road has been partly hewn, and partly blown by means of gunpowder, with incredible labour, out of the solid rock. It was begun about a century ago, by the Bernese and the Vallais combined; and they finished it in five years. The face of the mountain is so nearly perpendicular, that from the top you perceive nothing but a few yards of the descent before you; and, in no part, do you see the way below you, to any farther extent. It is no exaggeration to say that here the consequences of one false step would be dreadful to contemplate; for, as we proceeded along the ledge of the rock, we were continually coming abruptly to the very verge of the abyss, and making sudden turns, with a sharp angle, so as to describe a zigzag path on the face of the rock; one part of the narrow way leading directly under the other,

and at each turn bringing into full view enormous flanks of the rocky mountain, of hundreds of feet in depth; while, above us, rose vast masses, over which we had before passed.

We were occasionally annoyed, by one or two of those of our night-capped attendants who were not employed in assisting us in the descent, bounding, with great rapidity, by us, with their alpenstocks,* after the manner of chamois hunters, on the side next the precipice, and on its extreme verge; though to us there appeared barely room for a third person. This gave some of our party such a thrill of horror, that we begged the vaulters to desist. Sometimes the rock was hollowed out so as to form a sort of gallery, projecting a little upwards on the side next the abyss, and conveying the idea of less danger;—at other times, we were on the bare ledge, alternately hemmed in by the walls of rock, and looking down upon the beautiful valley.

On the side of the mountain, on the left, against the bare perpendicular face of the rock, was pointed out to us a sort of sentry-box, at which a military watch was stationed by the Bernese, in the time of war between the two cantons. It appeared astonishing to think how any human being could get at so frightful and perilous a spot, and spend days and nights there!—The last half-hour of the descent was less difficult, as we were now come to paths of earth, at the base of the rock: still

* The spiked poles.

however the precipices continued, for a time, very steep. At length, after accomplishing this most extraordinary passage, some miles of which are worked out of the rock, we reached the valley; having occupied about two hours in the descent, which is said to be nearly two leagues in length.

We were now at the base of the mountain; and on looking back, the scene was impressively grand. The head of the valley appeared shut in by an angle formed of stupendous walls, composed of solid layers of rock, propping, as it were, the very heavens, whose glorious azure rested above them; and to scale such a rampart seemed a task utterly impossible to man; for, at Leuker-Bad, we could see no trace of the path along which we had travelled. The whole appeared above our heads, as one prodigious inaccessible barrier, frowning defiance on the humble valley; and we felt inclined to wonder how we could have descended such a prodigious, and almost perpendicular wall;—and still more so, to think how it was possible to form a road down it! But what will not the art and labour of man accomplish! He has scaled the most terrific Alps, to make himself a path to commerce or to conquest;—and, led on by curiosity or science, has planted his footsteps on the highest cloud-piercing summits, before untrodden since the creation. In a certain sense, what the Roman poet said of man, is literally true,—that nothing is

too difficult for him to attempt:*—it is in the affairs of *eternity* alone that his powers seem paralysed;—to aspire to spiritual good,—*to labour for that which endureth to everlasting life*, is a work which evidently has little attraction for him, by nature; and the moral wreck and ruin of his being is strangely conspicuous, amidst the most splendid monuments which bear witness to his enterprise, and his genius.

After seven hours and a half of travelling, from Kandersteg, we arrived at Leuker-Bad, or the baths of Loësche; when the figure of a priest, at the entrance of the village, and a high cross on the outside of the little church, betokened the different destiny of this canton from that of Bern: for while the latter seemed everywhere to bear traces of the genial influences of the Protestant religion, the Valais is as conspicuously under the dominion of Romanism; and in few parts of Switzerland, perhaps, has it more deeply left its impress.

This elevated part of the valley, which is immediately under the Gemmi, is sometimes covered with snow so late as the middle of July. Upwards of a century ago, an avalanche almost buried the

* Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis:
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor:
Nil mortalibus arduum est:
Coelum ipsum petimus —.

little rustic town of Leuker-Bad; and within these few years, it was deserted by its inhabitants, through the dread of a similar catastrophe, from the accumulated snows on the mountains. During the same winter, Biel, a village in the eastern part of the Valais, near the base of the Finster-aarhorn, was destroyed by a terrific avalanche, which is said to have fallen down a descent of four or five miles from the place at which it was first precipitated.

Leuker-Bad, in itself, can boast of few charms; for though the baths are of great antiquity, and are much frequented, the exposure of the place to these Alpine desolations, has tended to produce in the minds of the inhabitants a feeling of insecurity, unfavourable to improvement. The town therefore has a considerable appearance of poverty: some new buildings, nevertheless, were going forward. There is a tolerable inn, which seemed to be also a boarding-house for the accommodation of those who come here to use the baths, or drink the waters, that issue from several very hot springs; and are said, in their analysis, to resemble those of Bath. The cottagers avail themselves of the overflow of the waters for the washing of linen, as we observed from the window of the inn; opposite to which was constructed a kind of reservoir. The large hot bath, designed for the invalid poor, is also at a short distance, where they bathe publicly, in brown dresses, and cut a very strange figure.

After we had paid and dismissed our guides, a group of them came, holding out their hands to us, and gave us a hearty shake; stating their own gratification in having conducted us, and that they were desirous of knowing whether we had thought well of their conduct:—on being assured that we were quite satisfied, they seemed delighted, gave us many good wishes, and, in high spirits, left us.

We left the baths to proceed to Leuk, in the valley of the Rhone, about four o'clock,—with two mules, a horse, and three guides, one of whom was a woman. We had supposed that the ground, after such a descent from the Gemmi, would be nearly level; but in this we were mistaken. The distance is ten or twelve miles, and is almost one continued rugged descent; sometimes on the brink of deep, and tremendous steeps. This latter part of the day's journey was exceedingly fatiguing; but we were amply repaid by the grandeur and beauty of the country; which, though of a totally different character from the dreary and terrific sublimity we had left behind us, was of a most interesting description. The road soon opened on the most romantic mountain scenery, rich in vegetation, with deep ravines on our left. Near the baths, is the singular village of Albinen, situated aloft on the Letchberg rocks; from which a communication with the valley of Leuk has been formed, by means of a series of ladders.

Often, the road became very precipitous and disagreeable for riding, and rugged enough even for the pedestrian. Some of the ravines, along the ledges of which we passed, were perfectly tremendous. The sides of these yawning abysses, however, were richly clothed with the dark foliage of lofty firs; and, occasionally, the turbulent, foaming torrent was disclosed in the depth below. By the side of one of these gulfs, was a small chapel with a showy figure of a saint. Indeed Popery, in the Catholic cantons, seems to reign over mountain, vale, lake, and torrent; and there are few situations, in which you are not reminded of the wide and disastrous dominion of a system, which looks even more artificial and grovelling than usual, amidst the simple majesty of nature.

Leuk is situated on a chalky rising ground, in the valley of the Rhone, which now opened to us. The view of this place, on approaching it, is imposing and romantic, in the extreme. The antique turrets of its castle, once an episcopal fortress, give it a most picturesque air; carrying back the fancy, in a lively manner, to the days of feudalism and chivalry: and the white cliffs of the mountains which bound the valley, skirted with the dark shade of the pines; the streams that rush in different directions to swell the rapid Rhone; the novelty of the objects; and the varied associations connected with looking down upon the magnificent high road, which leads

over the Simplon into Italy;—all conspired to throw an aspect of romance over the whole scene. Within a few hours' ride of Leuk, the Italian frontier begins, and we almost longed to see the classic plains; but though our route had been left open when we set out, we found that we had already planned quite enough work, without touching this attractive land: and had there been no other consideration, the apprehension that was felt in these parts respecting the cholera, which was said to be at Turin, and even to be feared in Savoy, would have deterred us from proceeding. The kindness of two Englishmen, whom we had met with at the Baths, and who arrived at Leuk before us, had already secured for us the best accommodations the inn could afford; and we were comfortably lodged.

The town of Leuk proved to have been, like many other things, deceptive when viewed at a distance. It is but a mean place, with little claims, in itself, to attention, though the approach to it is so imposing, and the scenery of the neighbourhood so singular and striking, especially on account of the course the Rhone pursues, between lofty calcareous mountains. In the morning, we visited a chapel, the walls of which were lined with an immense number of skulls, and other bones; the whole having a very gloomy and ghastly appearance. The place is fitted up with an altar in

mourning; but we had not time to inform ourselves of its history. It might, however, be, that the churchyard in which the chapel was situated, was too full, and required to be thus relieved; for a great number of human bones lay scattered on the surface of the ground, in a disgusting manner.

The altar seemed designed for the benefit of the departed: for the Romish church claims a dominion not less gigantic and absolute over the dead, than over the living; and can unlock, at her will, the gates of purgatory. A wife, a brother, a child, a husband, a father, a friend,—may, it is believed, be suffering unheard of torments in the purgatorial fires,—enduring all the ingenuity of torture that the malice of devils can inflict:—who then can be happy, while any pecuniary resources remain, without purchasing masses for the dead, that may deliver them from these agonies? Thus does Popery haunt the imagination of the devotee, not only on his own account, but also in reference to his deceased relatives. Witness the horrible representations which the traveller almost everywhere meets with in Catholic countries, of miserable naked wretches, with doleful expression of countenance, encircled by the fierce and spiral flames of purgatory; and tormented by demons, and various horrid inhuman shapes!

On looking into the church, which presented nothing remarkable, excepting the charnel-house, we

perceived that the young woman who had attended on us had taken the opportunity of leisure, to repair to her devotions,—a lesson often taught by Catholics to those of a better faith. Her attire was a specimen of the costume of the Valais; which is marked by a head-dress, tastefully arrayed, consisting of a hat of black silk, or velvet, with festoons of very wide ribbon round the crown.

One would suppose that the effect of so many visitors strolling into the Catholic churches, and gazing with an air of mere curiosity on the rites, and relics, which these poor people are taught to think so holy, must tend, in some measure, to lead them to reflect. They must see at least, now that the intercourse of nations is so great, what once they were scarcely aware of,—that all the world is not under the subjection of the priests. No effort is made, generally, to prevent strangers from walking about the churches, during service; and even while mass is going on, a gratuity will suffice to give you a sight of all that is curious.

From Leuk, the road lay along the valley of the Rhone, for about thirty-six miles, to Martigny, in the Lower Valais. The Rhone has its cradle in the glacier of Mount St. Gothard, in this canton; and the stream flows from north-east to south-west, through the whole length of this magnificent valley. A level, and excellent road, runs parallel with the Rhone, sometimes on one bank, and sometimes on

the other; and notwithstanding the Alpine magnificence of the scene, it was easy to perceive that this was quite a different track from any we had been in, since leaving the roads in the neighbourhood of the other mighty kindred stream, the Rhine. The increased pace of travelling; the occasional equipages that were either hastening from Italy, or proceeding in the contrary direction, undeterred by the reports respecting the cholera; the ponderous diligence which met us on its way from Geneva to Milan; and the carts of merchandise, or those belonging to the peasantry, and sometimes drawn by oxen, that were passing between the towns of this remarkable valley,—all united to give a character to this fine, hard road, different from that of any one on which we had as yet travelled in Switzerland.

The scene in every part of this extraordinary day's journey, was truly grand and imposing. The valley is fenced in, on both sides, by huge mountains, and lies between the two chains of the sublimest Alps; the bright summits of which sometimes came into view, beyond the neighbouring mountain-ramparts. This valley,—the *Vallis Pennina* of the Romans,—is the longest of all the valleys of Switzerland; extending nearly a hundred miles, from the glacier of the Furka, on the border of the Valais, to the lake of Geneva. As you travel, during many hours, along this noble

region, the effect is magnificent: you are accompanied at every step by the waters of the Rhone, which perpetually receives the tributary streams that find their way through the ravines of the lofty mountains on the right and left, on which the remains of towers and castles occasionally look down from the heights.

Three hours brought us to Sitten, or Sion, the ancient *Civitas Sedunorum*;—now the capital of the Valais, and a place of singularly picturesque appearance. The valley is here broad; and from the midst of it, close by the town, rise three high and insulated rocks. The loftiest of these, called Turbeln, is surmounted by the ruins of the ancient episcopal palace; on the next, which bears the name of Valeria, stand the remains of the old cathedral: and on the third, called Meyerburg, is the present residence of the Bishop of Sion, erected in 1574. These crowned hills have a very romantic effect. The Rhone runs near the town, which is built on the Sitten, a stream which merges in the great river, and has its source in the glacier of the Geltenhorn. The sheltering mountains render the climate of this neighbourhood so mild, that the richest fruits grow in the open air; and great quantities were exposed for sale, at an exceedingly cheap rate, in the spacious and imposing main-street which runs through the town.

The valley of the Rhone seems to be the seat

of a deep and debasing superstition. The ornaments in the churches are often of the most tawdry description, with a great air of poverty. In one of the churches at Sion, we noticed a shocking figure of Christ on the cross as large as life, with the effects of the scourging represented. The body is covered with knots of gore, almost like bunches of black grapes, and the whole had a sickening effect. In this part of Switzerland are to be seen many of these tragical exhibitions: they generally included the crown of thorns, the temples streaming with blood, and the flesh extensively lacerated at the side, and protruding, so as to represent the effect of the spear; the whole being daubed with colour in imitation of blood and gore! Before these images you will often see groups of people, of all ages, bending with the utmost appearance of devotion.

While dining at the inn at Sion, an English gentleman, of whom there were several at the table, gave us an account of the avalanche, which had lately fallen, on the road from Martigny to Geneva; and respecting which we had heard many reports. It had descended near St. Maurice, from the mountain called the *Dent du Midi;* and had carried down with it, an immense quantity of the surface of the mountain; so that the valley was bestrewed, to the extent of a mile or more, with stones and earth, and the high-road washed up and

rendered impassable. Fifteen hundred men were said to have been employed in repairing the mischief, to make a passage for the diligence.

The peasantry of this whole valley are often hideously deformed by the *goitre*, which is sometimes nearly as large as the head of the individual. To render these huge wens less conspicuous, these unfortunate people often bandage the neck with folds of black silk. We observed, here, and in the cantons of Lucerne and Bern, numerous instances of this truly afflicting disorder. It is frequently accompanied with idiocy, which is said to exist more in Switzerland, especially in the Valais, than in any other part of the world. Various views have been entertained respecting the cause, or causes, which produce goitre; but the opinion seems to prevail, that it is to be traced to the *calc tuff*, chiefly carbonate of lime, which is held in solution in many of the springs used for drinking.

As we advanced towards Martigny, with many miles of the flat straight road before us, the end of the valley appeared shut in by mountains; on one of which is a tower. Near Martigny, the valley widens, but is not much cultivated, as the land is exceedingly marshy. It now takes a turn to the westward, and the Rhone hastens to pour its waters into the lake of Geneva. The little town of Martigny is supposed to be the *Octodurum* mentioned by Caesar, and is situated on the Dranse, which here

falls into the Rhone: above the town, on a rock, stands the tower of the castle of La Bathia, one of the ancient fortresses of the Prince-Bishops of Sion; and fearfully associated with the terrors of the gloomy dungeons, and the secret tribunals, which tradition attaches to the days when temporal and spiritual tyranny were combined, to hold the world in chains. Martigny stands at the extreme end of this part of the valley of the Rhone, surrounded by an amphitheatre of high mountains; the torrents from which, render the soil extremely moist.

In 1818, a deluge from the valley of the Dranse, which runs into that of the Rhone, nearly swept away the whole town. The inhabitants were surprised to find that the waters of the Dranse were dwindling almost to nothing: it was ascertained that the bed of the river, in a narrow defile, had become choked up to the enormous height of four hundred feet, by the fall of avalanches and glaciers from the neighbouring mountains; and that behind this vast mass of ice and snow, the Dranse had collected, so as to form a lake of a mile and a half in length. Notwithstanding the Herculean exertions that were used, in attempting to make channels for the water through the ice, the mischief increased; and the waters, at length, burst forth with incredible fury, and a terrific roar, in a torrent a hundred feet deep, which drove everything before it, for the space of thirteen miles,—rocks,

ice, trees, bridges, houses, and cattle;—and in about an hour and a half it had reached Martigny, a distance of upwards of twenty miles. About four hundred cottages were swept away, and many lives lost!

It is this valley, that was the consecrated scene of the pious and apostolic labours of the evangelist Felix Neff. Oberlin, and Neff, were kindred spirits; and their histories are among the most interesting pieces of biography, which the annals of Christian benevolence can present.

The *Grande Maison*, at which we were lodged, at Martigny, is a commodious inn, with open corridors; and appears to have been a convent; of which the steeple remains, and some of the rooms are very curiously and antiquely vaulted and carved. The church, here, is in the usual showy, tarnished style; and contains one or two gory figures of Christ, similar to those we had previously remarked.

By some means, the inhabitants of this neighbourhood have not obtained the credit of being a very industrious community. Indeed the people of the Lower Valais, in general, are regarded as a distinct race from those of the Upper, or eastern part of the canton, near the source of the Rhone. The latter are probably of Teutonic extraction, and speak German: the inhabitants of the Lower Valais, or those who dwell westward of Siders, a place through which we passed between Leuk and

Sion, are a mixed race,—supposed to have been originally Celts, Gauls, Burgundians, and Romans. Every one who has the least pretension to education, in this part of the Valais, speaks French; but the language of the inferior class is a compound of French and German, with a mixture of Latin and Italian words. The people are said to be in a state of great ignorance, in consequence of the want of schools; and are very much under the dominion of the Romish priesthood: nor do they by any means make the most of the land on the borders of the Rhone, for the purposes of agriculture, and pasturage. The population of the Upper Valais bear a character, among travellers, in some respects superior to that of their neighbours, for industry, and the love of freedom.

The country of the Valais itself, is remarkable for the diversity of its animal and vegetable productions, and for the variety of its climate; the harvest being earlier in some parts than in others, by three or four months. It is the paradise of botanists, as its *Flora* contains many rare species; and its valleys and mountains, are the nursery of plants that are seldom to be found, elsewhere, in the same country; and which exist, apart, in different regions of the earth. To the entomologist, the mineralogist, and the geologist, the Valais is scarcely less interesting.

In the fifteenth century, the people of the Upper

Valais contended for superiority with those of the Lower, in a bloody war; which ended, after many battles, and much desolation, in the subjugation of the Lower Valaise, by their more powerful neighbours.—The restoration of peace to Europe, in 1815, added the Valais, together with Geneva, and Neuchâtel, to the Swiss cantons.

It is remarkable, that while a Romance *patois* is spoken in the plains and valleys of the Lower Valais, the language of the mountaineers approximates nearer to the German. A similar diversity between the inhabitants of the valleys, and those of the mountains, exists in other Alpine regions.

LETTER XIV.

Ascent of the Forclas—Trient—The Tête Noire—Savoy; the Valorsine—Romanism—Sight of Mont Blanc—Valley of Chamonix—Glaciers, de Tour, d'Argentière, and Des Bois—Chamonix—Moonlight—Sound of Avalanche—Mont Blanc—Ascents—Ascent of Montanvert—The Mer de Glace—Chamois-hunting—The Bouquetin.

My dear Friend:—Before leaving Martigny, it was necessary to determine which of the two routes should be taken, over the mountains, into Savoy;—that of the *Col de Balme*, or the *Tête Noire*. The former is regarded as the most desirable for the view it furnishes of Mont Blanc; while the latter was said to be in itself, by far the most picturesque and interesting course. The strength of our party was, however, to be considered; and as the road over the *Col de Balme* was pronounced by all the travellers, whose opinion we had oppor-

tunity of asking, to be the more steep and fatiguing, the *Tête Noire* was fixed on; and to cross this pass, we started in good time in the morning, three being mounted on mules, each attended by a guide.

Not far from Martigny, is the cross at which the road turns off to the left, leading into Italy, over the great St. Bernard. This mountain is celebrated for the noble dogs which are there reared, for the purpose of extricating the lost traveller from the dangers of the snow. These dogs, which seem to be great favourites with everybody, are often seen, both in the valley of the Rhone, and in the canton of Bern.

We were now ascending the steep Forclas; which rises from the valley, to the height of nearly four thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. The finest chesnut, walnut, apple, and pear-trees, lined each side of the narrow road, which was also bordered with many cottages and gardens. The morning was very hot, and the dry weather had rendered the road dusty; the flies tormented the mules greatly; and they were glad to walk very fast up the steep ascent;—which rendered the journey, to a pedestrian, very fatiguing.

The views of the Rhone-valley, from some parts of the ascent of the Forclas, were characterized by peculiar grandeur. Martigny lay stretched out

below; and the silvery Rhone appeared winding amidst an amphitheatre of mountains, with an empurpled back-ground of higher Alps, crested with the purest snows: among these was the Gemmi, towering proudly above the road we had traversed the day before, which now looked like a whitish line drawn along the valley; while the whole scene possessed a vast and solitary magnificence. We reached the highest part of the passage, after travelling about three hours, and a cold blast from the glaciers of Savoy, produced a wintry chill that was perfectly contrasted with the dust, and the oppressive heat, of the sun-exposed ascent.

Another half-hour brought us to Trient, a hamlet situated in a deep gorge;—and now some of the snows of Savoy greeted the eye. Not far from this little hamlet, a road leads off to the left, over the Col de Balme; but the path to the Tête Noire descends into a small valley, surrounded by mountains, with a hoary peak, the parent of the glaciers of Trient, part of an immense chain of ices, enthroned at the south-west end. At the cottage-inn a delicious repast was soon in readiness, consisting of bread, milk, honey, coffee, potatoes, butter, and, according to the ancestral custom, some old family cheese: two or three interesting little children, also, presented some of the flowers of their Alpine vale. The

master of the house, on being asked the exact time of day, ran to a rising ground before his door, and said it was noon 'by the mountains,' whose shadows here answer as a natural dial.

The road now began to wind along the gloomy and romantic pass of the Tête Noire; which is truly grand, solemn, and imposing. A woody ledge, with an awful, dark, and precipitous ravine, on the right, in the depth of whose shades, could be traced the busy, mountain-stream, led into a labyrinth of rocks and wood. The precipices were sometimes frightful; and the torrent foamed along their bases, at the depth of five or six hundred feet: but the worst places were guarded by a rude parapet of poles. Above-head, were enormous masses of pine-crowned rocks, heaped one on another, as if by some tremendous convulsion, forming gloomy defiles, never irradiated by the sun-beams. The great quantity of wood, gives to this pass a character decidedly dark, and umbrageous; and the traveller is, sometimes, immediately under the roots of the loftiest pines; while, below his feet, lie shelving forests composed of trees of equal height.

The mules appeared quite at home in the most rugged, and awkward parts of this extraordinary road; and the guides seemed to have a perfect mastery of their business, and were at leisure, fre-

quently to gather the wild strawberry, or the Alpine blossom.

At one spot, a gallery has been blown through the solid rock, for a distance of many yards; and, at the approach to this archway, the crags impended fearfully over the path; while, on the right, was a yawning gulf of dark, perpendicular rocks, fenced with a frail, rustic railing: on the other side of the narrow, interposing valley, were enormous mountains. Further on, we passed the rock of Balmarussa, a huge detached fragment, which an English Countess bought of the government of the Valais, in 1821,—it is said, for three hundred francs, in order to have it marked with her name; which is accompanied with a very sentimental inscription, in such doggrel English, that it must certainly have been written by a foreigner.

The road was often so rocky, and so close to deep ravines, or so artificially patched by trunks of trees, somewhat loosely laid along, that it appeared dangerous to ride,—or rather to attempt to spring, and scramble along; and those of the party who were mounted, got off and walked; as the worst places seemed much less formidable on foot. It is no easy task to convey an accurate idea of the changing scenes of this remarkable pass;—but one uniform character pervades every part of it:—it is a mazy labyrinth, threaded by a circuitous winding path of many miles, traced as in mid-air, between

heights and depths; among rocks, pine forests, and glacier streams; while the whole scene is so darkly shaded, as to have an aspect of impressive solemnity.

In the exit of the passage, and on the border of the Valorsine, you come to a spot marked by those convulsions, which so frequently happen in these elemental regions,—by means, either of avalanches of snow, or of rocks, or the fury of those sudden torrents, which, at some seasons, sweep with irresistible violence down the mountains. Opposite to the path, many fine trees had been torn up by the roots, and scattered in every direction, on the mountain-slope, owing to the recent fall of an avalanche.

Having left the jungles and ledges, the shady glens, the dark deep abysses, and the over-hanging crags of the gloomy Tête Noire, the traveller enters a sylvan scene, exactly like an English copse, with a greensward path. The vale of Valorsine lies before him, and he passes the fall of the Eau Noire, a stream that flows from the broad and lofty mountain called the Buet, on the other side of the valley. An arch thrown across the road, now announced our entrance into Savoy, part of the dominions of the King of Sardinia.

The wild and wintry valley of Valorsine, is sometimes choked up with snow, to a late period of the spring; and is singular, in a country where all is so remarkable, for its mixture of the picturesque

and the wild, — the waterfall, and the frowning rock, —and for the ravages of the avalanche,— which have sometimes threatened to bury the little church and village of Valorsine, beneath the falling mountains of snow. This neighbourhood too, has been thought to exhibit one of the rare cases, among the Alps, of volcanic agency; but the appearances are considered by many to be equivocal.

Throughout the whole of this day's journey, might still be witnessed the sedulous care, with which the Catholic church associates the rites and symbols of her worship with every variety of nature's scenes. All along the road over the Forclas, and through the valleys,—excepting the wildest parts of the Tête Noire,—there were constantly, either crosses, or little chapels, containing a Christ, a Mary, or a saint; and in several of them it was inscribed, that the Bishop of Sion had granted thirty days' indulgence to all who should say five *pater-nosters*, and five *ave-marias*, at these sacred stations! This meritorious act, is supposed to diminish the number of days, during which purgatorial pains are to be endured, by those who do not die in mortal sin:—no wonder that so many devotees are seen counting their beads, and kneeling before these shrines! What other practical tendency can the doctrine of indulgences possess, than that of proving an opiate to the conscience, and a licence to sin?

It is not surprising, that so impious an assumption of power as that which is exhibited by the church of Rome, in pretending to remit the punishment due to sin, should exemplify itself in flagrant violations of all the rules of morality:—it was this that was a main occasion of the Reformation by Luther.

Some parts of the Valorsine exhibit much cultivation, and there were considerable quantities of flax growing. Toward the south, on the approach to the termination of the valley, hardy-looking cattle were grazing on the rocky pastures, with bells on their neck. This appendage is commonly attached to cows, goats, and sheep, in these Alpine valleys, which are enlivened with this wild music; and the herdsman is led, by the sound, to the spot where the wanderer may have strayed. The scene here becomes strikingly wild and dreary; and the wind felt exceedingly cold, as it blew, in a westerly direction, from the ices of Chamonix. On this side of the Valorsine, rise the mountains of Buet, Loggia, and Bérard.

What was most interesting in the passage through this valley, and that which all had been anxiously looking forward to, was the announcement from one of our guides, when we were near Valorsine, '*Le Mont Blanc!*' the singularly white summit of which, now appeared on one side of the end of the valley, above the huge mountains that are

piled around this King of all the Alps. Much as the traveller may dwell, for weeks, on the thought of seeing this mountain, a thrill of enthusiasm comes over him on first beholding it,—at the idea that he is gazing on the highest point of earth in all Europe.

The first sight of Mont Blanc,—from the Valorsine, at least,—scarcely equals the expectations that we are accustomed to associate with it. Excepting the extreme whiteness of its snows, its effect, from this point, is not remarkably striking; its head being rounded, and some of its satellite mountains appearing not far inferior to it in elevation. Yet as you gaze on it, there is a grandeur, and a sort of repose, in the simplicity of its aspect, bearing some analogy to what we sometimes feel, in contemplating the highest order of moral and intellectual greatness, in connexion with that perfectly unpretending, and unobtrusive manner, which seems to be natural to it.

Farther on, the *Aiguille du Midi*, a piked summit, which rises from the vicinity of the central mountain, comes sublimely into view; and, to the left of the rest in the chain, the *Aiguille Verte*. In the descent towards Argentière, the vale of Chamonix gradually revealed itself. On the left was the Col de Balme, the iron cross at the top of which was visible from the Valorsine; and before us was the huge mass of mountains, consisting of

Mont Blanc, and the other towering piles, which rear themselves in the immediate vicinity, as in homage to the monarch Alp; or as defending that central throne which consists of domes of everlasting snow;—while the tinted lights, and the shadows of the declining evening, threw over the scene the most impressive relief; and exhibited to advantage the dark masses of frowning rock, as contrasted with the unsullied purity of the vast regions of snow.

'The sun has sunk behind the brow,
The giant-height of proud Mont Blanc,
Gilding its glorious crown of snow,
With his last beams—while all along,
From peak to peak, each trackless height
Reflects rich hues of vivid light,
That o'er Chamouni's valley fall,
One bright resplendent coronal.

And Summer's cheering short-lived power,
Sheds o'er the vale its genial spell,
While all around, eve's witching hour
Is greeted by the vesper bell.
That knell perchance the hunter's ear
May reach, amidst the glaciers drear,
In some wild chasm, where his prey
Has lured his venturous steps astray.'

The *Glacier de Tour* lies at the head of this sublime valley; and further on, where the road descends from the Col de Balme, at Argentière, a village so called from a mine containing silver, is the glacier of the same name, flanking a part of

this enormous line of Alps, like a bed of crystal, embosomed in forests of pine. We now descended into the valley, and arrived opposite to the *Glacier des Bois*. This is a sort of continuation of the *Mer de Glace*, which lies above it, in a concealed mountain-gorge. From this glacier, rushes the Arveiron, out of a gloomy chasm, in an extraordinary rock of ice, the accumulation of ages; some parts being of a cerulean blue, and others dark and Stygian: on the top of this rugged arch stand huge pyramidal, and mis-shapen masses, ready to be precipitated by the increasing pressure from above.

Avalanches of ice, attended with tremendous explosions, which re-echo like thunder among the mountains, are occurring at this spot, continually, during the summer; when the imprisoned waters, formed by the melting snows and ices, burst forth anew, undermine the mass, and bring down enormous fragments of the glacier:—indeed, but for the midsummer suns, the whole valley would be one vast field of ice. About fifty years ago, as our guides informed us, three travellers imprudently ventured to fire a pistol within the entrance of this icy cavern; when, through the vibration it occasioned, an immense fragment was immediately shaken from its poise, and fell on the unhappy party, one of whom was crushed to death, and the other two were severely injured.

Fortunately, the weather was so fair, during the whole time of our stay at Chamonix, that all the summits of the mountain, presented themselves to view, cloudless,—though travellers sometimes remain here many days, without having a glimpse of the higher regions of Mont Blanc. The evening of our arrival was clear, though chilly; the bare, snow-streaked peaks, which form the outworks of this vast citadel of snows and ices, on the side of Chamonix, resembled pyramids, with jagged, saw-like edges,—or enormous gable ends; and the mighty central domes, with their well-defined contours, and interjacent wastes,—all of the purest snow,—were slightly tinged with the pale red of the setting-sun, and seemed to reach the skies; —while shadows were already resting on the lower gigantic masses, and on the vale beneath them. The front of the Union Hotel looks immediately across the valley, towards the mountain; and opposite, at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, ran the range of awful peaks, threatening to overwhelm everything below.

The hotel,—which is but one of several, in this once secluded, but now frequented spot,—is a place of excellent accommodations, and is admirably conducted by the active, obliging, and business-like hostess. About forty persons sat down to dinner, of whom the majority were British. Our guides over the Tête Noire, now applied to us to

sign their books, and to state our opinion of their conduct. One youth had been allowed to accompany them for the first time; and being thus in his noviciate, was highly grateful for our testimony, written in his book, that his attention and care, manifested during the journey, gave the promise that he would become a "good guide." Character is everywhere of moment; and, here, it is a little fortune to a poor man to be well acquainted with the mountain passes; and to have the credit of being a careful and obliging conductor.

On looking out, late in the evening, we found that the moon was illuminating the summits of Mont Blanc; though her orb itself was hidden behind the mountain, and her light had not reached the valley. The mighty range of Alps that was opposite, acquired superadded solemnity and gloom; this whole line being cast under a deep, dark shade, and but dimly seen,—looking almost like the stupendous wall of another world; while the snowy plains and solitudes of the upper regions of the vast mass, reflecting the moonlight, were covered, as with an icy shroud, and seemed to be a perfect emblem of all that was cold and trackless.

'The sweet moon flings
Her pallid lustre on the hills around,
Turning the snows and ices that have crowned,
Since chaos reigned—each vast untrodden height,
To pearl, and silver.'

A peculiar, confused, and stifled sound, at midnight, when all else was silent, testified that an avalanche was falling, somewhere, in the neighbourhood, among the mountains; which fact our guides to the Mer de Glace, on the following morning, confirmed.

> ' Perchance a gale, from fervid Italy,
> Startled the air-hung thunderer; or the tone
> Breathed from some hunter's horn ;— or it may be
> The echoes of the mountain cataract, thrown
> Amid its voiceful snows, have thus called down
> The overwhelming ruin.'

If the *beauties* of nature speak to the heart of man, of the benevolence of the Creator, these colossal Alps seem the appropriate emblems on earth, of the almighty power, of which they are such impressive and awe-inspiring monuments. Yet these are but parts of His ways;—these mountains are insignificant compared with the earth; and the earth itself is but a point in the universe. But these gigantic masses produce their effect on the mind, as being majestic images of infinite power; and the sentiments which the contemplation of them awakens, would sometimes be mingled with terror; did we not reflect that the Creator has announced his good-will to man, through the Redeemer; and that the most awful attributes of the Eternal One, conspire to promote the everlasting felicity of those who are reconciled to Him.

The valley of Chamonix is three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It runs from north-east to south-west, and is eleven or twelve miles long; and from half a mile to a mile, in width. It is shut in, on the north-east, by the Col de Balme, which is four thousand feet above its level; and on the south-west by lower mountains. The winter lasts for seven months of the year; during the greater part of which time, the valley is covered with snow. In the summer, the climate is variable; for though the mean temperature, at this season, is seldom more than ten or eleven degrees below that of Geneva, yet a strong hoar frost will sometimes be seen in July. The soil is fertile, and verdant, being well watered; but fruit-trees do not much thrive. The *Gentiana Major* may be seen growing close by the glaciers. The Arve, which rises from the Col de Balme, runs through the valley.

Mont Blanc, and its tributary mountains, stretch along the south side of the valley, about five or six miles; and on the north, is Mount Breven, and the range of the Aiguilles Rouges. At Chamonix, you are too completely under the mighty mass of Mont Blanc to have the full effect of it. The summit is computed to be distant from the vale about six miles, in a straight line; and is so far behind the immediately neighbouring abutments, and yet

seems so connected with them, that you do not, by any means, gain the full impression of its elevation,—which requires a more distant view.

The central granitic mass, rises to the amazing perpendicular height, of about two miles and a quarter above the vale; surrounded by the calcareous mountains which lie like buttresses at its base, clothed with forests of larch and fir, to the elevation of thousands of feet. These forests border those wonderful icy gorges, the glaciers, including, besides those already mentioned, that of Tacoray,—and, nearer to the village of Chamonix, the magnificent glacier of Buissons, with its dead-blue pyramids and rocks of ice. The bases of the mountain are crystalled, in different directions, with no less than eighteen of these glaciers, some of them from twelve to eighteen miles in length. The chamois, and the wild goat,—some live specimens of which are exhibited in the museum of the village,—browse near the borders of the glaciers, and at the base of the regions of perpetual snow.

Mont Blanc is computed to be nearly three English miles above the level of the sea; and the extent of snow which crowns it, has determined its name. It is estimated that the ices which reach to Chamonix, lie up the gorges and sides of the mountain, to the height of 8,000 feet perpendicular; and that the snows of the upper parts occupy an addi-

tional space of about 4,000 feet; making an extent of 12,000 feet of ice and snow, not including the irregularities of the surface. Travellers say that the south side of the mountain presents a rugged and terrific aspect; being more abrupt, and less covered with snow:—but from Chamonix, it gradually rises above the surrounding mountains, till it first terminates in a point called the *Aiguille*, or *Dome de Gouté*; beyond this, is a valley of snow, from which rises the *Middle Dome*; another sweep, still higher, leads to the extreme, rounded summit; which is named *La Bosse du Dromedaire*, from its supposed resemblance to a dromedary's hunch. Those who have ascended into this unearthly region, describe the highest elevation, as being like the ridge of a house, very narrow, and scarcely wide enough, in some parts, for two persons to walk abreast. The snow is glazed with ice; and, underneath, is as though it were ground to dust. Some of the granite rock, about a hundred and fifty yards below the summit, has the appearance, it is said, of having been riven by the force of lightning.

It was long thought impossible to gain the summit of this gigantic mountain; and about six different attempts, from the first that is known, which took place in 1762, failed,—either in consequence of the approach of night; intense cold; the rarefaction of the air, affecting respiration; fresh falls of snow; or the apprehension produced by the

gathering of clouds around this high place of thunder, ominous of the approaching storm. At length, on the 7th of August, 1786, Dr. Paccard of Chamonix, and James Balma, his guide,—undeterred by the cold which froze their provisions, and the ink in their pockets, and which was accompanied with a piercing wind that almost flayed their faces,—reached the loftiest elevation in Europe, before untrodden by man.

About the same time in the following year, M. de Saussure, with eighteen guides, made a philosophical expedition, to the summit; being provided with instruments, tents, and mattresses. The party passed the first night on the mountain called La Côte; and on the next afternoon, at four o'clock, took up their station, for the night, at nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The moon appeared intensely brilliant, in a sky black as ebony, and Jupiter was all radiance. The next morning they pursued the steep ascent, with immense labour, and very slowly; but arrived at the summit, at eleven in the forenoon, and stayed some hours in this aërial region, in their tent.

The lower mountains did not appear united as they do below, but completely detached from each other. Two butterflies were on the wing, at this extraordinary elevation, where the temperature was 45° of Fahrenheit lower than that of Geneva, at the same time. In the barometer, there was a differ-

ence of more than 11° of De Luc; and the humidity, by the hygrometer, was found to be six times less than at Geneva. It required half an hour to boil water; sounds were very feeble, a pistol giving a report almost like a pop-gun; respiration was difficult; a burning thirst was experienced; no appetite was felt for food; and nothing but draughts of fresh water gave relief: the pulse, which in repose at Chamonix, had been between sixty and seventy, was increased to a hundred, or a hundred and ten. The heavens appeared of a very deep blue; and by standing in the shade, the stars could be discerned. The huge Aiguilles, or Horns, which appear so magnificent from Chamonix, dwindled, beneath the feet of this adventurous party; who looked down on many snow-crowned summits. The Pays de Vaud appeared immediately below them; but a misty obscurity seemed to envelop more distant objects.*

This mountain, though computed to be five thousand feet lower than the Chimborazo in South America, is relatively higher; being about three hundred feet more elevated above Chamonix, than the Chimborazo is above the valley of Tapia. Mont Blanc is seen from Dijon; from the Burgundy mountains; from Langres, one hundred and eighty miles distant, as the bird flies; and in all its magnificence from Lyons, which is much nearer. Se-

* Saussure: Voyages dans les Alpes.

veral dreadful accidents have occurred in the attempt to scale the awful height; and in 1820, three persons were swept into destruction by an avalanche, when not very far from the summit.

According to Mr. Auldjo's* account, there had been, up to the year 1827, fourteen successful ascents, including his own; of which he has given a description, more interesting than any romance, and containing appalling details of the dangers to which he and his party were exposed, from abysses of ice which the eye could not fathom; and from an awful tempest of thunder and lightning. About twenty years before this, a young woman of Chamonix had the courage to accompany a party of guides, by whose assistance she was able to gain the ascent; and in commemoration of the adventure, she was called 'Maria de Mont Blanc.' Within these few years, it is said that another lady has scaled the mountain.

Napoleon, who has left traces of his genius, and his ambition, throughout so great a part of the continent, ordered a cross to be erected on the summit of Mont Blanc, as though for a mark of his dominion over the highest pinnacle of Europe, and over all the countries on which it looks down:—but the stormy king of Alps, whose throne is seated amidst heaven's most frequent thunders, and is often vitrified by the scorching lightning,—unlike

* See Auldjo's Ascent.

the vassals that owed their crowns to the Emperor of all the Gauls, disdained to wear the badge of subjection to his power; and, in a day or two, the cross was thrown down by a hurricane.

A cloudless morning smiled on our ascent up Montanvert, perhaps originally *Montagne verte*, from its being covered with wood. It forms part of the base of Mont Blanc, and leads to the *Mer de Glace*. The verdure of the meadows of Chamonix, and the dark shade of the forests, were beautifully contrasted with the brilliancy of the lofty snows; for a magnificent sun shone upon us, and threw his golden beams upon the towering heads and pinnacles of the chaotic masses; the domes of Mont Blanc rising gloriously behind the wall formed by the lower mountains. In the valley all was silent,—and there was not a breeze to give sensible movement to the Alpine foliage; but we stopped repeatedly, to watch the snow, as it drifted at intervals, from the extreme summit, presenting the appearance of a series of light, fleecy, momentary clouds:—or this aërial avalanche might be likened to a veil of mist, floating, in evanescent movements, toward the east, and having a remarkable, and elegant effect.

The road ascended along the shelvy bank of Montanvert, which is sprinkled with firs and larches up to the summit,—a height of 6,100 feet above the sea. About an hour's exertion brought us to

the stream, which here issues from the rock, to refresh the toiling pedestrian. As it ascended higher, the path became more rugged; and the three mules clambered with their usual dexterity, up what may be termed broken and terrific staircases of rocks; and, sometimes, at the very edge of the dizzy precipices that were on our left; while huge rocky fragments, lay scattered in wild confusion, above and below, over the flank of the mountain, interspersed with decayed trunks of trees, blasted by the Alpine lightning, or torn away from the soil by the ravages of the avalanche.

We had travelled no road that was more frightful for riders: and the idea of the possibility of a girth giving way, through the straining of the mules,—or of their falling down exhausted, was continually present; for whether it were that the animals had been over-worked, or that this mountain was unusually difficult to climb, they laboured much for breath, and seemed reluctant to make the ascent. The guides occasionally exclaimed '*un escalier!*' and held the ladies on when the mules were about to scramble up high steps of rock; but the assurance was continually repeated, *il n'y a pas de danger, soyez tranquille.*

It is annoying to riders over the mountains, that the mules always keep on the very verge of the precipices; so that, generally, there is no room for the guides to walk on that side, on which protec-

tion is felt to be needed. This habit is acquired by the mules, in consequence of their being used to carry large burdens over the mountains,—such as barrels of wine; so that they are frequently obliged to keep as far as the road will allow from the rugged walls of projecting rock along which they may have to pass. They have been known, in scrambling over a rocky path, to strike their burden so forcibly on one side, as to throw themselves down the opposite precipice. The guides were very careful; but nothing would have induced our party to ride but fear of extreme fatigue, and the being aware that it would be necessary to walk in the descent.

In ascending, the views obtained of the *Glacier de Buisson*, and of the surrounding scene, were superb: the valley itself, with the village and church-steeple, were strongly illuminated by the sun, and looked lovely below; presenting an appearance of cheerfulness, and gaiety, which was powerfully contrasted with the wildness and ruggedness of our path; and with our anticipations of the cold and icy regions of the *Mer de Glace*, which we were now approaching. On the left, towards the north, across the valley, was the chain of the Red Needles; also the Breven, 8,300 feet high. Below, was the Glacier des Bois:—and now, turning to the right, not far from the edge of this glacier, we were on the summit of the mountain,

and beheld the extraordinary scenery of the *Mer de Glace* stretched before us. The exertion, however, that is required in this journey, may excuse the traveller from treading the icy sea, and gazing on the sublime and striking objects by which it is surrounded, without first taking some refreshment at the pavilion, a small room erected as a kind of refectory for travellers; and where persons of almost all nations, and of all ranks, from Josephine, and Maria Louisa, had inscribed their names, in the visitors' book.

The heat, during the ascent, had been considerable; and we had now to encounter an atmosphere which was of a very different temperature from that of the valley, and the mountain-side: in short, in less than three hours, summer had been exchanged for winter, and beautiful green fields, for beds of everlasting ice; around the borders of which, were ranged awful colossal masses of granite rock, and of eternal snow. The pavilion was cold and comfortless, not being cheered by a fire, which, early in September, would have been very agreeable, in a climate elevated more than a mile above the level of the sea.

A descent along a rugged, and narrow path, leads to the *Mer de Glace;* which is, in fact, a vast glacier, or defile of ice, from half a mile to a mile in breadth; running between huge mountains, in different directions, to the extent of about five

leagues; and supposed to vary in depth, from one to three hundred feet. It may be said to bear the appearance of a lake, wrought into tumult and fury by whirlwinds, and then instantaneously frozen, as a perpetual image of the storm;—presenting various elevations, some being fifty or sixty feet; consisting of mis-shapen crags, ridges, and pyramids of ice, generally of a dull blue cast, with points and edges tinged of a sea-green hue, glittering in the sun-beam with various prismatic colours;—the whole icy chaos being everywhere cleft into fissures of an appalling depth, and interspersed with rocks, that have been tumbled from the overhanging mountains.

It seemed strange to pass a line of hardy *rhododendrons*, at the very edge of the ice; and to be reminded that even here, vegetation is not dead. Quantities of the *ranunculus glacialis*, and of other Alpine plants, are also found in this neighbourhood, in the clefts of the rocks.*

The savage mountains that rise above this extraordinary glacier, have a kind of terrible sublimity:—partially surrounding this icy gulf with

* In some parts of the Alps, where pines will not now grow, the remains of ancient forests have been discovered, where the lynx still prowls, and the *lämmer-geier*, nine feet in its expanded breadth, dashes the chamois down the precipice, with a stroke of its wing, and then pounces on its victim, which it speedily tears to pieces.

an amphitheatre of dark, rugged summits, snowy heads and masses, and enormous shafts of granite, which shoot up into the sky, with their bare and piked horrors, to the height of 10,000, or 13,000 feet above the level of the sea; and from 3,000 to 6,000 above the vast frozen cataract itself, on which we were now standing.

Immediately on the right were several craggy summits; and above them the peak of Charmoz, which impends, with an awful precipice, over Chamonix, down which an unfortunate traveller once fell, and perished. The peak called the Giant, the highest that is visible from this spot, towers at the end of the icy valley, where it turns off to the right, to form a part of the frozen footstool of the vast throne of the great Atlas Alp:—for the glacier there runs up to mingle with the assemblage of ices, which unite to bind the higher parts of the base of the central mountain, in the rigours of that perpetual winter which here begins to reign. The mass of the Jorasse, beyond which lies Piedmont, is still farther on the left, and shuts in the valley, as with a long rampart of snow; while, on the other side, several needle shafts, of different hues and forms, rise abruptly into the cloudless blue, to a stupendous height,—of which the principal are the Aiguille Drû, the Aiguille Verte, and the Aiguille du Moine.

One of these Aiguilles darts its pyramidal pike

immediately from the border of the ice, to an elevation of 6,000 feet above its level: the upper part is nearly perpendicular, and towers, for 3,000 feet, in naked and stern majesty, with only a few streaks of snow; seeming to reject the mantle that covers an equal space below, where this mass of granite slopes down to the snowy bed from which it rises, at the edge of the glacier.

Under the direction of the guides, and armed with spiked poles, we walked some distance on the ice; which, just at this place, had the form of flat slabs of immense size, with chasms between them, varying in width from a foot and upwards, and tinged at their edges with shades of green and blue. Large stones were thrown into these crevices, and were heard for several seconds, with a hollow noise, till the sound died away, giving the idea of a fearful depth. Higher up, in the direction which leads to a spot called the garden,—an isle of earth, in the midst of ice,—the pinnacles become much loftier, and the chasms are of the depth of four or five hundred feet, and so wide, that travellers sometimes are obliged to go several miles round, in order to avoid them.

Before coming off the ice, our guides exerted all their strength to push a large fragment of rock into one of the chasms, at the edge of the frozen platform on which we stood: but not choosing to trust to the effect that might be produced on so

brittle a foundation by a violent shock, we thought it advisable to get on *terra firma* before the men proceeded further with their experiment: they tried long and hard, but could not succeed in overthrowing the mass, and we lost the effect of the thundering reverberations which all such concussions produce, in this region of solemn, and deathlike silence. Two ladies whom we had met at the pavilion, one of whom was a French Baroness, who regretted that she had forgotten the English she once knew, walked full half-way over the glacier, with their attendants;—but our party were not disposed to follow them so far, and proceeded to visit the granite rock, called the *Rocher des Anglais*, bearing the inscription 'Windham, and Pocock,' who were the first foreigners to explore this wonderful locality.

Earlier in the season, this Alpine elevation is the scene of some of the wildest convulsions. In the spring, the snows fall in tremendous avalanches from the lower parts of these enormous peaks, and obelisks of rock: and the increasing warmth of the season relaxes, for a time, the icy bond, in which all things have for months been locked up, in silence. The snows on the border, melt into the Mer de Glace, in which, vast rents are burst with terrific explosion: the water finds a way down the Glacier des Bois into the valley, at the source of the Arveiron; and breaks for itself new outlets through the frozen masses, undermining the upper parts

of the glacier, till blocks of ice, and of solid rock, earth, frozen snow, and furious torrents of water, rush together in hideous confusion into the valley; which is sufficiently warm in summer to prevent it from being permanently added to the frozen empire of Mont Blanc.

We lingered on the verge of the Mer de Glace, surveying the icy domain, and the forms of terrible grandeur that surround it, till we began to shiver with cold; and then returned to purchase a few memorials of the scene, at the pavilion; where are sold mineralogical specimens, prints, and the polished horns of the chamois. As we began to descend, the Dent du Midi was pointed out, in the distance, the mountain from which the avalanche lately fell, near St. Maurice, and, for some days, blocked up the high road from Geneva to Italy.

One of our guides had ascended Mont Blanc five times: another had accompanied Mr. Auldjo; and, being a chamois-hunter, he seemed vastly pleased with the remark—that possibly he might have killed the chamois whose horn we had just purchased. The hunting of the chamois is a favorite occupation of the more adventurous of these mountaineers; and, in pursuing it, they acquire an extraordinary power of vaulting, with their poles, down the face of rocks.

It is said that the chamois are so accustomed to the loud explosions, and thunderings of the glaciers

and avalanches, that they care but little for the report of a gun; but the instant they see a man, they bound away with an eye of fire, and with incredible speed. The hunters sometimes spend whole nights in lying in wait for their prey, among crags, and snows, by the light of the moon: but from this dangerous chase, many a hardy adventurer has never returned, having perished on the mountains:

> . . . . . 'Alas!
> Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
> Nor friends, nor sacred home! On every nerve
> The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
> And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
> Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
> Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast!'

The chamois is an elegant little creature, and will climb rocks so abrupt, that it would be supposed hardly possible for them to gain a footing. When hemmed in, they will sometimes rush violently on their pursuer, perhaps on the very verge of a precipice,—when the only safety for the hunter consists in immediately lying down. They bound from twenty to twenty-five feet at a leap; and it is said that rather than be taken, whole herds of them have been known to precipitate themselves down perpendicular rocks, where they have been dashed to pieces.

The mountain-goat, or bouquetin, used also to be found in the regions of Mont Blanc: this

animal will, when pursued, bound up a rock to the height of twelve or fifteen feet; or rush up a narrow chasm, between two walls of crags, alternately springing from side to side, till it reaches the top. A village which we passed between Martigny and Valorsine, used to be famous for a race of hunters in the perilous chase of these mountain-goats, till the animals became almost extinct in this neighbourhood.

LETTER XV.

Chamonix — Superstition — Effect of Alps—Road to Servoz—View of Mont Blanc—The Needle of Varens—Fall of Chede—Romanism—View of Mont Blanc from Sallenche—The Cholera—Cascade of Arpenas—Cluse—Bonneville—Savoyard History—Attempt of Polish Refugees, in 1834, to produce Revolution—Religious State of Savoy.

My dear Friend:—Previously to leaving Chamonix, we paid a visit to the village church, the mean and showy ornaments of which, seemed signally contrasted with the surrounding majesty of nature. Superstition evidently reigns in this valley, the scene of such overpowering demonstrations of the divine majesty: but *nature* has no cure for the moral disorder of man! It was painful to observe that a high crucifix near the bridge over the Arve, in the centre of the village, received the

homage of the passers by, just under the stupendous masses of Mont Blanc!

In Catholic districts, the guides, notwithstanding their constant intercourse with foreigners and Protestants, seldom fail to make their obeisance to these crosses, and to the tawdry little shrines, which perpetually present themselves. Yet, when conversed with on the subject, they seem at a loss, as might be expected, for reasons wherewith to defend their conduct; and reply, *tout le monde fait comme cela ici.* Two of our guides to the Mer de Glace seemed to possess considerable intelligence, and did not fail to bring us a packet, containing specimens of the geological structure of some of the mountains of Chamonix; consisting of granite, gneiss, mica slate, sienite, hornblende, and other minerals.

On our departure from the valley, in a *char à banc*,—a car in which three persons sit sideways, and one in front,—the upper regions of Mont Blanc were surrounded by cumulated strata of slightly shadowed clouds, on which the extreme summit was beautifully enthroned, brilliantly illuminated by the afternoon sun. The snowy domes appeared like some pure etherial region, emerging out of the atmosphere of this low world, and destined to be the abode of some order of happy beings.—'High mountains are a feeling:'—the pe-

culiar emotions which we are prone to indulge, while viewing these loftiest Alpine heights are, as it were, mystic revelations of the original nature of man: they unveil the secret lingering of the soul, in its degradation and its fall, after the images of ideal beauty and greatness; and are prophetic of the perfection to which, as regenerated, it is destined in an unfallen world.

When objects and scenes make an unusually great impression in our minds, we have a tendency to invest them with a kind of personality. In Switzerland, each mountain may be imagined to have its own character; the Jungfrau, as seen from the northward, may perhaps be said to impress you with the idea of proud and dominant grandeur: the mountains of Grindelwald stand like hoary giants, in that solemn and silent wild: the masses of the southern chain, seen from the distance of the Gemmi, look sublimely beautiful, as their snowy crests rise above the dark regions below them; the bare pikes and crags around the *Mer de Glace*, have a sort of grim horror investing them, which seems well to harmonise with that frozen region: the vast Mont Blanc, as seen from the vale of Chamonix, terminating in an unostentatious rounded summit, and sustained by other mountains, may be said to look simply dignified and majestic, as the conscious superior of all.

'The eternal mountains momently are peering
Through the blue clouds that mantle them;—on high,
Their glittering crests majestically rearing,
More like to children of the infinite sky,
Than of the dædal earth.——Triumphantly,
Prince of the whirlwind! Monarch of the scene!
Mightiest where all are mighty! from the eye
Of mortal man half-hidden by the screen
Of mists that moat his base, from Arve's dark, deep ravine,
Stands the magnificent Mont Blanc! His brow
Scarred with ten thousand thunders; most sublime,
Even as though risen from the world below
To mark the progress of Decay: by clime,
Storm, blight, fire? earthquake—injured not! Like Time,
Stern chronicler of centuries gone by.'

Westward of the splendid glacier of Buisson, which, like that of Des Bois, comes down into the valley, the mountains become lower. We proceeded along the romantic road to Servoz; which is frequently very steep, and is hemmed in by mountains. In one place, it runs along the edge of a ravine of enormous depth; darkly clothed with taper pines, which shoot up from the ledges of the abyss; in the bed of which, the turbulent Arve, whose course we were following, bears along the melted snows and ices of Chamonix.

The road descends abruptly to the Pont de Pelissier; and in the approach to Servoz, Mont Blanc began to display itself, on the south; so as to furnish a view quite different from any we had yet

obtained, of this stupendous pile of mountains. Its mighty summits had fairly disengaged themselves from their bases, which, before, greatly intercepted the sight; and the whole spaces lying between the gorges of the nearer mountains, now appeared filled up with one vast barrier of snow, stretching far up into the heavens, from right to left; and over this immense frozen region, the declining sun shed a flood of glory; while some of the lower parts were shaded by fleecy clouds, the presage of a change in the weather which was to be realised in the course of a few days.

The valley of Servoz is remarkable for the fall of a mountain, which occurred about a century ago. It kept crumbling to pieces, for several days in succession, darkening the air with clouds of sandstone and limestone dust. A number of the inhabitants of the valley were buried beneath the ruins. The road now proceeds through a region characterized by a desolate kind of grandeur, leaving the stupendous aiguille of Varens, 7,000 feet high, on the right; and at length reaches the small, and picturesque lake of Chede, whose dark green, and transparent waters, beautifully reflected the neighbouring trees, and the pure snows of the distant mountain.

Near the village of Chede and a little out of the road, is a cascade which is much admired for its

picturesque effect, as it is embosomed in the richest foliage. It falls, first, perhaps, forty or fifty feet in a single stream, from the forest-clad mountain-top;—then divides on each side of a projecting rock;—then again unites gracefully in foam, as it is dashed down a narrow chasm between the crags,—till its hurried waters collect in the valley below, and pour along, in a bluish stream, to swell the Arve. The road now opened into the rich and broad vale of St. Martin; still bordered by lofty mountains, and forests of pine, with the Arve on the left.

All along the road from Chamonix to St. Martin's, is still visible the omnipresence of that spiritual despotism, which ever marks as its own, the wildest or the most beauteous of landscapes; and stands always ready to add another and another link to the chain of mental slavery; by forming ever-new associations, in the mind, between the symbols of superstition and the changing scenes of nature. Innumerable crosses, and little chapels, lined the way; and over them, in French,—which from the valley of the Rhone had taken place of German,—were placards respecting indulgences,—for saying credos, ave-marias, and pater-nosters. Some of these stations were erected expressly for the benefit of souls in purgatory; and were inscribed with appeals to the sympathy of the passing traveller, on behalf of the miserable beings, supposed to be tormented in those fires.

Not finding, at St. Martin's, the desired accommodations, it was necessary to cross the Arve to Sallenche, the chief town of Upper Faucigny, a province of Savoy. It was here that we obtained the most superb, and impressive view of Mont Blanc; whose heads, clear of nearer obstructions, now boldly towered above all else that was lofty and tremendous.

The sun had sunk below the horizon; but his glowing rays still played on the upper parts of this vast aggregate of Alps; which at the distance of fifteen miles, lifted itself in continuous masses, so as to overlay an immense proportion of the horizon, and to fill the eye every moment;—seeming to prop the heavens, like the huge cyclopean rampart of some other sphere.. The widely-extended fields of snow, were marked, at intervals, by dark relieving shadows; which accumulated at the bases, and gave prominence and distinctness to the outlines. It proved that we had before failed to form adequate conceptions of the height and magnitude of the mountain;—but now, it stood confessed, in all its pre-eminence: the sight was stupendous! It was gratifying to perceive that others felt the same impression from the view as ourselves, for a group of people were gazing on the magnificent scene, as they sat at the foot of the handsome stone bridge, which is here built across the rapid waters of the Arve.

The balcony of the Belle-vue Inn, at Sallenche, looks towards the mountain; and as the evening drew in, and planted clouds in the horizon, the vast outstretched snows of Mont Blanc, still reflected from the sun his last glow, which gradually melted away, and left the natural whiteness of the snow long distinct from the deep leaden shades, in which all things besides were, successively, involved. At length, night, and her train of clouds, brought the whole scene under the dominion of darkness; yet we all gazed towards the spot; and repeatedly rose to look for what had now become invisible.

On returning once more, however, to the window, to ascertain whether the removal of a portion of the clouds which had settled over the heavens, might allow of yet another glimpse of the twilight reflection from the snow,—we were surprised, while still looking steadfastly towards the quarter where the mountain lay, on a sudden to perceive, high up amidst the darkness, a reddish light, which at the moment appeared like a distant fire, and the next instant softened into intermingling shades of purple and pale green; till the moon, in a few seconds, emerged from behind the mountain, and for a short time threw a tide of chastened splendour over the icy fields, which were skirted with a festoon of beautifully-shadowed clouds:—but with this glimpse of moonlight glory, we were obliged to be content; for the clouds,

after floating, once and again, over the moon's disc, and darkening the pale flood of silver that seemed to bathe these eternal snows, soon veiled the whole scene in uniform obscurity; and we saw no more.

The next morning was cloudy, and the giant mountain had vanished from the field of vision, as though it had never been. Before leaving Sallenche for Geneva, distant about thirty-five miles, we took an opportunity of surveying the town, which has an antique, and decayed air; and there appeared much less of comfort among the inhabitants, both at this place and in Savoy, generally, than among the Swiss. The goitre, too, seemed much to prevail here, attended frequently with an idiotic vacancy of look; indeed we had repeatedly observed evident idiocy, and the goitre, as features of the country, from our entrance into the valley of the Rhone. After looking into the church, tawdrily adorned with the various symbols of popery, we went to a convent of nuns, beautifully situated at one end of the town, having learned that strangers were admitted to see it: but on ascending the staircase, we found that the interior was not shown, on account of the illness of one of the sisters. A large school is attached to the nunnery.

Previously to our leaving Sallenche, the news arrived that, in consequence of the prevalence of the cholera in Italy, and parts of the south of France,

the King of Sardinia had ordered a *cordon* for the safety of his subjects; prohibiting all persons from entering his dominions, by way of Geneva, till after a week's quarantine;—that city being so great a resort for travellers from all quarters. Happily, this awful scourge had not appeared in any of these parts; and we found that, here, as in Switzerland, the people trust, for defence against the disease, in the mountain-barriers that enclose them, especially on the side of Italy, in which country the cholera had alarmingly broken out.

The history of this terrific malady, however, seems to prove, that if ever nations and individuals ought not to rest in second causes, but to look beyond them to the great First Cause, it is with respect to the cholera. There is something apparently so uncertain in the march of this angel of death, and in the laws that he observes—his strides are sometimes so appalling,—and the best mode of resisting his attacks is, as yet, so undetermined,—that the mind seems almost naturally led to the solemn and devout feeling,—the most tranquillising that can be cherished in the hour of danger,—that all events are immediately in the hand of God. We had met, however, with instances in the case of travellers who were going to Italy, in which all danger from the cholera was treated with a sort of profane bravado.

The scenery from Sallenche was still grand; and

in the romantic and silent valley of Maglans, the beautiful fall of Arpenas greets the traveller's ear, rushing from a dark recumbent rock, eight hundred feet high, with curving strata. It streams at once half-way down, on a ledge; and is partly scattered into spray; then, expanding gracefully, for some space, in a sort of drapery, it plunges, by two or three descents, into the valley. This is an elegant cascade, but as in the Staub-bach, when we saw it, the quantity of water was not proportionate to the length of the fall.

On approaching the Caverne de Balme, the scene exhibited a romantic mixture of tremendous rocks, rich foliage, and verdant meadows, watered by the Arve; exemplifying a most interesting union of the beautiful and the sublime. The cavern is a natural series of vaults, the entrance to which is several hundred feet above the valley, on the face of the perpendicular rock, under which the road lies.

Could the overpowering impressions produced by Chamonix, and Mont Blanc, have been forgotten, we should have been much more struck with admiration and awe at the objects which presented themselves to our view this day: but the mental vision was already filled with what was most vast and sublime in nature. The scenery, however, if we except the snows and glaciers, had not as yet lost its Alpine character. The village and neigh-

bourhood of Cluse, is shut up in a kind of labyrinth of pine-fringed mountains, whose rocky lines sometimes hung tremendously overhead; while the Arve, the courier as it were of the great monarch Alp, among whose glaciers it rises, murmured over its stony bed, under a picturesque arch, in a broad and shallow stream, to mingle with the Rhone.

The road continued with the stupendous Buet on the right; and, after passing through a rich and picturesque district, beautifully interspersed with villages, and adorned here and there with modern spires, we reached Bonneville. Here, there is a stone bridge over the Arve, on the bank of which is a column, erected to commemorate the great work of the embankment of the river,—accomplished under the auspices of Charles Felix, the late king of Sardinia, sovereign of this country, and uncle to the reigning monarch. We left the neat town of Bonneville, praising the cleanliness, and good provisions, of the Hotel de la Couronne, after having surveyed the exterior of the strong and extensive prison, and glanced at the mean little church, bedecked with all the usual apparatus of Romish dotage.

From the neighbourhood of Bonneville, and from the whole country round, by far the most striking object is the Mole, which rears its detached verdant pyramid towards heaven, to the

height of nearly 6,000 feet; while on the other side, lies the rugged and barren mass of the Brezon. The country now became open, and the scenery less Alpine; the landscape consisting of a rich, highly-cultivated valley, smiling with the fruits of nature, and with numerous habitations of men.

Having passed through Annemass, the last town in Savoy, where passport affairs claimed attention for the first time since leaving Luzern, we were no longer in the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty, the Duke of Savoy.

SAVOY, anciently Sabaudia, lies between France, Switzerland, and Piedmont, — another Sardinian province; from which it is separated by Mont Blanc, and by the Graian Alps, or the chain extending from the Col de Bon Homme to Mont Cenis. The population, which is Roman Catholic, amounts to about 500,000; whose language is a mixture of French, with Italian, and Swiss German; but many of the Savoyards speak good French.

This country was inhabited, before the Christian æra, by the Allobroges, a tribe of Celtic origin, who were finally subdued by the Romans, in the reign of Augustus. It formed part of the province called *Gallia Narbonensis;* and remained, till

about the end of the fourth century, under the Roman dominion; traces of which are still to be found, in the existence of numerous antiquities.

For upwards of a century, subsequently to this period, Savoy formed part of the kingdom which the Burgundians, a German nation, established in Gaul. It afterwards came successively under the dominion of the Franks, the kingdom of Italy, and that of Arles in Gaul.

Rudolph, the last king of Arles, created Berchthold Count of Savoy, in 1016: from this time, his family acquired increasing power and independence, partly by their adherence to the German emperors; and Savoy became the nucleus of the future kingdom of Sardinia.

In 1416, Count Amadeus VIII. was created Duke of Savoy, by the emperor Sigismund. One of his successors, Philibert Emanuel, who had been kept from his paternal possessions, during six years, by the French, was restored in 1559; and signalised his ducal reign by attempting, at the instigation of the Pope, to convert the Protestants in his dominions, including many Waldenses, by force of arms: but their resistance was so formidable that he was compelled to grant them privileges.

The peace of Utrecht, in 1713, added Sicily to Savoy; but, seven years afterwards, that island was exchanged for Sardinia, which gave a name to the

monarchy. The same ancient family continued to reign till the French revolution broke up the Sardinian power, and the king was compelled, in 1798, to cede all his continental dominions to France.

The final downfall of Buonaparte, in 1815, restored to Victor Emanuel I. the possessions of his ancestors; and the Congress of Vienna, anxious to strengthen the king of Sardinia, as the guardian of the passes of the Alps, added Genoa to the monarchy; which now consists of that duchy, Savoy, Piedmont, Montserrat, part of the Milanese territory, and the island of Sardinia.

The restoration did nothing to improve either the liberties, or the religion, of this country. Victor Emanuel re-established the old constitution, and the Jesuits; and instituted a rigid censorship of the press. After the civil troubles of 1821, which issued in the abdication of Emanuel, in favour of his brother Charles Felix, and in the prevalence of Austrian politics, fresh power was given to the Jesuits; and more vigorous attempts than ever were made to put down the principles of freedom. In 1825, the works of Schiller, Wieland, and Göthe, were proscribed from the Sardinian dominions. A royal decree sealed the fountains of knowledge from the people, by prohibiting any one who did not possess property to a certain amount, from studying at the university;—and even from learning to read or write! In 1831, the misnamed

Charles *Felix*, fitter for the dark ages than for the nineteenth century, left the sceptre to his successor.

In January 1834, the tranquillity of Savoy, and of some parts of Switzerland, was disturbed by a daring attempt to create a revolution in the Sardinian dominions,—made by a body of four or five hundred Poles, who had left France, and taken up their abode in the canton of Bern, where they had been hospitably received. They gradually withdrew to the lake of Geneva; and, entering Savoy, publicly announced that the '*great day of Savoy*' was come, and the time for overturning the throne of Charles-Albert, the reigning Duke, and King of Sardinia. They promised 'liberty, equality, and fraternity' to all; but the Savoyards remained unmoved.

Some manifestations of sympathy were shown towards the Poles, by the populace of Geneva; and after many angry altercations between some of the Swiss cantons, respecting the manner in which these refugees were to be disposed of, Bern consented to receive them again, on condition that Geneva, and the Pays de Vaud, should join in defraying the expense of their maintenance. Austria, Prussia, and the German Diet, united with the Sardinian government, in remonstrating with the Swiss, in consequence of their allowing the peace of neighbouring states to be disturbed by armed refu-

gees, to whom they had given an asylum; and the Cantons pledged themselves, for the future, to banish from their territories all such violators of the peace of nations, and to prevent their return.

In the religious state of Savoy, there is little to cheer the Christian philanthropist. The country is still very much under the influence of the Romish priesthood, who are here found in great numbers; so that popery is on all sides triumphant; and some of the noblest and most stupendous monuments of the Creator's power stand amidst superstition, the deepest and most enslaving. Those efforts to promote the eternal interests of men, which, in France, Belgium, Germany, and many parts of Switzerland, may be carried on in open day, here, find no place; or must carefully seek the shade; as they cannot be made without considerable risk.

LETTER XVI.

Lake of Geneva, and the Jura mountains—The city—Administration of the Eucharist in the Cathedral—Magnificent views—Library of the Académy—Museum—The Cathedral—Calvin—Rousseau—Voltaire—Circle of Light—Centenary of the Reformation, August 1835—Church of Geneva—Seceders; Eglise du Témoignage—Société Evangélique—Religious Institutions—Genevan history.

My dear Friend:—After exchanging the dominions of the King of Sardinia, for the territory of the renowned Swiss republic of Geneva, we continued to descend; till, at length, the Lake began to unfold its bosom, on our right; though its vast expanse, and the dun border that surrounded it, conveyed no idea of its real beauties. The dark and gloomy ridge of the Jura, behind which the sun had set, formed a long line, bounding the horizon in

front, like a huge wall, rearing itself beyond the outstretched sheet of water, which it almost seemed to shadow; and casting a deep solemnity over the whole scene. This mountain-barrier appears as though it might be designed by nature to be a monitor, to check the ambition of mighty France; though the known history of her aggrandisements, rather tends to clothe this vast and extended range, with images of the military power, and the wide dominion which she has possessed.

The time appeared long before we entered the gate of GENEVA; but after traversing an extensive suburb, through which omnibuses, like ours in London, were continually rolling, we passed the observatory and arrived at the *fossé*; which, instead of being inundated with the waters of the lake, and indicating war, is now laid out in gardens;—an agreeable emblem of the profound peace that has, happily, so long prevailed. The general aspect of the town, which contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, is not very prepossessing, on entering it from Savoy. It is in general closely built; and is of no great extent. The main street, which is not far from the border of the lake, has an awkward and confined appearance, in consequence of the very high and projecting roofs of the houses; and the ranges of mean little shops and sheds which are built out in the street, have an effect somewhat like rows of shambles. The chimneys, from their extreme

crookedness and irregularity, have a very grotesque appearance.

From the principal street, several other mean ones branch out to the upper parts of the town, up a steep acclivity, leading to the Cathedral, the Academy, and the Town-hall. Towards the west and south, are many superior buildings, comprising terraces and handsome houses; and particularly one wide, and noble, new street, of no great length, but containing some very good shops, quite in modern style; and having, at one extremity, a handsome new market, and at the other, a museum founded by M. Rath, where is a small, but pleasing collection of paintings and statuary.

The town was so full, chiefly in consequence of the cholera having broken out in Italy, that we drove about for a long time from one hotel to another, in vain seeking accommodation; which we, at last, found, to our satisfaction, at the new *Hôtel du Nord*, on the north side of the lake; and near one of those delightful public walks which adorn this city. In crossing the water, over the spacious bridge, at the point where the deep blue waters of the Rhone emerge rapidly and unmingled, from the lake, an extensive range of lofty and magnificent buildings presents itself; the most conspicuous of which is the immense and splendid *Hôtel des Bergues*. At the head of the lake, the operation of washing linen is carried on to a great extent; and the industrious

85056

laundresses attribute no inconsiderable purifying virtue to the waters of the Rhone.

The general aspect of the population of Geneva would convey to the passing stranger, the impression that great public order and decorum reigned, and that the manners of the people were domestic. Though games of hazard are said to be much practised in the coffee-houses, early hours seem to be observed.

The next day was Sunday, and by far the greater part of the shops were shut. At the cathedral, whose walls once resounded with the voice of Calvin, the administration of the Lord's supper took place. The church was crowded: two clergymen stood under the pulpit, and two at a station opposite to them, on the other side the nave. The congregation, in general, appeared to receive the sacred symbols: they came up in two rows, one on each side; and first, the magistrates, before whom, in a very showy dress, walked a beadle. One clergyman presented to each person the bread; another the wine; each communicant bowing to the clergyman as he received it, and then going forward. When the men had all passed by, the women came in a similar manner; each one also bowing, or curtesying. It seemed to be expected that all should partake; and the whole scene had too much of the appearance of a ceremony.

It is one evil connected with religion being part

and parcel of the state, as it is here, that ecclesiastical discipline cannot possibly be kept pure; magistrates, and others, are, *ex officio*, members of the church, whatever be their religious character. Admission to the Lord's table is almost a matter of course, and becomes a civil right, rather than a religious privilege. Cases must be very marked indeed, which exclude the party from communion; and the mass of individuals who fill up the chasm between the serious and spiritual Christian,—and those whose irreligion has taken an obvious and decided form, are all indiscriminately included within the pale of the church.

We heard a sermon at the English chapel, which is within the precincts of the Hospital; and was numerously and respectably attended. In the afternoon Dr. Malan's chapel was open, situated in his garden, in the suburbs: and this venerable man gave a devout and interesting exposition of the fifty-first Psalm. The place will hold about five hundred persons: at the present service, which preceded the Lord's supper, the attendance was considerable.

On exploring the town, on the following day, we found it to be surrounded by very beautiful and extensive promenades, reaching along the ramparts. These walks exhibit great variety, and some of them are joined by suspension bridges over the *fossés*. From some parts of the ramparts, the buildings on the west, loftily rising in

a kind of amphitheatre, and crowned by the venerable towers of the cathedral, have a very striking effect; and from various points in the neighbourhood of the town, the views are singularly sublime and picturesque—comprising the lovely lake, appearing like a vast mirror, exquisitely bordered with pastures, villas, and umbrageous foliage; the Jura mountains, forming a boundary line of imposing grandeur on the west; and towards the south and east, the white rocks of the Salève,—the Mole, the Brezon, the needle of Varens, and other mountains; and, at the distance of fifty miles, the towering masses of Mont Blanc. We observed, during our stay at Geneva, that, sometimes, even when a white line of clouds belted the whole chain of the neighbouring Jura, the mighty barrier of the Savoy Alps distinctly presented the huge outline of its vast fields of snow, far above the horizon.

Having availed ourselves of an introduction to a resident of Geneva, we obtained admission to the Library of the Academy, containing about fifty thousand volumes, which was courteously shown by one of the Pastors. There are, here, some curious old paintings from the Romish times, in one of which it was amusing to see a piece of New Testament History painted with the scenery around Geneva, and adorned with the Mole, and other neighbouring mountains. The library is hung with a fine collection of portraits, including those of several of the Reformers, and a painting of

Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon: there are also some beautifully illuminated manuscripts, some sermons of St. Augustin, written on papyrus, a fragment of the tablet, or memorandum-book of Philip the Fair of France, in wood, and covered with wax, like those of the Romans; and some autograph letters of Viret, and of Calvin, having the seals still affixed to them.

The collections of natural history are numerous, this branch of science being apparently a favourite pursuit at Geneva. In the Museum of the Academy may be noticed a butterfly measuring nine inches and a quarter across the wings. One remarkable curiosity, here, is a circular piece of antique silver plate, found in the bed of the Arve, and supposed by some to be a Roman shield, for which, however, it appears too small.

The cathedral is a Gothic edifice, of no great extent; and is inharmoniously finished at the west end, with a Corinthian portico, in imitation of that of the Rotondo at Rome. In the time of the Romans, who subdued the Allobroges, the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Lake Lemanus, a temple to the sun is supposed to have occupied the site of this church. We obtained an interesting view of the immediate neighbourhood from one of the towers; but the clouds, which had, for a day or two, been accumulating, had by this time gathered too much to allow of a very extensive prospect.

The interior of the church has a fine appearance, though it is not very large. The lowest windows of stained glass, in the choir, are ancient; but all the rest, which have a very pleasing effect, were added on the occasion of the third centenary of the Reformation, the 23rd of August, 1835. On inquiring whether the pulpit was the very same in which Calvin had preached,—we were informed that the sounding-board remained, but that the pulpit itself had been renewed. The tomb of the Duke of Rouen being shown, we asked where was Calvin's? and were told there was none: nor could the man inform us where he was buried. There is no statue, no pillar, no monument, to this illustrious, and to use the epithet of Bishop Horsley, who differed from him in his theology, this 'venerable' Reformer.

Calvin was the founder of the presbyterian form of church government, here, and the instrument of giving organisation to the doctrines of the Reformation. William Farel, however, and Peter Viret, had the honour of first preaching them in this city, three or four years before the persecution of the Protestants under Francis I. drove Calvin, hither, from Noyon, in France. It is to be regretted, indeed, that Calvin did not, as is but too evident from the melancholy affair of Servetus, understand the true principles of religious liberty. But this was a period when men, emerging from the

gloom and the bigotry of popery, carried with them a large portion of its darkness into the light. Calvin, however, liberally promoted that attention to learning, which has since tended to deliver mankind from all tyranny over conscience; and he persuaded the civil government to establish the public academy.

Geneva, and its neighbourhood, have also been remarkable for men of a very different character. It was in 1750, that Rousseau first appeared on the stage of literature; some years afterwards, he returned to Geneva, his native city, to broach his infidel opinions, in his discourse on the 'Causes of the Inequality among Men,' and on the 'Origin of Society.' In 1755, Voltaire retired to this place, to spread around him a similar deleterious moral atmosphere, for full twenty years. He afterwards converted the castle of Ferney, in this neighbourhood, situated within view of all that is sublime and beautiful in nature, into the court and temple of infidelity; where, as its monarch and high-priest, for eleven years, he burnt incense to his own vanity, and received the adulation of the learned and the great, the embassies of crowned heads, and the homage of the simple.

It is appalling to contemplate the moral poison which these two apostles of infidelity have been the means of diffusing!* The brilliancy of their

* Voltaire, d'Alembert, and Rousseau, as is evident from some of their letters, exulted in the progress of latitudinarianism

genius, to the view of every correct mind, was but the glare of a noxious vapour; like the *ignis fatuus*

among the clergy of Geneva; which the influence of these men unquestionably contributed to promote; and which still, to a great extent, remains.—While at Geneva, I met with a sermon delivered on the 21st of August, 1735, on occasion of the second centenary of the Reformation, before the above two malignant stars had combined with other causes, to shed so baleful an influence over this once faithful city; and while, as yet, Geneva had not given up that attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation, which, for the first two centuries, she cherished. This discourse was preached in the cathedral, by Antoine Maurice, Pastor, and Professor of Theology.

The following sentence is translated from the preface, which is addressed to the 'Venerable Company of Pastors and Professors of the Church and Academy of Geneva.' 'May our endeavours 'please Jesus Christ our master, contribute to advance his reign, 'and bring down on us, and on our labours, his blessing!'

In the sermon itself, are the following sentiments:—'The veil 'which formerly covered the doctrine of grace, has been taken 'away by the Spirit, the author of the Gospel.'—'In working this 'marvel of the Reformation, God made use of second causes; 'and we ought not to despise, or forget them Such were those 'great men who had the courage to come and preach among us 'the pure gospel; and in particular, a Farel, whom grace made 'use of to found this church; and a Calvin, to whom it owes its 'completion. Lovely names, which will always be dear to Ge-'nevan hearts who shall value truth and liberty!'

'It is from God alone, and from his word that we receive 'laws in religion. Our Creator, our Redeemer, to whom nature 'and grace have already subjected us, is now the sole regulator 'of our faith.'—'I will never acknowledge any other head, any 'other monarch of the church, than the Son of God; nor any other 'centre of unity than his gospel. O how sweet, how glorious, 'for us not to have to announce anything but the oracles of God;

which allures the traveller to some quagmire of destruction. These men, by their personal influence, and their writings, had so prepar d the next generation for admitting the worst principles which were blended in the French Revolution, that in 1791, a society styling themselves the 'Circle of Light,' were quite prepared to sacrifice their country's freedom and religion, to democracy and atheism; till, after successive convulsions, attended with all the horrors of revolution, Geneva in 1798

'to acknowledge no other master than his Son; no other rule of 'our faith than his word! O happy, glorious liberty!'

'We have to teach a very pure religion; let us preach it in its 'purity: let us combat with courage, error, and vice. Is it not 'true that we are called to liberty, when Christianity has thus 'been restored to its simplicity, and its natural purity;—when it 'is proved that those who die in the Lord are thoroughly happy; 'that they rest from their labours; that they are received into the 'bosom of Abraham; that they are with their Saviour in paradise? 'Sacred spirits who minister round the throne of God, and who 'are employed for the happiness of the faithful, know what are 'now our purposes!—let all creatures learn how much this church 'owes to her Redeemer!'

'Sovereign master and legislator of the world, who knowest 'our works, and who wilt one day judge us! great and eternally 'blessed God,—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—we vow by thy 'holy name, to submit to thy retribution, if we violate this oath! 'freed by thy power, we will be faithful to thee unto death. 'Nothing shall ever cause us to abandon thy truth: thy word shall 'be our only guide.'—*Sermon sur le Jubilé de la Réformation de la République de Genève, prononcé à St. Pierre, le Dimanche, 21 Août, 1735. Par Antoine Maurice, Pasteur, et Professeur de Théologie.*

lost her independence, and was made part of the French Republic. In 1814 the overthrow of the gigantic power of France, and of its warlike ruler, restored this little state to its ancient laws and freedom.

Some inhabitants of Geneva who take a deep interest in the cause of the Reformed doctrines, stated that the late centenary, held August 23rd, 1835, previously to our arrival, was celebrated by three parties,—the National Church; the members of the *Société Evangélique*, who meet for worship in the Oratory; and those of the *Eglise du Témoignage*, or 'Church of the Testimony,' consisting of the friends of Dr. Malan, who was first ejected from the Genevan establishment.

The respective services were so arranged as not to interfere with each other; but the separate bodies did not, during the festival, unite in common under one roof. Indeed those whose hearts were alive to the good which, it was hoped, might result from the celebration, expected more than was realised.

The 'Venerable Company of Pastors,' as men of character and learning, wield a great influence over the public mind; and everything relating to this festival was under their control, in connexion with the magistracy, who acted with them: but the general tone of religion, in this celebrated little Republic, may be easily inferred from the manner

in which the Reformation, which took place here, in 1535, was recently commemorated.

On the same occasion, in 1735, it had been expressly forbidden, by the Council of State, to discharge any kind of fire-arms, on the Sabbath-day which occurred during the celebration; and a programme was previously read from the pulpit, exhorting the people to avoid, on that 'holy day,' every indecent and profane demonstration of joy:—but Sabbath evening, the 23rd of August, 1835, was ushered in by a general illumination; with the usual accompaniment of fireworks, transparencies, triumphal arches, the sound of drums, and the roar of artillery; and the whole population was poured into the streets. In this illumination, the Catholics, who have here one church, chose to unite; probably to save their windows; though, from the bitterness of the priests, there had been some previous apprehension that disturbances might occur: but the authorities had prepared for this contingency, and all passed off in quietness.

The Cathedral of St. Peter was also splendidly illuminated, and a vocal and instrumental concert was given within its walls. The manner in which the Sabbath is observed in any place, may be regarded as an exact thermometer of religious feeling; for the example of Christ and the apostles, sanctioning the use of the first day of the week for the purposes of public devotion, is sufficient to in-

duce every Christian who is in a right state of mind, to avoid everything that might unnecessarily interfere with the full benefit of this great privilege. Such a mode of employing the Sabbath as was adopted on the 23rd of August, 1835, and which was connived at, to say the least, by the clergy, could obviously have no other than an evil tendency on the religious feelings of the people. It has been but too justly said that—'Socinianism *reigns* in the church of Geneva:' there was, however, at least one sermon preached in it on the occasion, of a very different order,—the discourse of M. Diodati, who faithfully showed that the redemption by Christ is of the essence of the doctrines of the Reformation.

The general conferences that were held on the 22d, 24th, and 25th of August, were but little characterized by the spirit that was to be desired. Scotland had declined the invitation of the 'Venerable Company;' and had accompanied her refusal with a dignified testimony to the truth. The Pays de Vaud would not formally identify itself with the union, unless the divinity of the Saviour were publicly recognised; and a deputation was sent from that canton, expressly to testify to the doctrines of the Reformation. America was silent, with the exception of Dr. Channing's nephew, a Unitarian. Evangelical Germany was not represented; nor was there one pastor from the orthodoxy of Holland. The English evangelical Dissenters had no deputy. Two

only, of the decided school of the Reformation, appeared from Switzerland; and there were but very few evangelical pastors from the French Protestant Church.

Of the rational school, there were numbers from France; and several from Germany. The sittings of the Assembly were held in the Church of the Auditory; and the conference was composed of about two hundred persons. One speaker appeared almost in the character of the champion of natural religion; but his speech was not very acceptable to a part of the audience; though the Venerable Company seemed to adopt as their rule,—patiently to hear all, and to reply nothing. Doctors Ammon, and Röhr, from Germany, defended the rationalism which has there prevailed. M. Guillebert, pastor and professor from Neuchâtel, sought to prove that there were three things which modern Protestants can do without; namely, confessions of faith, continental missionaries, and religious journals; which sentiment pleased the pastors of Geneva, who, through M.M. Cellerier, and Martin, gave in their entire adhesion to it.

A proposition was made, on the last day of the conferences, to send a deputation to invite the three pastors of the Oratoire, M.M. Gaussen, Galland, and Merle, who had been disowned by the church, to come and take their seats in the Assembly. This proposal gave rise to an animated discussion;

in which a noble testimony was borne to the doctrines of the Reformation, by M. Grand-Pierre of Paris, where he is at the head of the Evangelical Mission College. Mr. Hartley, minister of the English Episcopal Church at Geneva, followed, in the same strain of uncompromising fidelity; giving an outline of the faith of the reformers,—or rather of the apostles; and, after making some very lively and touching appeals to the audience, bewailing the wide departure of the Genevan church, and Academy, from the simplicity of the Gospel,—during which remarks he was very impatiently heard, and sometimes interrupted,—he concluded by a solemn prayer for the pastors of the city, and for all Protestant churches. The debate ended, after three hours' discussion, by the moving of the previous question.*

The three pastors of the Oratoire have always announced their willingness to return to the bosom of the church, if the principles of the Reformation were recognised in it; as it is only *doctrine*, and not church-government, for which they have contended. Hence the onus of rejecting them rests entirely with the 'Pastors,' who seem to fear little on this point, having formerly expelled César Malan, a professor in the Academy and an occasional preacher, for maintaining the

* See 'Archives du Christianisme.'

doctrine of justification by faith, in the very church where Calvin had so often preached it.*

A regulation, drawn up by the Pastors, still exists, though it has not for some time past been enforced, by which a written declaration is to be signed by every new candidate for the ministry, almost promising that he will refrain from preaching on the 'divinity of Christ, the operation of divine grace on the heart, original sin, and predestination.' So determined have been the attempts to rob the Gospel of almost all its peculiarities, and to reduce it to little more than the mere echo of natural religion.

Yet the vital truths of the Christian faith, have never been wholly extinct in this apostate church, even in the darkest hour of her history. There has always remained a glimmer of promise; —always some few faithful prophets who, at whatever worldly risk, have not bowed the knee to the Baal of rationalism,—either in its colder, or its more enthusiastic forms; nor worshipped the idol with the Christian mask,—but possessing the real

* Not long ago, a young minister of the Church was summoned before the Consistory, for preaching the deity of Jesus Christ: he was asked a reason for his conduct, in thus bringing forward *antiquated* and *speculative* doctrines; and having furnished himself with an extract from Calvin's works on the subject, he read it, as part of his defence, without stating who was the author: the Venerable Company, however, 'knew not' Calvin; and the faithful young man was excluded from the church.

aspect, and the heart of infidelity. The defalcation from the doctrines of the Gospel on the part of the clergy is more remarkable, because the evangelical liturgy, as drawn up by the reformers, is still in use.

How true is it of the divine element of pure Christianity, as it was of the heaven-protected nation of the Hebrews, in the land of Egypt,—that opposition does but accelerate its growth! After Dr. Malan's ejection, M. Gaussen, who was then connected with the Genevan church, was pronounced to be 'too zealous,' in his pastoral engagements; for as there were no evening services in the churches, he had begun to hold private evening meetings for prayer, reading, and exhortation. He had done more;—instead of using the 'Catechism,' from which almost everything that distinguishes Christianity had been expunged, he employed the Holy Scriptures, in the religious instruction of youth.

This departure from the general practice was followed, in 1831, by the institution of the '*Société Evangélique*,' for the preaching of the Gospel in Geneva; and for the accomplishment of various collateral religious objects. In consequence of the interest they took in the promotion of this society, and of their general character as evangelical, the Rev. Messieurs Gaussen, Galland, and Merle, were officially deprived of their functions, as ministers of

the church; and they became pastors of the Evangelical Society at the Oratoire.—Thus like other churches that have been corrupted by error, or by their amalgamation with the State, is the church of Geneva destined, against her will, to form from her own bosom, the materials that shall re-act upon her from without, and ultimately regenerate, and restore her, to more than her pristine glory.

Though the religion of Jesus is essentially independent of the smiles and the frowns of men, it is, perhaps, a good omen for the future progress, in Geneva, of the genuine principles of the Reformation, which have so arduous a contest to maintain against the weight of respectability, learning, and authority, in the clergy,—that the evangelical community is composed of the higher class of society in this city; whose influence is likely to have the greatest effect on the mind of others. It was also stated by a gentleman who is well-acquainted with all the circumstances, that some hopes are entertained of a closer union between the *Société Evangélique*, and the *Eglise du Témoignage*, a consummation 'devoutly to be wished for,' as union, particularly in the cause of truth, is strength.

The Society's church will hold about a thousand people. The ministers maintain three services on the Sabbath, two in French, and one in German; besides one service in each language, during the week. There are also social, and missionary prayer-

meetings; and the Society, in addition to the original object,—evangelical preaching in Geneva,—patronises a system of *colportage*, or the sale of the Scriptures on very low terms, by pious young men, who are called *colporteurs* or hawkers; but whose office it is, not only to sell, but also to explain, and to recommend the sacred volume. Much good, there is reason to believe, has been effected by means of this system, through Genevese agency, in France.

There is also a 'Comité d'Evangélisation,' for the especial purpose of promoting the preaching of the Gospel in that destitute country. The Society, moreover, takes a deep interest in the cause of missions in general, and in the distribution of evangelical tracts: it, also, supports Sabbath, and infant schools. For the purpose of regenerating divinity, and training up a ministry that shall be free from the Unitarian rationalism, and the semi-infidelity, that have, here, shed so baleful an influence on the fountains of public instruction, a Theological Institution has also been set on foot, by the Society.

That some good has resulted from the testimony which has been borne to the truth by the *Société Evangélique*, is evinced, among other symptoms, by the facts,—that *one* vacancy in the presbytery has been filled up by an evangelical clergyman,—and that the preaching in the established church, however deficient it still is, appears to be less *de-*

cidedly contrary to the gospel than heretofore. The friends of evangelical truth in Geneva, consider that, in this Canton, religion is in a state of transition, and of certain progress, towards the doctrines of the Reformation.

The history of Geneva testifies that, like other border cities, it has experienced its share of change. Julius Cæsar established, here, a military station; and the town was repeatedly destroyed by fire, in the conflicts between the Romans and the neighbouring nations.

In the beginning of the fifth century, this city was the capital of the Burgundians. It subsequently came under the Frankish dominion; and, in 1032, was united to the German empire. At a later period, it was a perpetual source of contest between the House of Savoy, and its own Counts, the Prince Bishops, till 1526, the date of the rise of its independence. The dukes of Savoy made a last and unsuccessful attempt to enslave Geneva in 1602; but they did not formally acknowledge its independence till 1754. After this period, intestine commotions agitated this little commonwealth, at intervals, till, in 1798, it was occupied by the French, whose power over it fell with Bonaparte.

Since the Reformation, Geneva has become a seat of learning. It is, at present, celebrated for the intellectual tone of its society, and the excellence of its system of education. In the Academy are upwards of twenty professors.

LETTER XVII.

The Lake of Geneva—Jèrome Bonaparte—Lausanne—Gibbon—Head of the Lake—Castle of Chillon—Rousseau—Vevay—Quadrennial fête—Edmund Ludlow—Bille—Freyburg—The Cathedral—Romanism—Liberty taken with Scripture—The Hermitage—The Suspension Bridge—Extraordinary Situation of Freyburg—Mixture of Languages—Alemanni, and Franks—Road to Bern—Costume—Bern—Its beauty—Cathedral—Bears—Arsenal—Public Buildings—Road to Soleure—Capuchin friars—Canton of Bern—Costume—Magnificent views of the Northern Chain—Last sight of the Alps.

My dear Friend:—On leaving Geneva, we determined to pursue our course to Vevay, on the Lake; which is the most celebrated of all those that adorn the continent of Europe. It receives within its ample bed, the waters of forty streams, besides the Rhone. This, the most rapid of European rivers, disdaining, as it were, to mingle in the common reser-

voir, urges its onward course through the vast expanse of about forty or fifty miles, marked by the blue colour, and the restlessness of its ever-flowing tide, which issues from the lake with a purer azure, and, at some distance below Geneva, meets the Arve, another turbulent child of glaciers. This stream is said to contain particles of gold. When suddenly increased by the thaw of the icy regions at the bases of Mont Blanc, the Arve sometimes swells the Rhone to such a degree, that it rolls back towards Geneva, resembling another Jordan, and still struggling to preserve the identity of its flood. A few leagues lower, this rapid torrent, like the gloomier waters of the fabled Styx, disappears under ground, beneath the chaotic ruin of neighbouring mountains; from which it again emerges, to water the plains of France, to the extent of five hundred miles.

If it could be imagined that, for one single summer, the eternal snows and ices of Savoy were exposed to such a sun as rises on Egypt, what might not be the consequence!—But the sun has his course, and the waters have their bounds; and so admirable a balance is maintained, between the evaporation and the supply of the lake of Geneva, that it rarely rises, at the utmost, more than six feet above its ordinary level, though it is so immediately connected with the innumerable and enormous storehouses of the Alpine gulfs of ice;

which have only to be unlocked by a permanent change of temperature, in order to drown the whole valley of the Arve, from the Jura wall to the Savoy chain of Alps.

The form of the lake is a rude segment of a circle, of which the convex side is northward; the greatest breadth being about nine miles. It continually diminishes towards Villeneuve on the east, where it receives the Rhone; also towards Geneva, which is situate at its south-western point. On the Savoy side of this classic lake, are the Salève mountains, which overlook the city, to the height of about three thousand feet; and to the south-east, are seen various pyramids, heads, and needles,—all surmounted by Mont Blanc, which, at the distance of fifty miles, was distinctly visible while we were at Geneva. The surfaces of the calcareous Salève mountains are bestrewed with huge isolated fragments of granite, the hieroglyphic memorials, as it were, of some vast, but unknown convulsion of nature, that would seem to have brought them, at some period, from the primitive Alps.

The sublime back-ground of the lake is graced and relieved by the smiling verdure, the human habitations, the vineyards, and the orchards, which border the waters; and by the grassy ridges which, in some parts, rise out of its bosom. The side of the Pays de Vaud, by its picturesque beauty, and

high cultivation, claims to be the garden of Switzerland: but on the morning when we were to view this scene from the lake, the rain fell heavily, and continued, more or less, during greater part of the forenoon; so that we lost much of the charms of this interesting region.

Notwithstanding the distance,—in calm weather, and a favourable light, Mont Blanc may be seen reflected from the bosom of the lake; but, now, the Savoy Alps, and even the Jura chain were wholly obliterated; and the white Salève mountains, to the south of Geneva, presented a singularly wild appearance, their surface being dimmed by mist, and by continually driving clouds. The city, with its towers, and lofty buildings, rose between the lake and these mountains, which formed, in the back-ground, a gloomy and magnificent kind of amphitheatre.

The rain did not prevent us from perceiving that we were passing between two coasts, which, in fine weather, must be enchantingly beautiful; each bank being adorned with elegant villas and lovely gardens. The '*Leman*' steam-boat is fitted up with comfort and elegance; but our party found the motion of the vessel exceedingly disagreeable, as the water was extremely rough; so that this sail was much more like a sea-voyage, than that which we had experienced from London to Ostend; arising from our having to oppose the rapid torrent

of the Rhone, which now had a remarkably blue appearance.

In about three hours, the rain ceased, and the shining of the sun invited all to the deck; when it proved that we had no less distinguished a person on board than Jerome Bonaparte, once king of the ephemeral monarchy of Westphalia, which was formed by the great conqueror, out of Hesse-Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, and the Prussian territories west of the Elbe. Jerome is a thin man, of the middle size; and some of the voyagers were struck with the likeness of his profile to that given of his brother Napoleon, whom he has been thought much to resemble. He commanded a large division of the French army, at Waterloo, where he made the first charge against the allied forces; and he is said to have possessed greater military talents than any of Napoleon's other brothers. He has the appearance of an amiable man, and his reserved manner, and avoidance of the company on board, conveyed the impression of b[illegible] rather the result of a consciousness that he was marked and observed, than of any aristocratic pride. His secretary accompanied him; and on leaving the vessel at Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, they both got into the same boat with the other passengers.

The wife of Jerome, the Princesse de Montfort, sister of the king of Würtemberg, elicited from

Napoleon, when at St. Helena, the following eulogy, for her fidelity to her husband, when the changing destinies of the continent, dissolved the evanescent monarchy of Westphalia, and Jerome ceased to be a king. 'There exists a noble testimony in favour of Jerome; I mean, the love with which he has inspired his wife. The conduct of this woman, when, after my fall, her father, that terrible king of Würtemberg, that despotic and cruel man, sought to divorce her from him, is admirable. That princess has with her own hands engraven her name on the tablets of history.'

Jerome succeeded, it is said, in securing to himself, as the fruit of his elevation, an ample revenue, amidst the wreck of those many unsubstantial thrones, which, like fairy creations, arose at the nod of the mighty conqueror, only to melt away, and perish, with his own changing fortunes. The ex-king would certainly not strike any one, as at all wearing an air of gloomy disappointment, or mortified pride; and for aught that appeared to the contrary, he may be not less happy,— probably much more so,—with his private station, his faithful wife, his single attendant, and his favourite white dog, than when he was receiving the bought homage of time-serving courtiers, on a throne which he must have sometimes felt was precarious as the gossamer web, which a breath may tear asunder.

There was also, on board, a Princess of the Bourbon race, with her husband and family. Of English there were, besides ourselves, but very few. The number of the company was about thirty.

Notwithstanding the absence of the sun,—the luxuriance of the landscape, and the numerous small towns and villages which presented to view their spires and towers, on the northern borders of the lake, rendered the continually varying scenes sufficiently interesting and picturesque to convey some idea of what must be their beauties under a smiling sky. The vessel remained stationed, for some time, before LAUSANNE; which is the capital of the Pays de Vaud, and is situated at a short distance from the shore, crowning a steep ascent with its cathedral, and its massy castle tower, which give it an antique and romantic effect.

The whole of this region is rich in Roman antiquities: it is also fraught with modern, historical, and biographical associations. Of the patrons and abettors of the hopeless system of infidelity, some who have attained a 'bad eminence,' have resided on these lovely shores, as if to illustrate how great the contrast can be, between the beauty and grandeur of nature, and the ingratitude, and impiety, of the human heart! To the names of Voltaire, and Rousseau, must be added that of Gibbon; who, at Lausanne, first abandoned Ro

manism for the opposite extreme of scepticism; and rushed from the dreams of superstition, to the rejection of all revealed religion.

Here, too, Gibbon retired, in 1783, to finish his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;' in which celebrated work he seeks to undermine the divine authority of Christianity, by attempting to prove that its astonishing triumphs, during the first ages, were not owing to anything miraculous in the facts of the gospel history, but to mere natural and secondary causes. This insidious attack drew forth several answers, including the masterly 'Apology for Christianity,' by Dr. Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff.

It is mournful to reflect that a writer of Gibbon's acuteness, fertility, and pictorial power, should have laboured his splendid periods to gild the poisonous bait of infidelity, and to render it more attractive to the youthful mind. Though it is of the nature of moral delinquency, in general, to be contagious,—its more ordinary exhibitions are commonly limited, as to their influence on others, within a comparatively small sphere:—but the infidel writer may awaken the dormant elements of evil, in ten thousand hearts, and embody what before existed only in the shape of half-formed thoughts, and evanescent feelings, into an organised and systematic hostility to truth and virtue.

By the time we reached Lausanne, the rain

had ceased, and the industrious Genevese employed the afternoon in making ropes, on the deck of the vessel. A more propitious sky, and gleams of sunshine, though dubious and watery, allowed of advantageous views of the head of the lake, where it is surpassingly grand and beautiful. The scenery is here much bolder, and more Alpine, and, at the same time, more picturesque, than nearer to Geneva. The lake becomes gradually narrower, and is surrounded on the north-east, east, and south-east, by mountains, some of which are 5,000 feet in height; promontories abruptly rise from the water, covered with verdure to its edge; and, between Lausanne and Vevay, there is a rich assemblage of country-seats, gardens, and vineyard terraces; forming a landscape that beautifully contrasts with the grander features which characterize the eastern extremity of the lake.

The white walls of the castle of CHILLON, had long been in sight; but on approaching Vevay, a nearer view was obtained of this ancient pile, which, near the ingress of the Rhone, is seated dominant on the waters, as mistress of the expanse; rearing its towers as the representatives of other days. In a dungeon of this castle, was confined François de Bonnivard, the champion of Genevan independence,* against the oppressions of Charles

* Bonnivard laid the foundation of the library at Geneva, by the gift of his own books and manuscripts, in 1551; he is supposed to have died in 1570.

III. Duke of Savoy. This prince endeavoured, in 1536, to extinguish the Reformation, the principles of which had recently been established in Geneva; but the inhabitants of that city found means of resisting the attempt. They fitted out an armament, for service on the lake; while their Bernese allies assisted them with a considerable body of troops: the combined forces took the castle of Chillon from the tyrannical Savoyard; and Bonnivard was released by his victorious fellow-citizens, having been incarcerated during six years.

'Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom'd line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which, round about, the wave enthrals;
A double dungeon, wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!'

This part of the lake of Geneva has acquired additional celebrity by its being identified with the perverted genius of the 'self-torturing' sophist Rousseau, who has here laid the scenery of his romance. The magnificent and exquisite blending of mountain, rock, vineyard, wood, town, and

castle, all around the head of the expanse, where the Rhone pours in its flood,—renders Meillerie, St. Gingo, Bóveret, Villeneuve, Chillon, Clarens, and Vevay, an assemblage of scenes, which, for variety and picturesque beauty, are regarded as unrivalled, even in Switzerland. But to a well-regulated mind, the wild and solemn rocks of Meillerie derive but a melancholy interest as the modern Leucate of Rousseau; nor do the heights of Clarens appear more picturesque, by being associated with the poison of his unbelief.—It was probably a feeling of a similar kind that prevented Ferney, the residence of Voltaire, near Geneva, from being regarded by us with that sort of interest which might have induced a visit.

Between two and three hours' sail from Lausanne, brought us to VEVAY; the whole voyage from Geneva having occupied nearly seven hours. There was little inducement to remain at Vevay; as the sky now resumed its cloudy aspect, which, for a while, it had thrown off; and there seemed no prospect of fine weather for the present. This place owes its attraction to its situation on the lake; but the absence of the sun, and the premature shadows of the evening, destroyed a great part of that effect, arising from light and shade, on which the charm of mountain-scenery so much depends.

Vevay is remarkable for one of those local ob-

servances, which seem to point back to the transition of a country from heathenism to Christianity. Here, the labourers, of the corn-fields, and of the vineyards, have been accustomed to celebrate a festival, every four years, with a strange medley of ceremonies, — borrowed partly from paganism, partly from the Old Testament history, and partly from popery:—for in a grand procession, are seen mingling with each other, the patriarch Noah, with his ark; a Romish bishop; a Bacchus, surrounded by his Maenades, and Satyrs; Silenus seated on an ass; and Ceres in her car, wearing a coronet of wheatsheaves;—also tripods, altars, victims with gilt horns,—and the like: this scene is accompanied with an immense concourse of people.*

Here lies buried in the cathedral, Edmund Ludlow, one of the judges of the unfortunate Charles I., and a man who, whatever may be thought of his principles as a decided republican, at least merited the praise of consistency,—not always due to politicians; for he equally opposed the tyranny of Charles, and the ambition of Cromwell. At the Restoration, he retired to Vevay, where he received protection; and at the Revolution under William of Orange, to whom his military talents recommended him, he returned to England; but being obnoxious to the House of Commons, in consequence of the part he had

* See Ebel's Guide, 1820, p. 194.

acted in bringing Charles to the block, he was compelled once more to take refuge at Vevay, where he ended his days in 1693.

In those parts of Switzerland where diligences run, it is customary, when they are full, for the remaining passengers to be furnished with other carriages, which accompany the regular public conveyance, and arrive at the appointed destination nearly at the same moment. So many persons were desirous of going to Freyburg, that all the places in the diligence were taken; and it was an hour, or more, before a considerable number of individuals knew whether they could proceed. Some delay was occasioned, by the time occupied in ascertaining whether there was a sufficient supply of horses to be had in the town, to furnish the vehicles that were required; and such was the imperturbable indifference of the book-keeper, that he met, with equal *sang froid*, the coaxing of some of the candidates, and the impatient reproaches of others; all being equally desirous of securing accommodation.

Our party obtained a commodious separate carriage; but there was a complete scramble, among numbers, to get conveyance, and many were left behind. Just as rain came on, the train of vehicles started, and ascended a very steep acclivity, commanding a magnificent view of the lake, and of a part of its mountain-scenery, the outlines of which

had an impressive appearance, being surrounded with threatening clouds. The storm brooded heavily over the expanse, from which a white mist had arisen, and was hovering on the surface,—so as to unite with the black cloud above, to produce the effect of an immense, and awful pall, hanging solemnly over the lake, and covering the distant landscape. The vision was darkly sublime.

The road led up a mountain steep for several hours; and when the ascent commenced, *MM. les Conducteurs*, who are here important personages, opened the doors of the vehicles, and exclaimed *descendez*, ordering the gentlemen to get out and walk, as is usual in these mountain districts, whatever be the weather. So long as it was light, the beauties of this picturesque and romantic road beguiled the journey; but before we reached Châtel St. Denis, the thickening rain, and the advancing shadows of the night, had blended all things in one universal gloom.

At Bülle, in the canton of Freyburg, the whole company in the train of vehicles, stopped about two hours; as is common, in Switzerland, in travelling during the night. For, as the same horses frequently go the whole journey, it is necessary to give them rest, even if you have not to await the arrival of some diligence from another part of the country.

A comfortable inn, a plentiful board, and great

civility, relieved the tedium of delay; which was further beguiled by a rather amusing episode, consisting of a noisy *fracas*, between a French lady and the host and hostess, while all the rest of the company sat in mute surprise. *Madame* had, by some means, fancied that sufficient attention and respect had not been paid to her dignity; and the landlord and landlady, who seemed to be very worthy people, possessed, perhaps, somewhat of the independence of the German innkeepers. They would not acknowledge any fault; and the lady began to *faire l'importante* in high style, significantly insisting on her own consequence, on *their* ignorance *who she was*,—and employing similar cogent arguments of gentility,—till words ran high, and there was no lack of eloquence on either side:—the announcement that all was in readiness for resuming the journey, put an end to this somewhat comic scene.

Those who travel in Switzerland, especially during the night, must not expect to meet with all the facilities which, in England, render a journey of twice the distance we had now to go, a mere trifle as to inconvenience, whether by night or by day. The carriage in which our party had been accommodated from Vevay, was exceedingly comfortable, and quite water-proof; but we no sooner took our seats to proceed from Bülle, than it proved that an exchange had been made, by which

we were far from being gainers; for our present vehicle was in a somewhat crazy state, and was furnished only with an insufficient leathern curtain, which it was impossible so to hold together as effectually to keep out the rain. Our travelling companions were possibly no better off, as the exchange of carriages appeared to be general.

The whole company, consisting of about twenty-five persons, arrived, between five and six in the morning, at the very romantic city of FREYBURG, capital of the canton; having been twelve hours in performing a journey of thirty-six miles. The weather was so wet and cold, that a good fire, at the *Hôtel des Marchands*, was highly acceptable. This appears to be an ancient inn; and on ascending the staircase, a very curious, and well-executed carving of cherubim, in wood, arrests the attention.

The situation of Freyburg gives it a character altogether extraordinary; part of the city being built on the steep slopes of an elevated ridge of sand-stone rocks, and part on a plain, on the banks of the river Saane, or Sarine. Many of the buildings project over an abrupt precipice; and in one place, the houses are below the pavement of a street which runs above them. The effect of the fortifications is most picturesque: they consist of high walls, and antique towers; and enclose a circuit of about four miles; in which are rocks, meadows,

gardens, and orchards, besides the town itself. The streets of a place so curiously situated must necessarily be irregular, and many of them are steep; but they are generally of considerable width, and clean; and some of them terminate in agreeable open areas. The houses are rather neatly built of the grey sand-stone of the vicinity, rising above each other, according to the inequality of the ground. In the streets are many public fountains.

The churches, and numerous other buildings, which either have been, or are still used as religious houses, give the town the appearance of being the stronghold of popery; and there are many schools, in which the young are instructed in the principles of Romanism, which reigns powerfully in this canton. A few branches of manufacture are here carried on, and the population is about six thousand; but, for a place of importance, the town has rather a lifeless air.

The cathedral is a very handsome gothic structure; with a tower, the loftiest, and containing the finest ring of bells in Switzerland. Its height is three hundred and fifty-six feet; and its architecture somewhat resembles that of the tower of St. Dunstan's in the west, in London. The exterior has a very fresh appearance, and must have been recently renovated.

On approaching the entrance of this church, the

traveller is at once unequivocally apprised that the edifice which he is about to enter is Romish. Over the great western door, is a strange sculpture, of which the subject is the general judgment. It contains one of those profane exhibitions, which are both disgusting to taste, and revolting to all correct religious feeling,—the representation of God the Father, as an old man. This central figure is surrounded by saints and angels, not omitting mitred ecclesiastics,—the whole group forming the celestial company. Elsewhere, is the infernal band; and among the odd figures composing it, is one resembling the Egyptian god Anubis, having a human body, and a dog's face, and employed in carrying a basket full of children to hell: by such methods does the church of Rome work on the imagination of her votaries!

It cannot fail to be remarked by the observant traveller in Catholic countries, that in such representations as these, *priests* are always brought forward as having a foremost place of influence and power. In a church which we somewhere entered, was a painting of purgatory, in which miserable creatures, tortured in a fiery abyss, were represented as holding up their hands, with imploring looks, to mitred priests, who are seen on the clouds above, in the attitude of prayer to a lamb with a cross on its shoulder: the blood from the side of the lamb streams on the flames, which are thus damped, at

the intercession of the priests; and angels with benevolent smiles are stretching forth their hands, and lifting the tormented wretches out of the scorching gulf! Among these, *infants* are included:—what a picture to a mother's eye! It is difficult, in beholding such scenes, not to feel the force of Milton's remark respecting the popish mitre—that it seems to resemble the stamp and impress of the 'cloven foot.'

What is there that is appalling to the imagination, and to the sense, which the church of Rome, in the plentitude of her power, has not resorted to,—in order to overawe the minds of her votaries, and to deter them from all freedom of inquiry,—and, as far as possible, even from the sacred and hidden liberty of thought! The rack, the boot, the scourge, the flames, have each been employed to make its appeal to what is felt by mankind, in general, to be the greatest of all evils—bodily pain:—and what artifices have not been used to enslave the mind itself? Could all the secrets of the convent, and of the dungeon, be unfolded, during the disastrous millennium, when popery reigned almost triumphant over Europe, what horrors might not be proved to have been added to solitary confinement, by terrifying the imagination of the suspected heretic, with pretended supernatural voices, ghastly apparitions, and infernal visions?

Protestantism herself, unhappily, is not guiltless of the crime of persecution, though the catalogue of her cruelties may neither be so black, nor so ingeniously varied as that of Rome: so far, however, as she endeavours either to force or to bribe the unwilling homage of the infidel, by pains, penalties, or privileges,—or to wring from the Catholic the money which he hates to give,—she herself does but tread in the footsteps of the 'Man of Sin;' and becomes but an example of the transmigration of the spirit of Rome, into a new form, with another name.

The cathedral of Freyburg is dedicated to St. Nicholas; and among the instructive exhibitions of popery which are presented to view at the entrance, is an inscription in which the liberty has been taken of substituting the word *Nicolas* for *David*. This occurs in a quotation from 2 Kings, xix. 34, in which passage, Jehovah promises to protect Jerusalem against the army of Sennacherib. The Freyburg version is the following: *For I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant Nicolas's sake.**

An elegantly carved stone pulpit adorns this church, the interior of which, however, does not fulfil the promise of the exterior. Here, as elsewhere, everything seemed to indicate the full sway

* 'Protegam hanc urbem, et salvabo eam, propter Nicolaum servum meum.' IV. Reg. 19.

of superstition: and some poor people were coming along the aisle with vessels of 'holy water;'—which is supposed to be of great efficacy in cases of disease.

In hopes of sufficiently fair weather, arrangements were made for our visiting the celebrated *Hermitage*, which is distant from Freyburg about three miles; but the rain which afterwards fell for some hours, in torrents, prevented this excursion. The Hermitage consists of a church, with a steeple eighty feet high, a convent, a sacristy, and additional apartments,—all elaborately excavated from the sand-stone rock, by the hermit and his domestic, who were employed in this work for twenty-five years.

The annals of Romanism furnish astonishing monuments of the energy of which perverted religious principle is capable—witness the cathedrals of Europe. Happy did he think himself, who, amidst assembled crowds, laid the foundation stone of one of these massy piles; happy were his posterity in carrying on a work which was thought to merit the divine favour for all that were engaged in it; and happier still did he deem himself, who saw the mighty fabric lift its gorgeous pinnacles to the skies, and who first trod in solemn procession beneath its vaulted roof, and traversed its pillared aisles—tinged with the glorious hues of its storied windows, which transmitted all the dyes of hea-

ven, to delight the eye, and to charm the imagination,—while the whole surrounding country would be present to celebrate the memorable day, and to load with praise the men who, whether living or dead, had purchased an eternity of bliss by their benefactions to the church.

Whatever gratification of taste may be derived from contemplating the beauties of architecture, it is painful to reflect—to how great an extent these splendid monuments of human labour and genius, originated in the attempt to find an opiate to conscience, and an atonement for crime; while the grand catholicon for human guilt, and the grand instrument of human purification, the cross of Christ, was sunk into a mystic ceremony. Among other examples of the attempt to purchase impunity, by means of human merit, are the monasteries, and cathedrals, that have been founded by several of our Saxon kings.

To beguile a thoroughly pouring morning, from twenty to thirty of the guests at the *Hôtel des Marchands* hurried across the street to the cathedral, to hear the organ, which is a fine one, and was pealing through the aisles for the amusement of the weather-bound travellers, and to render the morning rather less irksome. This pastime, and the presence of a number of Protestant foreigners, whose general air and manner discovered that they felt no sympathy with the Romish ideas respecting

consecrated places, did not seem in the least to interrupt the private worship of several individuals, who remained kneeling before the altars.

It admits of little doubt that the practice of going through the detail of individual and personal devotion, *in public*, is inconsistent with the spirit of our Saviour's directions with regard to private prayer;*—yet it may be affirmed that, at all events, the Roman Catholic appears to give no evidence of being *ashamed* of his religion: the outward act, at least, is observed, whoever may be present; and it would seem that he knows little of that kind of compromise of his convictions to circumstances, which is but too common among those who bear the name of Protestants, and which frequently induces the neglect of religious duties, in the family, the social circle, or otherwise,—as a sacrifice to fashion, or a compliment to friends. The Catholic never seems afraid lest he should be thought too attentive to the external claims of his religion; while it is no unusual thing to find strenuous Protestants, who are especially careful not to betray any symptoms of being in true earnest respecting the solemn realities of Christianity, apart from politics and worldly interest, and who appear to have a greater dread of Puritanism, than of irreligion. It may be replied, indeed, that Romanism inspires false motives, and tends to produce pride,

* Matt. vi.

and an ostentatious devotion:—but, if so, surely the purer faith of Protestantism should be professed with more consistency, and with greater fidelity to its claims.

Among the Romish institutions of Freyburg, are a seminary for the education of priests, and a gymnasium; also various schools for young persons of both sexes, who are strictly trained under the discipline of the Catholic religion. One of these institutions is the *ci-devant* college of the Jesuits. This building, which is furnished with towers like a castle, is situated in a commanding manner, in the highest part of the city;—well harmonising, in its general appearance, with the despotic influence which the disciples of Ignatius Loyola have been enabled to exercise, through the medium of superstition, over the minds of men.

It is not till Freyburg is seen from the Bernese side, near the defile of Gettern, that the traveller receives the full impression of the very unusual, and picturesque situation, of this interesting and remarkable place. The splendid *Pont de Fil de Fer*, or iron suspension-bridge, which is now the boast of the Freyburgers, and has been erected within these two years, springs from one abrupt rock to another, over a chasm nine hundred feet in width, and at the elevation of a hundred and sixty feet above the river Saane, which flows in the bed of this rocky ravine. Thus the steep and dangerous

acclivity, by which carriages were before obliged to enter and leave Freyburg, is avoided.

The view of the town from this side, partly built on a solid wall of rock, and rising in some places like an amphitheatre of houses, convents, and churches; the fortifications, following all the inequalities of rock and glen, and running up and down the precipitous sides of the chasm which is immediately below the town; the watch-towers, grotesquely perched, here and there, upon the crags;—and the whole crowned with the elegant cathedral-tower, loftily dominant above all,—may be pronounced to constitute a scene so romantic, so wild, and so extraordinary, as to render Freyburg one of the wonders of Switzerland.

In Geneva, and throughout the Pays de Vaud, French is the vernacular tongue: but in the Canton of Freyburg there is a mixture of languages; and part of the population of the capital speak a German-French patois. At Bern the language is again German. The Burgundians established their dominion, in the fifth century, on both sides of the Jura, and in the territories bordering the lakes of Geneva and Neuchâtel. In these parts, the Gallo-Roman dialect became vernacular, and from it arose successively, several varieties of the Romance, the Provençal, and ultimately the French. The Alemanni colonised themselves eastward of the Aar, and either expelled, or reduced to servitude,

the ancient inhabitants,—till they themselves were subdued by the German Franks: hence the language of the German part of Switzerland.

The difference of feature which obtains between the eastern and the western Swiss, has often been observed by travellers. It is supposed that in the marked and decided traits of the east, we see the lineaments of the ancient Alemanni; while the softer and more curved outlines of the countenances of the western people, bespeak a Frankish origin.

The distance from Freyburg to Bern is about eighteen miles. Half the way still lay through the Canton of Freyburg. The peasant-women of this province have their hair plaited round the head, and wear large straw hats, ornamented with black lace. The district in which the capital is situated appeared rich and fertile, with pastures and woods. The country of *Gruyères*, which produces the well-known cheese, is further southward.

Our travelling, during this day, was at the rate of not more than four miles an hour. The horses required rest; and at a village near the border line of the two cantons, we obtained a plain wholesome meal, with much less of factitious cookery than usual, and therefore the more acceptable; for we had often desired such fare in vain. A poor old woman who served at this humble inn waited

on us with the greatest attention, and a few unexpected additional *batzen*, given in consideration of her age, seemed to excite the liveliest gratitude, and to make her think she could not do enough to repay us.

The country continued hilly,—for Bern is situated remarkably high, being no less than 522 feet above the level of the lake of Geneva, or 1,700 above the sea. During the afternoon, the weather became lowering; black, portentous clouds crossed our road, and on the approach to BERN heavy storms of thunder and lightning played among the hills, and were alternately on our right and left, while we escaped between them. At length, Bern presented to view its antique towers, and its entrance ornamented with the figures of two large bears, the ancient emblem of the city. Over one of the inner gates is a huge figure of wood, somewhat in the style of Gog and Magog at Guildhall; but the tradition of it we did not learn.

This agreeable town is delightfully embosomed in verdure, and is terraced round with the foliage of the banks of the Aar, which encircles a great part of the steep promontory on which Bern is built. The views from the ramparts, and the immediate neighbourhood, especially that from the terrace on which the cathedral stands above the bed of the Aar,—are exquisitely beautiful, commanding the luxuriant environs, the extensive

adjacent country, and the course of the river. This rapid stream issues from the base of that stupendous granite pyramid the Finsteraarhorn, or *dark peak of the Aar*, in the Bernese Oberland, between the valley of Grindelwald, and the Valais. The Aar, at some distance from Bern, takes a north-easterly direction; and after watering the cantons of Solothurn, and Argau, is lost, with the Reuss, and the Limmat, in the all-absorbing Rhine.

The general appearance of this elegant place, is incomparably superior to that of any other Swiss city we had seen. Its principal streets are adorned with fountains; and are spacious, level, well-paved, and uniformly built of stone,—having piazzas or arcades, under which the shops are ranged. If Geneva, or Zürich, be the Athens of Switzerland, Bern, for beauty, may claim to be the queen of all her cities. This is generally admitted. Bern however is considerably inferior in population to Geneva: it contains 18,000.

As the *Hôtel de la Couronne* was full, the host procured us excellent accommodations at a private house in the main street, opposite to the inn; from which our provisions were punctually brought. This noble street must be the greater part of a mile in length. Perhaps the arcades are too massy and low, to allow sufficient light and ventilation to the shops; but the effect of such extensive lines of

arches is undoubtedly fine; and they give to the city a certain air of grandeur. Umbrellas and parasols must, here, be comparatively but little in request, as the shelter, both from sun and storm, is so complete.

Though there is not much appearance of commerce in Bern, the new buildings and improvements which are going on in the suburbs, appear to indicate considerable public spirit in the inhabitants, and a laudable taste for the embellishment of their metropolis,—the means of which are abundant, in the beautiful stone that is dug in the neighbourhood. On the hills and slopes around the town, are also found granite, and calcareous masses, which some ancient convulsions have probably torn away, and conveyed to a distance, from their parent mountains.

The cathedral of Bern is a handsome Gothic edifice, of the early part of the fifteenth century; and is said to have been designed by the same architect who superintended the finishing of the Münster at Strasburg. Its steeple, which is rather lofty, is much admired. The interior is very neat, and four beautiful stained windows adorn the choir, the fifth having been destroyed, as the man who showed the church informed us, by one of those storms which sometimes sweep over this elevated country, from the Oberland Alps. Another church, of modern date, is in a style that recals

to mind some of Queen Anne's churches in London.

The *Lohnbedienter*,* whom the traveller engages in this city, will not fail to conduct him to the spot, where, according to the ancient usage, two living bears are kept, whose place is continually supplied, as they die, by others. Our guide was not a sufficient adept in his profession, and had not so far consulted his own interest as to be able to inform us what was said to be the origin of this custom, or what conjectures were held respecting it: he knew that bears had been there as long as he could remember, and that bears were there still; and that was all he could tell of the matter.

The Arsenal contained arms for sixty or eighty thousand men, before the French invasion, of 1798. Here are still to be seen several trophies of Helvetic valour, gained in defence of the country. There are, also, armed figures of the Three Swiss; and of William Tell, whose son is represented with the apple on his head. Here too are kept a large quantity of small arms, and many pieces of artillery, some of brass, and very handsome; all being ready for the service of the Confederation.

* Commissioner, or guide; literally *hired servant*; who charges five, six, or eight French francs for the morning, according to circumstances. The guides we met with in the cities were, in general, much less to be depended on, as to information, than the mountaineers.

The prison contains manufactories for the employment of the delinquents; who are, at the present time, also at work on the fortifications. The prisoners are classified, according to the nature of their offences. It is common in Switzerland for them to be thus engaged in labour on public works,—such as roads, preparing stone for building, and other similar objects. It has also been the custom in this country for criminals to go to their labour, in chains, and with bells on the tops of their hats, or bonnets: we saw prisoners at work, two or three times; but did not observe that they had bells or chains.

Among the public buildings in Bern, are the granary, the Hospital, the Town-house, and the Academy. The Library contains about 20,000 volumes. There are also several scientific and literary societies.

On applying for places in the diligence to Soleure, distant about eighteen miles from Bern, we were accommodated, as on former occasions, with an excellent extra carriage. By this means, we lost the opportunity of travelling with two Capuchin friars,—young men, whose round and rubicund visages seemed to proclaim no lack whatever of good cheer, or of repose of mind; and whose only *mortification* seemed to be in their dress. During the journey, they chatted with their fellow-travellers, without any appearance of re-

serve, and with great apparent good-humour; and seemed in quite as high glee as any of the company.

Not long after leaving Bern, to ascend the hill on the north side, a beautiful view presented itself of the city, picturesquely crowning the banks of the Aar, and graced with the cathedral tower majestically rising in the centre of the mass of buildings scattered over with other pinnacles and spires. The country was rich; and the road excellent, and ornamented with numerous trees. A few miles on, we passed Hofwyl, celebrated as the educational, and agricultural establishment, instituted by M. Fellenberg.

The canton of Bern is the most populous and important of the Confederacy, and its landscapes are regarded as exhibiting equal cultivation and industry with any part of Switzerland. The road to Soleure lay through the Aargau, or district of the Aar; which river takes a circular sweep between the two capitals in its course from Bern. This part of the canton presents a very smiling and fertile appearance, and the farm-houses have an air of wealth and comfort. In many places the system of irrigation is carried to great perfection; and it is said that the best meadows are valued at a high rate.

This country is Protestant, and nothing is more frequently remarked by travellers, than the

visible and striking difference which commonly exists between the Protestant and the Catholic cantons, as to the appearance of the people, the neatness and comfort of the cottages, and the management of the fields. There are of course great exceptions to this rule; but the Protestant cantons seem almost as free from beggars, as from crosses; while in those which are Catholic there is generally an abundance of both.

The costume of the women in this canton is, as usual, a striking feature of the country. They wear a black velvet bodice, with white full sleeves, confined above the elbow, below which, the arm is covered with a kind of glove or tight sleeve. The hair is worn without curls, and is smooth in front; and on the crown of the head is a close black cap, trimmed with coarse black lace, or horse-hair,—projecting far from the head, so as sometimes to remind you of Mercury, with the winged cap which Jupiter is fabled to have presented to him. A long plait of hair, and two streamers of ribbon, hang down the back, and almost touch the ground. The servants of the *Pension* at Interlachen, however, did not wear these long plaits behind, their hair being simply parted in front, and bound round the head with a band of black velvet; but they had the Swiss bodice, ornamented with steel or silver chains.

The grand charm of the journey from Bern to

Soleure, consisted in the view which the road commands, of the Helvetian range of Alps. In a south-easterly direction, the magnificent spectacle presented itself, of the whole chaos, from the Wetterhorn, on the east, to the Blümlis-alp, and a continuous line of lower mountains, on the west. It was interesting, from a distance, to behold stretched out in a vast chain, those mighty heads and masses, which inspire so much awe and delight, when contemplated from their bases in the Oberland; and which, here, have the appearance of a huge snowy barrier, of from eight to fourteen thousand feet in height,—forming a line of fifty or sixty miles in length, and varying in distance from Bern from forty to sixty miles.

On the left in the chain, was the Wetterhorn, which seemed, agreeably to its name,* sternly to raise its pointed summits in defiance of the wintry storm: — next appeared the more ambitious Schreckhorn, higher by nearly a quarter of a mile,— proudly rearing itself as an isolated pyramid, of proportions which seemed scarcely less exact than though it had been the mighty model of the puny piles of Egypt:—further to the right, the slender pike of the Finsteraarhorn, the loftiest of the range, was seen emerging from the snowy gulf, which, from this distance, appears to lie between it and the Schreckhorn,—piercing the heavens with its

* Weather-peak, or Storm-peak.

granite shaft, to the height of two miles and a half above the level of the sea: next were the Viescherhorn, and the two Eigers, Alps which rise, with the Wetterhorn, from the vale of Grindelwald:—still more eastward the broad and awful mass of the Jungfrau, like a huge mis-shapen tower, resplendent with its vast snows, stood in majesty among its peers, for magnitude more commanding than any, and though in elevation second of the gigantic chain, apparently dominant above all.

Eastward of this mighty range of colossal towers and pyramids, and apparently forming part of it, inferior summits were crowded together, like a band of vassal powers, tributary to the supreme potentates, but all hoary with the snows of an eternal winter:—till yet farther to the right, the line of Alps subsided, and was lost in the dark shades of nearer and snowless mountains.

It is a maxim which is true to nature, that whatever is interesting, becomes more so in prospect of leaving it. We felt that this might probably be our last sight of the Alps:—for though it was our intention to cross the Weissenstein, a lofty part of the Jura range, and which commands a still more extensive view,—the weather had so alternated from fine to wet, since we had left Geneva, that,—gratifying as it was, in the present journey, to be so fortunate as not to lose the sight of the Northern Chain,—another view of the Alps was evidently very precarious.

So in reality it proved;—for we were now gazing, for the last time, on these monuments of omnipotence; which seem to disdain communion with the earth, and rather to belong to the empyrean that rests its blue concave on their ice-bound summits, which have reared themselves, in shadowy grandeur, to the inhabitants of distant plains, through all the ages of time,—the most impressive images of their Maker's eternity; presenting the same aspect to the successive, ephemeral generations of men, who have gazed on their unchanged and unchanging forms, for thousands of years!

Ye solemn piles! ye everlasting hills!
Ye emblems of eternity!—adieu!
'Twas *thus* ye seemed, when o'er your snowy wastes
Gazed the fierce Alemann, the Ostrogoth,
And conquering Frank,—as through each Alpine vale,
The din of battle rung, and barbarous arms.
And thus ye rose, what time the Helvetian host,
Impatient of their bounds, and icy clime,
Seeking new homes attacked the warlike Gaul,
And pacified Orgetorix's shade.

Thus to the Roman, when his eagle flew
Invincible athwart each pass, ye stood,
As wonder-struck he saw the frozen throne
Of every monarch Alp, a cataract
Of ice, eternal crystal, rich with dies
From heaven's all-glorious bow. Or earlier still,
Ere Goth, or Roman, scaled your mighty walls,
And spilt his soul for fame, thus ye appeared

Dominant o'er earth, majestic in the skies,
While yet the hardy Celt his scanty fare
Wrung from the unwilling soil, through the long tract
Of unknown time, and served his cruel gods.
So then, as now, first of all things below,
Ye caught the kindling morn; and last at eve
The fading blush detained, when all was gloom.

'Twas thus, ye mighty ones! ye hoary shades!
Ye ghosts of ages! stood your spectral forms,
Like fleecy clouds in the unsubstantial air
All changed to solid marble,—domes and towers
And pyramids,—the realm where reigns
One unrelenting winter,—the high place
Of heaven's dread thunders:—thus the human soul,
Ye filled and awed, when first from Shinar's plain,
Confused in tongue, the children of the flood
Wandered the desolate earth, and to the west
The sons of Japheth roamed:—Or in that hour,
When, from the universal sea emerged,
The everlasting granite, and the ice
Of twice a thousand years, put on anew
Their virgin mantle from the kindred sky.
And thus, ye may, since Time began his course,
Have look'd to mortal man:—and even so
To the angelic host that saw ye from the void
Come forth, when darkness reigned,—till that command
Pronounced, 'Let there be light,' and all was good.

Remnants of chaos! eldest-born of Time!
Shades of Eternity! images of power,
And might, and majesty!—tell on the praise
And glory of your Maker, to the heavens,
And to the earth, in silent eloquence,
Awfully sweet and solemn, to inspire
The heart with secret rapture,—such, as though

Some holy chant broke forth in harmony
From the celestial choir.—Thus to the end,
For ever shall ye be, as ye have been;
Till that last trump shall thrill through all the air,
And rend your giant masses, from the height
Where heaven is slumbering; to the central deep,
With crash of thousand thunders, and ye bow
Your shrouded heads in fearful ruin down,
The Avalanche of Time, crumbling in dust:
So shall ye be as ye had never been,—
Lost in the wreck of worlds!

LETTER XVII.

Canton of Soleure—The City—Cathedral of St. Ursus—Romanism—The Weissenstein—Pass of the Jura—The Jura mountains—Isolated masses—Hollstein—Swiss cookery, and dinners—Liechstall—Basle—Swiss Travelling—Punishment for distributing religious Tracts, in Schwytz—French Church—Missionary College—Religion in Switzerland—Present State and Prospects—Education.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—The soil of the canton of Soleure is considered as productive as any in Switzerland, and very fine cattle are seen in the pastures; which are much improved by the same system of irrigation that is practised in Bern. There is a considerable portion of arable land; and the agricultural labourers are very numerous in proportion to the population; which does not amount to more than sixty thousand. In the approach to

the city of SOLOTHURN, or Soleure, the back-ground of the landscape is formed by the romantic, though comparatively humble Jura; part of the chain of which runs within two miles of this capital,—the whole range stretching from ninety to a hundred leagues in length, in a north-easterly direction, from the west of Savoy to the canton of Schaffhausen, and varying in breadth from fifteen to eighteen leagues.

The picturesque little city of Soleure stands in a delightful plain on the banks of the Aar, which divides it into two parts. It is fortified by a ditch, walls, and bastions, surmounted with antique-looking towers. In the centre of the town, is a large tower said to be the work of the Romans. Though Soleure is small and mean, as compared with Bern, the public buildings still give it the air of a capital. Among these are the Town-house; the Arsenal; the Public Library, containing about 11,000 volumes; the handsome church of the Jesuits, erected by Louis XIV.;—and, above all, the cathedral, which is devoted to the Romish worship,—this canton being chiefly Catholic.

This church, which is dedicated to St. Ursus, stands at the end of the principal street, and is a noble structure, built of a whitish grey stone which approaches to marble, and is brought from the neighbouring quarries. It was erected about sixty

years ago, and its design is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. The tower at the eastern end is elegant, and the western front consists of a lofty and superb façade, in the Grecian style. Indeed this is universally admitted to be the finest church in Switzerland. The ascent to it is by a magnificent flight of steps, and is adorned with two fountains, the sound of which, as heard at the adjacent inn, had the effect of a continual pouring rain.

The interior of this splendid temple displays much taste, and is furnished with a very handsome organ, pictures, numerous altars, and a pulpit of fine marble; but none of the decorations exhibited the least of that tawdry and paltry ornament which we had so particularly observed in the Valais, and in Savoy.

In the evening, the toll of the deep-toned bell fell booming dolefully on the ear, and seemed to proclaim to the dark masses of the Jura, the reign of Romanism. The door of the church was still open, late in the dusk; and though no public service was going on, one solitary lamp shed a glimmer over the now gloomy vaults of this spacious edifice, through which the bell, still tolling monotonously without, sent its heavy sepulchral swell, tending to fill the mind with a deep emotion of solemnity,—while here and there a lingering devotee was rising

from before an altar consecrated to the Madonna, or to a Saint.

In the strong appeal which the Romish religion makes to the senses, and through them to the imagination, the Protestant sometimes feels how great a sublimity there may be in evil,—even in the 'mystery of iniquity;' and how easily imagination and sentiment may throw a veil over error, beguile the reason, and enslave the conscience. Hence the conversions from Protestantism to Popery which we occasionally hear of, as taking place among persons of education, and where no motive of sordid self-interest can be traced. Romanism is undoubtedly a religion of poetry; and it is thus that those who have not learned well to distinguish between the splendour of a ceremonial, and the sober realities of truth, may be dazzled with the best dress of Popery. The domination of the Romish faith in this city may be conjectured from the fact that, in a population of four thousand five hundred souls, there are sixty ecclesiastics, or one to every seventy-five individuals.

The weather was such the next morning, as to preclude all hope of obtaining the magnificent view of the Alps from the chalets of the Weissenstein; and on our leaving Soleure, heavy black clouds hung over this part of the mountain range, and the distant line of the Jura was wrapped in its 'misty shroud.' We crossed the chain, therefore,

at a less elevated point, through a defile, on the road to Basle.

In a journey like the present, it may be well to have a soul not incapable of feeling somewhat of the beauties and sublimities of nature;—but this is not enough,—a little practical thoughtfulness respecting homelier matters is also desirable; nor will it always do to trust to guides, coachmen, or attendants. A trifling circumstance had nearly proved an exemplification of this;—for had we not taken care to have our luggage removed from the hollow roof of the vehicle we had hired, where it had been placed, we should certainly have suffered the discomfort of having our things drenched, by being continually jumbled in a pool of water, notwithstanding the repeated assurance to the contrary—*gar nicht, Herr*—from the driver, in reply to the inquiry whether any mischief would arise.

The former part of the road across the mountains to Basle, was sometimes exceedingly picturesque,—between bare rocks,—or beetling cliffs, dark and frowning with foliage,—and occasionally crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle;—showing that we were no longer in those regions where man has obtained no dominion over the high places of nature. At the entrance of the defile of Ballstall, near Soleure, a number of prisoners were at work on the road, dressed in clothes of glaring colours, and guarded by an armed soldier. The

prison discipline of Soleure is said to be very good.

The vast range of the Jura divides Switzerland from Germany and France, and runs nearly parallel to the Northern chain of Alps, at the distance of from twenty to thirty leagues. On the side of Switzerland it rises, often very abruptly, to the height of from two to four thousand feet above the plains; the ridge forming an undulating line. In some places, the chain, when seen from a distance, has precisely the appearance of a huge massy wall, stretching as far as the eye can reach. This effect is particularly impressive in the evening twilight, when the Jura is darkened with its own shadows. Sometimes, at sunset, the whole ridge within the field of vision, surmounted with a red sky, seems to glow like a furnace, or as one vast fiery beacon.

Along this chain, summits occasionally rise from six hundred to two thousand feet above the neighbouring ridge. One of the highest is the *Dole*, which is elevated nearly 4,000 feet above the lake of Geneva, from which it is distant about three leagues. *Mont Tendre*, which is more to the north-east, and *Mont Thoiry* in the Pays de Gex, are computed to be nearly of the same elevation with the Dole. As no part of the Jura is within the line of perpetual snow, there are no glaciers, as among the higher Alps; though their germ, as it were, is

seen, in the large masses of ice which are sometimes found in the hollows, unmelted during the summer.

The whole chain of the Jura is shaded with forests; and the valleys are often exceedingly rich in meadow land, and exhibit the most romantic landscapes. The wolf ranges among these mountains; and the traveller along the road, may occasionally see him descending from their sides into the plain, to pay a visit to the sheep-fold. In the wildest parts, even the brown bear has been found to prowl, and is said to have done extensive mischief, a few years ago, among the cattle.

The stratification of these mountains is considered as, in some respects, very remarkable; and the position, inclination, and junction of the strata, are highly interesting to the geologist. The ridge is formed of compact limestone, containing numerous, and occasionally, somewhat rare petrifactions. The strata alternate with beds of marle and clay. Gypsum, asphaltum, and fine marble, also occur; and sulphuretted, and saline springs are found. In some parts iron is abundant.

The remarkable phenomenon of the isolated masses of gneiss and granite, that lie scattered over the acclivities of this chain, which are opposite to the Alps, has much exercised the attention of scientific men, as there is no gneiss or granite composing the ridge. Similar masses occur in the

Salève mountains near Geneva. One of these fragments, which lies on the Jura near Neuchâtel, was measured by Professor Playfair of Edinburgh, in 1817; and was found to be sixty-two feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and seventeen in height. These detached masses would seem to betray an origin in the primitive Alps.

The part of the Jura over which the road lies from Soleure to Basle, is called the *Hauenstein*, a portion of the same ridge which we had before crossed in travelling from Basle to Lucerne. These mountains separate the cantons of Soleure and Basle.

Having fairly cleared this delightful pass of the Jura, we reached Hollstein, a considerable village in Basle, and remained there two hours to rest the horses. Wishing to have a plain repast soon ready, rather than to dine *à la Suisse*, and to wait for the long-preparing medley to which the traveller on the road is generally obliged to submit, we signified that a chop, or some cold meat, would best please us. After waiting a full hour, cold meat was brought up, accompanied with hot meat, fish, and fowl, and a variety of culinary preparations, none of which were very agreeable, and the cold meat was the only thing we could at all fancy. One dish puzzled us a good deal; it was a bird, of a large size, dissected into fragments, and so unconscionably tough that it was like a piece of boiled leather; but none

of us could decide what it was. The servant, on being asked, replied *ein Hahn Herr;* in fact it turned out to be none other than an old chanticleer who had, many a morning, called up the labourers to their work with his matin song.—So much for country Swiss cookery.—For this dinner, the charge was two French* francs and a half each, which was much higher, in proportion, than what is paid at the best hotels in Switzerland.

At the most frequented hotels, the fare may often perhaps suit the gourmand; but the English traveller who may be tempted by curiosity to try a dish, will sometimes be glad to make a hasty exchange of it for another. Besides, he will always be apt to suspect the *crambe repetita*,† which may so readily be brought to table, where there is so artificial a mode of cooking, and so great a variety of dishes, as are usual on the continent. You are apt to fancy that almost anything might be served up, in the shape of a *fricassée*, a *ragout*, or a *fri-*

* In Switzerland accounts are kept in *Swiss* francs, batzen, and rappen; ten batzen, or a hundred rappen, being equal to a Swiss franc, which is equal to a French franc and a half, less by seven centimes. French silver money is given in exchange for notes at the banks; and though heavy rolls of French five-franc pieces are inconvenient to carry, in some places, gold was not to to be had at all.

† Juv. vii. 154. The same thing brought forward many times; literally, the *repeated cabbage*.

candeau, or some compound, smothered with sauces, jellies, sweets, and sours.

The practice is for travellers to have their meals, especially dinner, at the *table d'hôte ;* and in many places, two dinners are served, to meet the convenience of the guests; the first at one o'clock, the other at four: the charge varies from three to four French francs. The Alp-horn often winds to announce dinner; at which the host generally presides, in full dress, to direct the movements of the waiters, who are frequently assisted by the servants of the company. At the larger towns, and the frequented places, the hotels, during the travelling season, are often crowded with guests, a large proportion of whom are generally English. As many as sixty persons have sat down to dinner, at one time, at the inn on the Rigi-Kulm; and travellers often find superior accommodations, in places remote from all high roads.

After the soup has been served, fish, various courses of meat, and fowls ready carved, are brought round the table by the waiters. Then, when the meat-plates have been removed, vegetables of different kinds are introduced; and if you ask for any of these, the waiters invariably take away the plate that is before you, and bring the vegetables alone. A variety of pastries and jellies next cover the board; and the scene is closed by an ample dessert, with cheese so savoury that deli-

cate olfactory nerves are, not unnecessarily, protected from it by a glass cover.

The guest must beware of so far fancying himself at home, as to venture an attack on any dish which may be before him, until the waiters have regularly brought it round; for we repeatedly saw the *Oberkeller*, or head waiter, without ceremony, take dishes away from gentlemen who were about to help themselves. There is always plenty of the ordinary wine of the country on the table: any other sort is charged separately, and varies in price from one and a half, to eight French francs, a bottle. Of beer there either is none, or when obtained, it is seldom very inviting to an English palate. It is not customary to sit long after dinner, nor is wine usually drunk afterwards; and both ladies and gentlemen rise together from the table.

The situation of those who happen to become invalids at these frequented inns, is, as may be supposed, far from enviable, as it is exceedingly difficult for them to get served with a plain dinner, in a private apartment; for the important business of the *table d'hôte* absorbs everything,—this affair being naturally regarded, by the host and all his servants, as the grand event of the day, to which everything else must be made to bend.

On arriving at Liechstall, we were again in the road which had previously led us from Basle,

over the Unter-Hauenstein, and through part of the cantons of Soleure and Argau, to Lucern. Liechstall is situated in a fertile valley, and, though a small town, has several different kinds of manufacture: since the late revolution in the canton of Basle, it has become the capital of the country district. The Rhine now presented itself, in its flow from the lake of Constance and the fall of Schaffhausen, towards Basle; and the elegant twin spires of the cathedral rose, in their chaste beauty, above the foliage of the luxurious vale which here borders the river.

It was seven in the evening when we passed the city gates, and arrived at the Stork Hotel, the name of which, perhaps, may have been originally suggested by the presence of the numerous storks that visit this climate in the spring, and which are supposed to migrate from Egypt. Their large nests crown some of the towers of Basle; and these birds are seen at other places along the Rhine, sitting in solemn peculiarity on the highest buildings they can find.

The distance from Soleure to Basle is about thirty-five miles; and we were nearly twelve hours on the road, including the stay of two hours at Hollstein. When you ask, at the Swiss or German inns, the distance of a place to which you wish to go, you are told that it is so many *Stunden*, or hours, *zu Fuss zu gehen* (to walk), and so many *zu fahren*,

(to ride in a carriage); but, in Switzerland, the difference is practically but small, for an active pedestrian would, in general, arrive at the place of destination as soon as the *Miethwagen*, or hired carriage. The *Postwagen*, (diligences,) get over the ground more quickly, as they change horses on the road.

At most of the inns, in the more frequented places, men, having carriages and horses, are to be found waiting to be hired, and importunately offering their services. Those who engage a carriage from the place to which it belongs, are obliged, whether they return or not, to pay the back fare, which is the same as the other. In some parts, the law does not allow any other passengers to be taken back in a hired carriage, from the place of its destination, to that from which it came, excepting the same party who have originally engaged it. At Kandersteg, the man who had driven us from Interlachen was applied to, by some individuals who wished to go to that place; but he intimated, when asked in the presence of other people, that he could not take the party: the difficulty, however, as we understood, was got over by their going a little way out of the village of Kandersteg, and allowing the return carriage to overtake them.

The vehicles we met with were, generally, very commodious, capable of being open or shut, and

some of them would have held six persons. Both the horses and the carriage frequently belong to the driver himself; which may account for the extreme care which is often taken of the horses, and the slow pace at which they go, even where the road is good and level. Our coachman from Soleure to Basle, stated that he was making his way homewards, towards Zürich; and that his horses had been constantly employed, for eighteen successive days.

The usual charge, including the back-fare, for a day's journey, varying from eighteen to thirty-six miles, is thirty-six French francs, besides a few francs for *Trinkgeld*,* which is always asked for. † Thus a successful summer's circuit may produce to a poor Swiss, a comfortable income for the winter. Our driver acknowledged that he followed his occupation alike on the sabbath as during the week, and his observations proved that he was as much absorbed in his little gains, as the more ambitious devotee of the world on the grand scale, though he acknowledged that he had discovered that the more he obtained the less he was satisfied. We gave

* Drink-money.

† Over the mountains, the charge for guides in attendance on a *chaise-à-porteurs*, was six French francs, each man, per day; for a horse or mule, with a man to lead it, twelve francs.—For a *char-à-banc* from Chamonix to Salenche, fifteen miles, sixteen francs were paid.—The *Postwagen* from Bern to Soleure, eighteen miles, was five francs.

him some of our remaining tracts, and he promised to read them to his wife and family at Zürich, during the winter evenings.

On going, the day after our return to Basle, to witness the sharp-shooting evolutions of some of the troops, we were thrown into the society of a Swiss gentleman, who had recently been fined, to the amount of about twenty pounds English, for having distributed religious tracts, in the deeply-bigotted popish canton of Schwytz. The government of this canton is said to be so poor, that they are not sorry to have a tolerable pretext for adding a little to their coffers, and the present opportunity was too good to be neglected. We had heard, during our tour in Switzerland, of two other instances of persecution, either in Schwytz, or in some other Romish canton, for the same offence: one case was that of two young men from Lausanne, and the other we understood to be that of a gentleman from England.

Fine and imprisonment are the reward which the Christian may expect to obtain, in the Catholic districts of Switzerland, for all endeavours to attract the attention of men to the interests of eternity. Thus the light is shut out from these regions of superstition, and spiritual tyranny; for the Protestant cantons can do nothing to remedy the mischief, as each canton is governed entirely by its own laws, and the Confederacy does but give power

and efficiency, by the weight of its general influence, to the enactments of the separate local and independent legislatures.

Some of the citizens of Basle are in the habit of meeting, on the Saturday afternoon, for a little country air, and coffee, at the distance of about two miles from the city. Through the kindness of an English gentleman, Mr. Marriott, whose friendly attentions rendered both our visits to Basle very agreeable, I was introduced to this party; as, also, at the rooms of the *Lese-gesellchafft*, or Reading Society, which commodious apartments, for reading and conversation, are situated in the best part of the city, in the large area near the cathedral. By this means, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of Herr Borckhart, President of the *Civil-gericht*, one of the law-courts in Basle; Rathsherr* Hensler, formerly one of the law professors in the university; Herr Merian, the late professor of chemistry; and Professor Schönbein, who now fills the chemical chair, and who speaks English with fluency. I had also the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. Fischer, the professor of philosophy, who kindly gave me a copy of his recent work, entitled *Die Naturlehre der Seele für Gebildete.*

* It is customary to speak of, as well as to address, persons who hold any public station, by the title which belongs to it: *Rathsherr* means *Councillor*, or member of the governing body.

On the Sunday morning, we went to the French church, a venerable structure, in which a considerable audience was assembled. The sermon was on 1 Cor. xi. 26, and was preparatory to the Lord's Supper. The discourse was excellent, and pleasingly delivered. It showed that the eucharist was unworthily celebrated, when mere national Christianity was the only basis of communion; and when the symbols of the body and blood of Christ were received without a practical faith, which did not consist in a mere speculative assent of the understanding to the facts relating to the history of Jesus. The preacher insisted that the faith of the Gospel was a belief in which the will was concerned, and which interested the affections of the soul: that it was directed to the atonement of Christ; that various acts of piety were a necessary consequence of it; and without it there could be no acceptable worship of God, who looks at the heart:—sentiments these, which, happily, bear no resemblance to *rationalism*.

I had the pleasure of spending part of the Sabbath evening, at the Mission College, having, in our former visit to this city, been introduced to the excellent Dr. Blumhart, who discovered great interest in the state of religion in England. This Theological College is chiefly supported from Germany; and has at present forty missionary students. While supper was waiting on the table, the venerable Pre-

sident, or '*Inspector*,' as he is here called, took off his black velvet cap, and gave out, *memoriter*, some lines of a hymn, relating to the atonement; all immediately stood up, and sang in a lively manner, the good old man pitching the tune. He afterwards prayed with great fervour; and when supper was ended, another hymn was sung. The scene could not be witnessed, without producing a delightful feeling that under changing skies, and the reign of different languages, Christianity is still the same.

In Switzerland, as in most other countries of Europe where the Reformation from popery obtained a footing, it was but partial in its extent. The opposition of Luther, however, to the power of the Roman pontiff, in Germany, communicated an early impulse to the Swiss cities. The Reformation was begun at Zürich, by Zuinglius, in 1519: that of Bern was effected, in 1528, through the labours of Haller; and that of Basle followed in the next year, under the guidance of Oecolampadius. Farel was the agent in the same great work, at Neuchâtel, in 1530; and it was commenced by him, in 1532, at Geneva, and completed, by Calvin, in 1535. These cities became so many fountains, from which the streams of evangelical truth flowed to bless remoter districts. Yet in many parts of

this interesting country, the reformed doctrines either failed of taking root, or never reached a vigorous and fruitful growth.

Of the twenty-two cantons which have composed the Confederacy, since the pacification of Europe in 1815, Lucerne, Ticino, the Valais, Schwytz, Unterwalden, Zug, and Uri, are Catholic; as are full eleven twelfths of the inhabitants of Friburg, and Soleure. In Bern, Zürich, the Pays de Vaud, Schaffhausen, Neuchâtel, Basle, and Geneva, Protestantism has greatly the ascendency. So so far as numbers are concerned, the same may be said, of the two denominations, with regard to Thurgau, Appengell, and Glaris. Argau, the Grisons, and St. Gall, are more mixed.

In 1827, the whole population of Switzerland was 2,037,000. Of this amount, excluding nearly 2,000 Jews, three-fifths were Protestants; the remaining two-fifths being Catholics. There were 120 convents, nearly divided between monks and nuns. The bulk of the population speak German: of the remainder, about 438,000 use the French language, 120,000 the Italian, and 48,000 the Romanish.

During the latter part of the 18th century, the light that was kindled by the Reformation underwent an extensive and deplorable eclipse, on the continent of Europe, by the rise and prevalence of a latitudinarian philosophy: and, in Switzerland, the

fundamental truths of Christianity were in danger of being overwhelmed, by the tide of error and infidelity which set in from Germany and France,—the languages and literature of both these countries being found in the Swiss cantons.

Previously to the year 1816, it is said that, out of the canton of Basle, it was difficult to enumerate so many as six clergymen who decidedly preached the doctrines of the Reformation. About this period, several individuals connected with the Academy of Geneva, among whom were MM. Malan, Guers, Neff, Gaussen, Empétaz, and others, imbibed the principles of evangelical truth; and the happy result has been the resuscitation of the ancient faith, in Geneva, and in other places, where spiritual apathy and death had long reigned under the plausible name of rational religion.

Geneva, the grand seat of antiscriptural error, has thus had the honour to be a prime agent in a second Reformation; and there are now, in that city, a number of active evangelical ministers, who are occupied in various labours. The gospel is at all times faithfully preached in three chapels; and several religious societies are doing much good in the canton, as well as in the adjacent parts of France. There is a College of evangelical Theology, with several able professors, who instruct from twenty to thirty young men in preparation for the Christian ministry. Similar institutions

exist in other places, as at Lausanne, and Basle; at which latter city the College is devoted to the training of missionaries.

The entire number of evangelical Protestant ministers in Switzerland, is supposed to be at least two hundred; of whom nearly half are in the canton de Vaud: and Bible, tract, and missionary societies, are now formed, at Geneva, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Bern, Basle, Schaffhausen, Zürich, and other towns. Sunday-schools also exist in some places; and temperance societies have begun to be established. The minds of some good men appear to have been particularly directed to the importance of promoting, by *moral* means, the better observance of the Sabbath, the desecration of which has been so marked a feature of the irreligion of the continent.

The persecution which evangelical Christians had to endure, a few years ago, from their fellow Protestants of the 'liberal' or 'rational' party, in the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, Neuchâtel, and others, has either disappeared, or is greatly modified: but in the Catholic cantons strenuous efforts are made to exclude the light; and in many places no attempts to propagate the Protestant faith are allowed.

The progress of genuine Christianity in Switzerland, is marked by a continual increase of religious publications. Nor do those friends of evan-

gelical truth who have separated themselves from the National Church, fail to publish, in a suitable manner, the reasons which have governed their conduct. In travelling we had once for our companion a young man who was reading a tract on this subject, which he kindly gave to us. It was printed at Bern, and is entitled '*The Separated, or the United Ones, described by one of their Preachers.*' This little treatise is written in an excellent spirit, in the form of a dialogue; and lays great stress, as a reason for separation, on the extreme neglect of discipline that has prevailed in the national church, contrary to the express command of Scripture, and even to the acknowledged formula of the Heidelberg catechism.* It appears that there are both Pædo, and Antipædo-Baptists among those who have seceded; but this difference of sentiment does not divide them into sectional communities.†

* Wenn wir übrigens den Befehl des Herrn, den Bosen hinaus zu thun, beobachten,—so sind wir desswegen nicht abtrünnige Protestanten; denn es lehrt euch ja selber euer Katechismus auf die Frage: 'Sollen aber zu diesem Abendmahle auch zugelassen werden, die sich mit ihrem Bekentniss und Leben als Ungläubige und Gottlose erzeigen?—Nein: denn es wird also der Bund Gottes geschmäht, und sein Zorn über die ganze Gemeine gereitzet: desswegen die christliche Kirche schuldig ist, nach der Ordnung Christi und seiner Apostel, solche, bis zur Besserung ihres Lebens, durch das Amt der Schüssel auszuschliessen.'

† Aber dieser Punkt wird, so wie alle untergeordneten Punkte nicht zum Bedinge unserer Gemeinschaft gemacht. Nicht die

The attention which is paid in many parts of Switzerland to popular education, may be regarded as a favourable omen for the future religious prospects of the country, if commensurate efforts shall be made to inculcate the principles of Christianity on the youthful mind. In no part of Europe, probably, are the means of early education more amply furnished than in some of the Swiss cantons. The most improved plans, as those of Lancaster, and Bell, have been adopted, and comparisons have been instituted between these and the older methods, with a view to render education as efficient as possible.

In the Pays de Vaud, a few years ago, the amount of the population attending school was one-eighth part; which was considerably above the proportion of England, and even greater than that of Scotland, not to compare it with the neighbouring country of France, where the ratio was only about one in twenty-eight.

The school of Pestalozzi, at Yverdun, was the first in Switzerland, into which the philosophical system was introduced which is now making progress in various parts of Europe, founded on the application of the fundamental laws of the human mind to the practice of education, and on the principle of cultivating the faculties of observation,

Wassertaufe macht uns zu Brudern, sondern die Geistestaufe; und wir glauben dass wir uns gegenseitig vertragen sollen in diesen Abweichungen.' — *Die Separirten oder Die Vereinigten, dargestellt von einem ihrer Prediger. Bern*, 1835, p. 9.

association, and judgment, rather than loading the memory with indigested materials, according to the ancient method. It was found, on comparing the old and the new system together in this canton, that, as nearly as could be ascertained, out of an equal number of children, those who acquitted themselves well in several branches in which they were examined, were in the proportion of about twenty-seven to fifteen, in favour of the new method.

The School of Industry at Hofwyl, near Bern, was founded by Fellenberg, with the design of combining intellectual education with the pursuits of agriculture, as part of a system which might also be extended to manufacturing employments. Pupils have attended this institution from Germany, France, and England, who have afterwards been eminent for literature and science.

The exclusively academic or university institutions, are at Basle, Geneva, Zürich, Bern, and Lausanne:—and in this country in general, the sciences belonging to natural philosophy, and natural history, are much pursued.

LETTER XVIII.

Departure from Basle—Huningen—St. Louis — Alsace—History —Douane — Müllhausen — Béfort—Vesoul—Langres—Chaumont—Nogent—Provins—Nangis—Road to Paris—Military Operations and Events of 1814.

My dear Friend:—We left Basle at an early hour in the morning, to proceed to Paris, having taken places as far as Chaumont, the chief town in the department of the Upper Marne, distant from Basle about sixty leagues.

On the left bank of the Rhine, and not far from the city of Basle, is the fortress of Huningen, celebrated during the invasion of France by the allied armies in 1815, in consequence of the resistance here made by a hundred and forty men, who were shut up within its walls, to a force of twenty-

five thousand Austrians. When half the number of the defenders had been slain, the rest capitulated; and the fortifications were demolished by the victors. The town of Huningen itself, which had previously contained nearly eight thousand inhabitants, now possesses scarcely a thousand; such are the ruinous effects of war, and so disastrous is the glory acquired by its most applauded deeds!

At one period of the same memorable war, waged by the European powers for the dethronement of Bonaparte, the inhabitants of Basle itself were in much consternation, as shots were repeatedly exchanged between the fortress and the allied camp across some parts of the city. The allies afterwards marched through Basle to the number of eighty thousand, and entered France. We understood that some religious commemoration of this event was instituted, as an expression of the gratitude of the inhabitants to Providence for their preservation.

The first town in France is St. Louis, distant from Basle about a league, consisting chiefly of one long, wide street, and having a considerable air of poverty and misery, compared with places of equal size in the Protestant part of Switzerland. Here the diligence was detained about half an hour, and fresh passports were necessary, for Paris. The luggage was also searched, for the first time since

we had left Strasburg, but in a very lenient manner.

We were now in the department of the Upper Rhine, the Roman Alsatia, anciently inhabited by the *Triboci*. After the overthrow of the Roman dominion, this province became a part of Germany. Like other border countries, Alsatia has experienced many changes;—at one time belonging to the Franks, who under Clovis took it from the Germans, in 496; then in 752, being united with the kingdom of Austrasia; and subsequently forming a part of that large portion of France which fell to Lothaire, son of Louis le Débonnaire, and which was called the kingdom of Lotharingia, or Lorraine. In 869, this fertile country was united to the German empire, and was governed by dukes. When the line of these feudal lords became extinct, Alsatia was divided among several sovereigns of the empire; and by the peace of Münster, in 1648, a large portion of it was ceded to France. In 1697, by the peace of Ryswick, Strasburg, and the whole neighbouring country on the left bank of the Rhine, were added to the French dominions.

At the time of the revolution of 1789, several sovereigns of the empire had still considerable possessions in Alsatia, which the first National Assembly declared to belong naturally to France, as lying west of the Rhine. The difficulty of adjusting the opposing claims, was one principal

cause of the war which took place soon after between France and Germany. By the peace of Paris, in 1815, Landau, which is north of the department of the Lower Rhine, was again separated from France, and united to Germany. During the reign of Napoleon, few parts of France were more attached to his government than the provinces of the Upper and Lower Rhine.

Alsatia is considered as one of the most fertile countries in Europe, abounding in the fruits of the earth; and containing many mines of different metals. The district through which we passed was rich, but not picturesque; the cattle were numerous; but the wealth of this part of Alsace is chiefly to be attributed to the manufactures to which the mines of copper, lead, and iron, have given rise,—to the woollen and cotton stuffs,—and to the coal-mines, and the forests.

Two thirds of the population of the Upper and Lower Rhine departments, are Roman Catholics, and have the character of being greatly attached to their ancient customs. The neighbouring Swiss have been much employed to do the work of the hay and corn-fields, and to manage the vintage, in some parts of Alsace: this may have occasioned the notion which has been entertained that the Alsatians have so rich and fertile a country, that they are disposed to indolence and inaction.

On the Swiss side of Müllhausen, the govern-

ment officers again presented themselves at the door of the diligence; and on inquiring the cause, we were told it was *pour faire une autre visite.* The luggage was again, it seemed, liable to be searched; but as before very little trouble was given to us. The usual question that is asked in the French dominions, at the *douane* station is, *avez vous quelque chose à déclarer?* and when the reply in the negative is accompanied with freedom in giving up your keys, and facilitating the opening of the trunks and boxes, there is generally much civility, and little of rigorous inspection: at least this was our experience.

At Müllhausen, all appeared life and bustle, the streets and markets being quite thronged with buyers and sellers of various kinds of commodities, including great quantities of fine grapes and other fruit. It was easy from the general appearance of this place, to perceive that it was by far the most manufacturing town, for its size, that we had seen since leaving England. It contains about twenty-one thousand inhabitants. Six or seven thousand are employed in the manufactories; which about ten years ago, amounted to nearly seventy; eleven being of cloth, seventeen of muslin; seventeen of printed calico,—besides several leather works, and some founderies. Here is manufactured, the scarlet muslin, the dye of which is so superior; and which is so much used

in the neighbouring countries for window-curtains, and bed furniture. The time of our stay at Müllhausen allowed but of a very cursory view: the appearance of the town, however, was evidently that of a place into which the life of commerce had infused itself. The streets are tolerably regular, ornamented with several public buildings, among the finest of which is the Reformed Church.

Amidst the involution of interests, and of governments, that have been known in Alsatia, Müllhausen has had its share. It once constituted a little republic, struggling to maintain certain privileges which it had received, in the feudal times, from the German emperors, by uniting itself at different periods with other towns that were in a similar situation with itself, in Alsace, Suabia, and Switzerland. In 1515 it formed a league with the Helvetic Confederacy, and by this means, with a territory of not more than eight or ten miles in circumference, it long maintained its independence, against the encroachments both of the Empire, and of France; and like the Swiss republics it was governed by a Great and a Little Council,—till the fortunes of war attached it to the French dominions.

Between Müllhausen and Béfort, on the western border of Alsace, and seventeen leagues from Basle, we had once more to cross a branch of the Jura mountains, which here take the name of the *Vosges*.

Near their base is Béfort, or *Bel-fort*, so called from an old castle, crowning an elevated position, the origin probably of the vast fortifications that surmount the town, which is regarded as the strong hold of France on this side.

After a dinner at the hotel at Béfort, consisting of the usual varieties of French cookery, we proceeded on the way to Chaumont, having as companions, a Bernese young lady who was going to pay a visit near Vesoul, and a young German, on his way to London. These, and a merchant of Müllhausen, who had gone no further than that place from Basle, and an old Frenchwoman who joined us at Béfort without a bonnet, and travelled all the way to Paris, were the only passengers in the interior, excepting ourselves, during the whole distance. In another part of the roomy diligence, were two or three military Frenchmen, fiercely whiskered, and almost ferocious in their appearance.

In the afternoon of the second day, we arrived at Langres, situated on a very lofty hill, which we were long in ascending. It is considered to be the highest town in France: the prospect from the tower of the principal church is said to be of immense extent, and in a clear sky Mont Blanc may be seen in the south-western horizon. In the evening we reached Chaumont, capital of the Upper Marne,—a town of somewhat imposing aspect, appearing, long before we arrived at it,

standing out, on an elevated site, in that peculiar relief which a very clear atmosphere gives to objects.

We had purposed to break the journey to Paris by staying here for the night; but a report had been spread along the road that the cholera had made its appearance in the town. On inquiry at Chaumont, it proved that five or six persons had fallen victims to a violent bowel complaint, though it was not pronounced to be cholera; and that a young man had died at the very hotel at which it was our intention to stay. This was sufficient to determine our party to continue the journey during the second night, and we proceeded to Troyes, and afterwards through Nogent sur Seine, Provins, and Nangis, to Paris.

The country, after crossing the Vosges, consisted chiefly of a series of vast plains, gently undulated, and having almost everywhere a boundless horizon. To judge by what appeared in the daytime, there was seldom a great deal of wood, very few châteaux, and by no means that cheerful intermixture of villages in the landscape, which always gives to it so great a charm; and almost all the towns had an appearance of discomfort and misery.

During this long and unbroken journey of about a hundred and ten leagues, occupying three days and three nights, the greatest annoyance arose from the miserable places at which we frequently stopped during the night; generally, however, there was

some refreshment to be obtained. The interior of the diligence itself was sufficiently roomy and comfortable to prevent the confinement from being so great a penance as it sometimes is in our smaller coaches; and we had taken the precaution, at Basle, to bespeak the four corners, by means of which rest and sleep were much facilitated. As it is common in France, as elsewhere on the continent, for each place to be numbered, there was no difficulty in obtaining this accommodation.

The inns were, in general, dirty and miserable, even at the large towns, and very different in their aspect, from those, at which coaches generally stop to dine in England, where travelling is brought to so much greater perfection than in France. The conductor had nothing either of the bluster, or the servility, which is frequently characteristic of our stage-coachmen. There was something of the sober importance of office about him: he was always very civil; and invariably took his meals at the same table with the company.

Our line of road was the locality of some of the last scenes in that great European drama which issued in the overthrow of the military sovereignty of BONAPARTE. A large army of the Allies crossed the Rhine, at Basle, in December 1813; and by the middle of January 1814, part of them had occupied Langres; while a detachment of the forces

of Bonaparte was at Chaumont, a distance of not more than twenty-five miles. The Allied Sovereigns themselves, had fixed their head-quarters, at Chatillon, about forty miles west of Langres, where they held a Congress, which was attended by Lord Castlereagh, as the representative of Great Britain.

Napoleon had appointed the Empress Maria Louisa Regent, and had left Paris to encounter the potentates and powers whose thrones he had before frequently made to tremble, but who were now assembled together to fight the battle of Europe, on the plains of France itself. The great conqueror was defeated in person, at La Rotherie, by the combined forces of Russia and Austria, under the command of Blucher, his deadly enemy. He then retreated to Troyes, and subsequently to Nogent sur Seine. The Allies entered Troyes on the 7th of February, and Prince Schwartzenburg there established his head-quarters.

These operations were witnessed by the French people with perfect apathy; for as the combined armies neither laid waste their country, nor dictated to them their future course as to a sovereign, they were content to regard the quarrel in its true light, as an affair between the Allies and Bonaparte. He was still treated with, by the Congress, as Emperor of France, through his representative Caulincourt, although advantages had been gained in

various quarters over his troops. Indeed it did not, even now, appear too late for him to make terms with the Allies, especially in consequence of his connexion with the house of Austria, on which he was thought to calculate much.

The Congress, however, were soon convinced, from his vacillating behaviour, that no peace which was to be depended on, could be made with him; and on the 18th of March, the negociations at Chatillon were finally broken off. In the meantime, the storm was gathering all around, that was shortly to burst in fury on the head of this great military chief, who had so long agitated Europe. Lord Wellington was advancing from the Pyrenees; Bourdeaux, the fourth city in France, declared for the Bourbons, and deputies were sent from it to Louis XVIII.; while the allied armies of the east were bearing, from various points, on Paris, to the number of 200,000 men. At length, they entered the French capital, with the acclamations of the people; and on the 2nd of April, the senate solemnly deposed Napoleon, and absolved all his subjects from their allegiance to him. A liberal constitution was now drawn up by the provisional government, for the acceptance of the French nation, and of Louis XVIII.

Bonaparte now offered to abdicate in favour of his son; but as this proposal was not made till after he had been deposed by the sen-

tence of the provisional government, it was not entertained. He now chose formally to renounce the thrones of France and Italy, stating that as the allied powers had proclaimed him to be the only obstacle to the peace of Europe, he wished to show that there was 'no sacrifice, not even that of life,' to which he would not readily submit for the welfare of France! But this display of generosity did but make a merit of necessity, and came too late to touch the hearts of the French people, many of whom violently insulted the former idol of their vanity, as he was passing through the south of France to proceed to Elba. The sovereignty of this small island, with a revenue of two millions of francs,* was now assigned to him who had aspired to a wider empire than that of Charlemagne.

It appears to have been more astonishing to many, at the time, than it will appear to posterity, that Bonaparte should find the means of returning from Elba, once more to give law to France from the palace of the Capetians, — but the star of his destinies had waned, and this momentary gleam only betokened the immediate extinction of its glory,—for he was now but the monarch of a 'hundred days;' and the names of Waterloo and St. Helena, will be vocal to every future age, in bearing witness, in the most impressive tones, to the madness of ambition, and the vanity of human greatness.

* £80,000 sterling.

LETTER XIX.

Sketch of French History—Feudal Divisions—Franks—The Merovingian Dynasty—Clovis—Maires du Palais, and Rois Fainéans—Carlovingian Dynasty—Pépin—Charlemagne—Charles the Bald—Charles le Gros—Capetian Dynasty—Hugh Capet—Feudal System—Philip II.—Louis IX. or St. Louis—Philip III.—Philip IV.—Valois Branch of the House of Capet—Charles IV.—Philip VI.—Wars with England—Charles VI.—Charles VII.—Joan d'Arc—Louis XI.—Charles VIII.—Orleans Branch of Capet—Louis XII.—Second House of Valois Capet—Francis I.—Francis II.—Religious Wars—Persecution of Protestants—Charles IX.—Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day—Bourbon Line—Henry IV.—Louis XIII.—Richelieu—Louis XIV—Mazarin—Louis XV.—Louis XVI.

FRANCE, like other kingdoms that have been formed from the union of a number of separate sovereignties, has little real unity in its history for many centuries. The feudal divisions which broke into fragments the territory that lies between the Pyrenees and the Rhine, the Alps, and the Ocean, frequently render it difficult to find a common centre in which the events that were spread over this wide extent of country may be regarded as converging; and the different *Duchés* and *Comtés*, though more or less attached by feudal ties to a

nominally superior power, were in strictness so many distinct states, each capable of a history of its own, till the re-construction of the political edifice was gradually accomplished by means of the successful despotism, and the military splendour of several of the Capetian Kings.

The French historians inform us that, in the year 420, the FRANKS, a people who styled themselves by this name to show their love of liberty and their boast of independence, having shaken off the ROMAN yoke, made an irruption from the banks of the Main, the Rhine, and the Weser, into Gaul, under Pharamond, who had been proclaimed their monarch by being carried aloft on a buckler around the camp. This invasion did not succeed; as the Gauls, assisted by the Romans to whom they were tributaries, were too strong for the Franks. The latter, however, finally subdued the Gauls, in 451, after having defeated Attila, king of the Huns, at the battle of Chalons. Mérovée is said to have subsequently established the seat of his new kingdom on the site now occupied by Paris.

Whatever doubts may attach to the history of Pharamond, and to the identity of that Meroveus who is supposed to have given his name to the first race of the Frankish kings,—from the time of Clovis the Great, the annals of few countries are better authenticated than those of France. Clovis appears, in 481, as the monarch of the Salian Franks, a

people inhabiting a district of Belgic Gaul, between the Scheldt and the Rhine. Clovis gradually made himself master of the greater part of the whole country, and by defeating the Roman general Syagrius, at Soissons, in 486, he put an end to the imperial dominion, which had endeavoured to sustain itself in those bloody wars that took place between the Franks and the Romans, under the government of five or six of the emperors.

Clovis also subdued the inhabitants of Armorica, or Bretagne; the Alemanni of the Rhine; and the Visigoths, who had settled in Aquitania, the country between the Pyrenees and the Garonne. His life was stained by cruelty and treachery; and he contrived to get rid of the greater part of the princes of his family, by causing some to be massacred, and by immolating others with his own hands. This monarch, who was born a Pagan, adopted Christianity, in fulfilment of a vow which he had made to worship the God of Clotilda, his Christian wife, if victory were granted him, over the Alemanni: and at his baptism by St. Remi at Rheims, with three thousand of his soldiers, in 496, he was anointed with the miraculous oil, said to have been sent down from heaven by means of a dove.*

* The *ampulla*, or vessel for holding the oil for anointing the French kings at their coronation, was kept at Rheims. It was stolen during the revolution of 1789; and a soldier, in contempt

The four sons of Clovis divided Gaul into the kingdom of Austrasia, in the east; and in the west, into the kingdoms of Paris, Orleans, and Soissons,—divisions of Neustria. Childebert, who obtained that of Paris, is considered as the successor of his father. New conquests were now added to the Frankish dominion; but civil war, family feuds, and assassinations, the invasions of the Saracens from Spain, and the feebleness of the sovereigns, desolated the empire; and the semblance of unity was only kept up by the governors of the royal palace, officers who were subsequently termed *Maires du Palais*, and who, after reigning over kings, and holding their pretensions to the crown in abeyance at their pleasure, at length finally dispossessed the Merovingian dynasty of the government.

These *majores domûs*, or officers of the household, first became the prime ministers of the sovereign; and Clotaire II. is believed to have rendered their office permanent for life, and to have thus laid the foundation for the ruin of his House. The Mayors became at length independent of the crown in the kingdoms of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy; and thus the division of the Frankish monarchy was prolonged, till Pépin d'Héristel ren-

of the 'miraculous and inexhaustible oil,' is said to have used it for his boots, or shoes. By those who were supposed to know best, the oil was pronounced to be not wholly lost; and some drops of it were professedly used in anointing Charles X. at his coronation, in 1825!

dered the mayoral power hereditary in his family, and, during four reigns, governed the kings and their subjects, as a monarch, though without a crown. His son Charles Martel, and his grandson Pépin, continued to rule in the same manner, during the lives of the next four princes, under the cautious title of 'Duke of France.' The last eight kings of the MEROVINGIAN line are termed by the French historians *Les Rois Fainéans*, or the sluggard Kings, in consequence of their thus leaving everything, for twenty years, to the government of the mayors or dukes.

On the death of Childéric III., Pépin, surnamed *Le Bref*, from the shortness of his stature, son of Charles Martel, at length added the title of king to the regal authority which the mayors already possessed, and, in 751, founded the CARLOVINGIAN dynasty, which derived its name from Pépin's son and successor, Charles I., generally called Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. Under this prince, the Frankish empire attained its meridian glory; appearing like a blaze of light in the midst of the two long periods of darkness and barbarism that preceded and followed it. It cast the first and the last shadow of organised power on the disjointed wrecks of the western Roman empire; and stood forth in the interval between the breaking up of the turbulent democracies of the northern nations, and the dominion of the feudal system.

The empire of Charlemagne extended from the Ebro to the Elbe and the Danube; and from the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, to the Northern Sea; comprising France; Germany; part of Spain, of Hungary, and of Bohemia; some provinces of Dalmatia; and Italy as far as the river Garigliano in Naples. This great monarch's fame was known in Africa, and Asia; and the caliphs of Bagdad, and the sovereigns of the Eastern Empire, treated him with respect, and sought his friendship. But his vast monarchy fell to pieces in the hands of his son, Louis le Débonnaire, among whose sons it was subsequently divided; and by the treaty of Verdun, in 843, the crowns of France, Germany, and Italy, were formally separated from each other: Charles the Bald, the youngest son of Louis, became the first monarch of the new kingdom of France.

Under Charles the Bald, the monarchical authority began to decline. The Dukes and Counts now became more powerful. The ravages of the Normans furnished the feudal barons with a pretext for erecting strong castles, which became the strongholds of oppression; the fiefs were rendered hereditary; and the royal power was reduced to a mere feudal supremacy. In Charles le Gros, the separated crowns of France, Germany, and Italy, were reunited; and for four years the new Western Empire reappeared. Charles died in 888,

and the phantom of the huge monarchy of Charlemagne vanished with him.

The annals of the remaining century, during which the second dynasty continued on the throne, are among the least interesting in the French history; and the records of this period are scanty, and occasionally obscure. It appears, however, that the royal dignity was but little respected by the feudal nobility; who at length so divided the domains of the crown among themselves, that but a small portion of territory was left to the Carlovingians.

In 987, Hugh Capet became the founder of the third, or CAPETIAN line of princes, by being elected king, in an assembly of the feudal lords, of whose increased power this change of dynasty was the natural result, as they bestowed the crown on one of the most powerful of their own body. The feudal system attained its growth in France at an early period,—chiefly in consequence of the imbecility of the latter Carlovingians; and because the dangers to which the country was exposed from without, gave importance to the barons. Hence, for three centuries, these great feudatories rendered themselves so independent of the monarchy, that the history of France, during that period, is wanting in a real and common centre of unity.

Besides a numerous minor nobility, there were about forty powerful vassals, who had received their

part of conquered lands; which had become hereditary in such a way that the king himself possessed only the name and semblance of superiority. Hence, in establishing its dignity, the crown had to regain the royal prerogatives, and to limit the power of the vassals; which the *first* line of the Capetians finally effected by uniting with some of these feudatories against the rest. The crusades were incidentally favourable to the scheme of humbling the nobles, by preparing the way for the greater commercial intercourse of nations, by creating a new power in the cities, and by giving a civil existence to the people.

The situation of the crown may be conjectured, when we remember that in the middle of the twelfth century, one count possessed sixteen of the present departments of France; another seven; and a third six; while Henry II. of England held twenty-eight departments; and all the South of France belonged to a number of feudal nobles. Philip II. was the first who obtained a decided ascendency over these powerful barons, and brought them to a state of allegiance which none of his predecessors in the dynasty had been able to command. Hence when the nobles, roused to a determination to resist the increasing growth of the royal authority, had combined for this purpose during the minority of Louis IX., they found that the queen dowager, Blanche, who was regent for her

son, was powerful enough to set them at defiance, and to overpower them.

The reduction of laws to writing, and the general regeneration of justice, by Louis; the introduction of letters of nobility by Philip III.; and especially the restoration of the delegates of the people, by his son Philip IV., tended additionally to diminish the power of the feudal lords. The Franks were originally accustomed to hold their public assemblies, annually, in the open air; and all questions relating to public affairs in general, were decided by the majority. The king and court, the nobles, the bishops, and the people, were all entitled to be present. The people had, in the course of years, lost the privilege of attending; but, under Charlemagne, they were again imperfectly represented. The first princes of the Capetian line discontinued this usage; but Philip IV. revived the ancient practice, by summoning to the assemblies, delegates from the communes, who have since been called the *tiers-état.* The same monarch, by the assistance of the nobles, set at defiance Pope Bonifiace VIII., who maintained a contest with him for power, and claimed universal dominion for the triple-crown. Philip also placed the crown lands under the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris; but notwithstanding the progress that was going on towards modern civilisation, the barbarism that still remained, manifested itself in

the inhuman treatment of the Templars; whose wealth, and supposed ambitious projects, rendered them equally the victims of the church, and of the king; and numbers of them were cruelly tortured and burned alive.

Philip VI. cousin to his predecessor Charles IV. became the first monarch of the *Valois* branch of the House of Capet, in 1328:—and now began those wars with England which lasted for upwards of a century. During this period, the social system in France came into a state of disorganisation; the soldiers were transformed into a predatory banditti; the peasantry were driven to desperation by their miseries; and the nobles were inflamed with the spirit of faction and revolt. This turbulent era was stained with the darkest treacheries, with private assassinations, and with wholesale massacres; and pestilence and famine swelled the frightful train of woes, which followed in the track of civil discord and foreign invasion.

The long-continued scourge of war which desolated France from 1336, was occasioned by the claim of Edward III. to the French crown, as nephew, on his mother's side, to Charles IV. This claim was resisted on the plea of the usage, afterwards called the Salic law; which was interpreted as not only excluding from the throne the female branches of the royal family, but also all the males having no claim on the father's side. In 1420,

Henry V. of England invaded France, which was still groaning under the effects of a bloody civil war between the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy. Henry succeeded in causing Charles VI., who had sunk into a state of imbecility, to consent to transfer the succession from the dauphin to himself; and he married the king's daughter Catharine. Charles survived Henry, whose infant son HenryVI., was, on the death of Charles, solemnly proclaimed King of France. The dauphin likewise procured himself to be crowned, by the name of Charles VII., at Poictiers, as Rheims, the ancient coronation-place of the French monarchs, with half the kingdom, was in possession of the English. It was at this period that Joan d'Arc, a peasant girl who professed to have a divine commission to save France from the enemy, was the means of inspiring the French with new ardour in the cause of the dauphin;* and, placing herself at the head of the army, she compelled the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and struck a blow against their power which led to its final destruction in France: for by 1450, England had been deprived of all her conquests in the French territory, with the exception of Calais and Guienne.

Charles VII. was the first French monarch who

* This history is exquisitely wrought up in Schiller's tragedy 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans.'

regularly maintained a standing army; and from this period it was the policy of the kings to direct the warlike spirit of the people to foreign conquest. The increasing extent of the crown lands enabled their possessor to impose taxes without the consent of the States. Everything in France now tended to the concentration of the monarchy, and the policy of the government of Louis XI., became an example of tyranny and deceit,* and the element of a Machiavelian school, in which other monarchs learned their lessons. It was in this reign that the implacable hatred arose between the House of Capet and that of Hapsburg, which lasted for centuries, and which so long desolated the Low Countries. It originated from Louis's seizing on Burgundy as a fief, while his son Charles stood betrothed to Mary, heiress of the deceased Duke Charles the Bold: this rapacity broke off the negociation, and Mary was espoused to Maximilian Archduke of Austria.—Charles VIII., in whom ended the direct line of the Valois branch of the Capetians, had a passion for conquest; in which however he was not very successful: and from about this period may be dated the growth of that military policy and ambition, which kept France at war with the neighbouring nations, and rendered the passion for the glory of arms a national sentiment.

Louis XII. constituted in himself the third, or

* His favourite maxim was *dissimuler c'est régner.*

Orleans branch of the House of Capet; and his reign, which began in 1498, is described by the French historians as one of the happiest that France ever knew. His domestic policy was mild, and he loved his subjects; but the mania of conquest had taken possession of the people, and Louis engaged in disadvantageous wars.

Francis I., son of Louis, commenced the *second* House of the *Valois* Capetians, in 1515, and finished what was necessary to render the regal power absolute: war still raged, and religious persecution opposed the progress of the Reformation. The court became more refined; and this was the epoch of the French *politesse*:—but the spirit of intrigue and corruption gained ground with the change of manners. The people were arbitrarily laden with taxes, and the way was preparing for that accumulation of national debt, which was destined ultimately to prove so destructive to the throne. In the reign of Francis II., the religious wars broke out, which subsequently inundated France with blood; and the barbarous persecution of the Protestants began, which stamped with infamy this and several of the following reigns.—On St. Bartholomew's-day, in 1572, took place that atrocious massacre of the Protestants, under the direction of Charles IX., and his more fiendish mother Catharine de Medicis, which blots the page of history with one of the most appalling examples

that have ever existed of the dreadful consequences which ensue from the perversion and corruption of religion.

Henry IV., the first of the *Bourbons*, ascended the throne of the Capets in 1589. He put an end to the religious wars which had so long desolated France, and placed the Protestants under the protection of the edict of Nantes; though he himself renounced Protestantism for Romanism. He ruled as an absolute monarch, seeking to repress every impulse that might arise towards freedom; and the arbitrary system of subsequent reigns found support in his example: yet he was a very popular king, and his memory is accounted glorious by the French, as he improved the discipline of the army, relieved the finances, and rendered France great and formidable in the eyes of Europe. In the reign of his son Louis XIII., Cardinal Richelieu, the prime minister, consolidated that domestic despotism, which while it grasped at absolute power, was destined to pull down the monarchy itself.

Cardinal Mazarin followed in Richelieu's steps, under Louis XIV., who began his reign in 1643, and became the most powerful and splendid prince in Europe, and the arbiter of its politics; but whose luxury and ambition plunged France into a yet deeper gulf of demoralisation, ultimately enfeebled her energies, inflicted on her an enormous debt, and paved the way for her ruin. Under Louis

XV., the interests of the kingdom, and the welfare of the people, became the sport of the vilest intrigues; despotism, no longer able to make itself respectable, still clung fondly to its lordly dreams; and the national debt and the taxation were increased. As in the case of the Roman empire, in its wane, the rapid filling up of the measure of iniquity was too conspicuous not to be discerned by all reflecting minds, as an alarming omen for the future; and the deep and awful shadows of stupendous events were already cast before them. The unfortunate Louis XVI. came to the crown in 1774, and he was not fitted to avert the calamities that had long been preparing for unhappy France, if indeed they were capable of being averted in the ordinary course of human things.

LETTER XX.

Causes of the Revolution of 1789—Inadaptation of the political System—The Press—The Reformation—Revival of Classical Literature—Louis XIII.—Louis XIV.—Louis XV.—Finances—Romish Religion—Examples of Revolutions—Philosophers—Taxation—Corruption of Manners—Character of Louis XVI.—The Queen's Court—Situation of the Parliaments and the Sovereign—Assembly of the Notables—Riot in St. Antoine—The States General—Storming of the Bastille—Riot at Versailles—The Fédération—Riot in the Champ de Mars—Constituent Assembly—20th June—10th of August, 1792—Committee of Safety—Massacre of Prisoners—National Convention—Mountain Party—Reign of Terror—The Directory—The Consulate—The Empire—Fall of Bonaparte.

If one cause of the French Revolution is to be considered as more elementary than others, it was undoubtedly the imperfection of the political system, and its inadaptation to the age. The ancient spirit of government, the offspring of a barbarous period, might harmonise sufficiently with the condition of the people during the Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties, and be able

to sustain itself through the first branches of the House of Capet, while brutish ignorance prevailed:—but by the time when the Bourbons ascended the throne of France, in 1589, a new era had already commenced in Europe. A full century had elapsed, since the associates or workmen of Faust and Schöffer, had set up the first printing-press at Paris, and being taken for conjurers, were fined by the Parliament. The press had given wings to knowledge; the Reformation had communicated an impulse to thought, before unfelt, or crushed in its birth; and the human soul had awoke from the slumber of the dark ages, and entered on a new career, for good, or for evil.

The revival of classical literature, and the translation of the writings of antiquity into modern tongues, brought into light the spirit of freedom, often mingled with a turbulent audacity, which breathed in the ancient republican forms of government: and the atmosphere of learning, however limited it might be at first, became almost necessarily charged, more or less, with the contagion of liberty.

The Reformation produced no effect in dissolving the tie which, for more than a thousand years, had bound up religion with secular power; for where it failed, it left the state, as before, under the dominion of the church; and where it supplanted Romanism, it rendered the church the vassal of the

state:—hence as the Reformation brought into exercise a spirit of inquiry respecting religion, and religion remained at least as much as ever consolidated with human authority,—the topic of government came the more readily within the sphere of examination; and the conflicts of the church taught men to study politics. Public opinion was created, a power before unknown, and which was destined, in its growth, to dominate supreme over the pride of aristocracy and the thrones of princes; being heard louder than any other voice, like heaven's thunder, mighty either to purify or to destroy.

The popular mind tended to expansion; but governments either diametrically resisted the new impulse, or did not keep pace with it in such a manner as to lead, rather than to be compelled to follow it. Like a stranded vessel, which the tide has left behind, and which instead of floating, may be dashed to pieces with the returning wave,—so the unwieldly monarchies that were fraught with the ancient spirit of despotism, only required a coincidence of favourable circumstances to occasion their dissolution.

Such a concurrence took place in France, in the crisis of 1789. A hundred and fifty years before, Richelieu's talents had for a moment given a triumph to kingly power, in the person of Louis XIII. His successor Louis XIV. had a reign of the almost unparalleled duration of seventy-two years; during

the greater part of which time, the genius of liberty was extinguished beneath the overpowering pressure of a splendid despotism. Under this monarch, whom France boasts of as her Augustus, the arts flourished, polite letters were cultivated, and *chefs-d'œuvre* of skill and taste were produced, which remain as superb memorials of the reign to succeeding ages:—but encouragement to talent was purchased by the most abject flattery; and the triumphal arches, the palaces and gardens, the hospitals and the churches, of the capital, and the vast and sumptuous pile of Versailles, were trophies equally to the extravagant luxury of the monarch, and to the unlimited command which he exercised over the pecuniary resources of the nation. Even the improvements that were made in the administration of the government, were only rendered subservient to the aggrandizement of the regal power.

The halo of glory which the *Grand Monarque* had thrown around him, was so dazzling to his subjects, that he was able undisguisedly to avow his absolutism, and habitually to declare, '*L'état c'est moi.*'—But the tyranny, rapacity, and licentiousness of Louis XV., had little or nothing to act as a foil to it: the pressure which had kept down the popular mind was now, in a great measure, taken off; and new ideas were gaining a rapid march over the unchanged spirit, and the

waning power of royalty. The attempt to introduce new abuses, the embarassment of the finances, the extreme dissoluteness of the court, and the scandalous corruption of the functionaries of the government, all united to hasten the awful crisis.

It will be found in the history of human nature, that pecuniary considerations often produce the most astounding and unlooked-for effects in the character of individuals. The same causes, when sufficiently extensive, cannot fail to work on the destiny of nations. In France, the exhaustion of the treasury was the turning point of the Revolution. The state of the public finances brought into action the other elements of change; causing the whole to ferment, and ultimately to explode. The materials of mischief were not only to be found in the palace, in the administration, and in the treasury;—they existed in every class of society. The abandoned and open profligacy of the court flowed downward through all ranks, and, like a loud and filthy torrent, inundated and polluted the whole nation.

Nor had the Catholic religion that moral energy which was necessary to overawe the minds of men, and to restrain them from an atheistic career of crime: never perhaps, since the epoch of the Reformation, had the pardons and indulgences of the church being in greater demand: for many of her

most superstitious devotees were not distinguished, in their practice, from the most avowed and reckless voluptuaries. Even the higher orders of the clergy, who were the most conspicuous, on account of their station, were daily becoming more and more assimilated to the laity, in the flagrancy of their immorality.

The English Revolutions, and especially that of 1648, furnished topics of meditation to some who desired change; and the Revolution in America had but recently attracted the attention of mankind. These signal instances of innovation were not merely regarded as accidental derangements in the machinery of the political world:—they were in the minds of many connected with theory. Philosophy was not a poetic dream; nor were its ideas confined to mere speculation. Such writers as Helvetius, Montesquieu, Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and Rousseau, were read and studied; but these men were not more the creators of a certain altered state of the public mind, than its creatures: they were as much its organs as its authors. Men of every rank and profession wished for change, and all France sighed for a new order of things.

Under such circumstances, did Louis XVI. ascend the throne of his ancestors, fifteen years before the great crisis, which ultimately led to his untimely end. During this period, all the discordant materials which produced the final event were con-

tinually coming into closer and closer contact. The seeds of infidelity and atheism had been deeply sown, especially among the higher classes; a feverish and restless impatience for new and untried schemes took possession of men's minds; the great were jealous of each other's influence; the inferior nobles envied those above them, and were indignant at the unbounded revelry and profligacy in which the latter were able to indulge; and many of the higher nobility felt themselves keenly wounded in reflecting on the monopoly of their privileges by the crown, which had long professed to be only another name for 'the State.' The different orders of men in the church, and in the law, contributed their part, also, to augment the mass of conflicting elements; manifesting a spirit of mutual hostility, and eagerly desiring any change whatever that might conduce to their interests.

Among the people in general, the exciting causes were such as made a more immediate appeal to their wants and distresses. They longed to be delivered from taxes and oppressions; and, no more beguiled by the splendour of spectacles, and the magnificence of the great, they were incensed at beholding the luxury and extravagance that reigned in the palace and the château, while, in their own wretched hovels there was nothing but famine and misery. The strange admixture of Romish superstition with gross corruption of manners, both in church and state, brought religion

into contempt, and taught many to regard it as a mere ceremony, and useful only as a political engine. Nor were there wanting numbers of desperadoes, who amidst the general degeneracy, having nothing to lose, were anxiously looking for some grand political convulsion, in order that they might have the opportunity of profiting by the universal confusion, and of throwing the reins on the neck of every evil passion.

Louis himself was naturally humane; and his intentions were generous. His honesty, and benevolence, and mildness, merited a better fate than he was destined to suffer: but he had neither the intellectual, nor the moral energies, which the crisis demanded. Though his mind was filled with lofty ideas of kingly power,—in the administration he was never more than an instrument; he was not adapted to be its presiding genius. In quiet times, and among a people in different circumstances, he might have acted his part on the stage of royalty without blame, and even with a share of popularity: but he was not the spirit that could guide the storm, nor ward off from the throne of his ancestors the revolution which they had left him, as a fatal inheritance; and with the ruin of that throne he fell.

In the commencement of his reign, the call for the reform of abuses sounded like thunder around the palace, and some beneficial changes were

granted; but Louis was the tool of the court, and the court gave but little of that reform, of which much was demanded. The Queen and her *coterie* were extravagant and unpopular; her influence over the King was made subservient to the ambition of the great; and she and her party, in the midst of the luxury and dissipation of fêtes, made and unmade the ministers of the crown. The most antagonist principles were at work: the court was slumbering on the brink of a volcano, dreaming of the grandeur and the absolutism of former reigns: the thoughts of the people were all tending to innovation; and they were not without an abettor. In the history of France it will be found that some prince of the reigning dynasty has frequently placed himself in the foreground of the popular interests. At the beginning of the Revolution, the Duke of Orleans became patron of the low party.

A considerable portion of the clergy, and of the nobility, had enrolled themselves under the banner of philosophy; and the new ideas which during the reign of Louis XIV. had found a safety-valve in epigrams, and *jeux d'esprit*, and had successfully struggled for a more developed existence from the press,* under Louis XV., now became fixed principles of thought, and topics of animated and earnest conversation.

The elements of a more organised opposition to

* Particularly in the case of the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique.*

the existing state of things, and a rallying point for reformers which gave dignity to their cause, were to be found in the parliaments. These courts of judicature, which had preserved the ancient function of registering the royal edicts before they became law, were consequently the natural moderators of the regal power; and sensible of the want of a firm basis for a privilege in itself so important, and yet of so little avail against an arbitrary sovereign, they courted the popular favour for their support.

Such was the condition of France during the years that preceded the Revolution. At length, in the ruined state of the finances, a royal edict was issued for a new loan of between three and four millions sterling. The Parliament of Paris remonstrated, and the King discovered his resentment at their boldness. It became necessary to have some public body to appeal to, more compliant than the parliament, and, on the 13th of January 1787, Calonne, the minister, convoked the ASSEMBLY OF NOTABLES, or principal persons, from all parts of the country, selected by the King himself. This body had last met in 1626, under Louis XIII., when it was called together to serve the purposes of Richelieu.

The Notables met on the 22nd of February, and Calonne proposed to them a plan of taxation which was to include the nobles, the clergy, and the ma-

gistrates, who had hitherto been exempt. The privileged orders determined to let France sink with the millstone of the debt about her neck, rather than make any attempt to restore public confidence, by bearing their proportionate share in the burdens of the state: Calonne resigned, and Loménie de Brienne entered on office, with the alarming fact before him, reported by the Notables, that there was an annual deficiency in the revenue of nearly six millions sterling, and a debt of fifty millions, up to 1786. The Notables were dissolved, and the convocation of the States-General was now talked of. The report of the plan for assembling this body, which had previously been insisted on by the parliament, ran like an electric shock through all orders of the community, and excited a still higher flush of expectation among the people, than that which had followed the convoking of the Notables.

The English republican Henry Neville, in his *Plato Redivivus*, published in 1681, during the reign of Louis XIV., had predicted the decline of the French monarchy whenever the King himself should cease to dazzle the nation with the meteor light of military glory, and it should become necessary to assemble the States-General, which consisted of deputies elected by the three estates, the nobility, the clergy, and the people at large. They had not met since 1614,—so truly did Louis XIV.

express the spirit of the Bourbon kings, when he said 'I am the State.' The court was compelled, against its will, after a year's struggle, to convoke the States for May 1789; and the nobles and higher clergy, fearful of the popular pretensions to liberty and equality, viewed the measure with jealousy and alarm.

Necker, who was now minister, hoped to bring about a peaceable transition from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy; and he called together a *second* assembly of the Notables, in order, if possible, to double the number of deputies that should be elected from the *tiers-état*, or commons, to compose the States-General. The Notables would not sanction the extension of the popular principle; and Necker persuaded Louis to issue an *arrêt*, granting that the representation of the commons should be made equal to that of the nobility and the clergy together.

In the principal cities of France, and especially in Paris, clubs were now formed, in which politics became the theme of declamation and dispute; and the merits of the King, the ministers, the nobles, and the clergy, were freely and violently discussed. Blood was shed on the 28th of April 1789, in a fierce conflict between the mob and the military, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in consequence of a tumult which arose from a report that a wealthy manufacturer in that quarter was an

enemy to the *tiers-état*;—also that he had reduced his workmen's wages.

One of the first acts of Necker, on his being recalled to the premiership and the finance, was the restoration of the Parliament of Paris, which, for its refusal to register the taxes that had been proposed by Calonne, had been exiled to Troyes. The parliament sought to obtain from the King an equal distribution of taxation among all orders of the state, the liberty of the press, and the discontinuance of the obnoxious *lettres de cachet*, or secret warrants, by means of which almost any act of despotism might be accomplished without assigning a reason. The STATES-GENERAL, who were to remedy all evils, opened their session, the first time for a hundred and seventy-five years, on the 5th of May, after the elections had produced the greatest excitement throughout the kingdom; and the government allowed this crisis to arrive without having attempted to frame any grand remedial measures; while the Queen's court had occupied itself in deciding what costume each estate was to wear during the sittings: and to mark its contempt for the *tiers-état*, the master of the ceremonies was made to give orders that they should wear the *chapeau clabaud*,* or slouched flapping hat, without band or loop.

The States met at the palace of Versailles, in

* *Clabaud* signifies a clown.

the vast hall called *la Salle des Menus*, which was decorated with all the splendour of the old regime; and the nobility and clergy figured in all the pride of plumes, and gold, and ecclesiastical pomp; while the unhappy Louis, from a magnificent throne, opened the sitting by a speech in which he censured the popular enthusiasm for innovation, pointed out the situation of France, and recommended unity to the three orders: he then sat down amidst applauses. It was a moment of joy and hope:—but the Revolution had begun.

Disputes arose respecting the manner of voting, the nobles and the clergy contending for the vote by *orders*, and not by individual numbers, each order previously arranging its vote according to its own majority. The commons refused to be thus extinguished, and they declined taking any part in public business on this principle. A month spent in delay had given time for the *tiers-état* to be borne up by the increasing tide of popular opinion; and, led on by Malouet, Mirabeau, Sièyes, and Le Grand,—and countenanced by several deputies who had left the order of the clergy, the *tiers-état*, on the 17th of June, assumed the name of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, whose grand object was the formation of a constitution.

From this moment, the King and the commons were at open hostilities, and that struggle, destined to be so tremendous, had at length begun which

had long been impending between the human mind in its increased developement, and the inveterate abuses of the government,—despotism and prodigality, a throne based on the wrecks of the feudal system, a haughty aristocracy, a court which had long been a gilded sink of iniquity, a clergy under whose sway the moral principle of the nation had become almost extinct, while war was regarded as the chief glory,—a religion which had laid open Christianity itself, the only safeguard of human passions, to the attacks of a licentious infidelity.

It was in vain that Louis commanded the commons to dissolve, and afterwards ordered the nobility and clergy to unite with them, in order to neutralise their acts,—the arm of kingly power was already paralysed. The King refused to withdraw the assembling troops; Necker, the popular and well-intentioned minister, was dismissed; and the next day, July 12th, tumult and confusion reigned through Paris, and continued for three days. On the 14th, the mob obtained arms from the *Hôtel des Invalides*, and after a sanguinary conflict of four hours, the obnoxious fortress-prison, the Bastille, was stormed. Lafayette was now universally chosen to command the national guard. The unfortunate King went to Paris, and amidst loud applauses received the tri-colored cockade from Bailly, the president of the Assembly. Necker was recalled; and the first scene of popular insurrection ended.

The feudal rights of the privileged orders were formally abolished by the Assembly; and Louis was declared to be the 'Restorer of the Liberties of France;' nevertheless, during the months of August and September, the popular excitement was not calmed:—the disease of the body-politic had too far advanced, and the inefficient and extorted remedies came beyond the eleventh hour. The infatuated conduct of the court, moreover, did but exasperate the mischief; for at their banquet at Versailles, the national cockade was contemptuously trampled under foot. On the 5th of October the national guard could no longer control the people, and many thousands, chiefly women, instigated immediately by want, raised the cry, 'Bread! bread!—to Versailles!' After horrid scenes of blood, the bemaddened furies consented to return to Paris, only on condition of being accompanied by the King and Queen, who were compelled, on the 6th, to set off to the Tuileries, amidst shouts of '*Vive le Roi!*' The National Assembly followed the King to Paris on the 19th; and by this time the storm had become so alarming, that many of the privileged orders fled from it to other countries.

The Assembly, among other decrees, pronounced the estates of the church to be national property; religious orders were suppressed; the arbitration of war and peace was declared to belong to the

Assembly; and all distinctions of rank were abolished. The *Fédération* of July 14th, 1790, seemed for a moment to give the promise of peace; for on this day, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, a vast assembly met in the Champ de Mars, and the King, followed by the other authorities, took an oath of fidelity to the new Constitution which had been decreed by the National Assembly. At this festival, all appeared unanimity, and good faith; and universal joy seemed to prevail. Affairs, however, soon resumed their former attitude: the court still sought to counteract the revolution; while its friends were not less active in maintaining it.

On the 20th of June, 1791, the King and the royal family, endeavoured to make their escape from the Tuileries, but they were overtaken in Lorraine, and brought back to Paris. The republican members of the Assembly now began openly to broach their doctrines; but the majority, with Lafayette and Bailly at their head, after spending three years in endeavouring to establish a constitutional monarchy, were not prepared for so entire a change. A second revolution was ripening, in opposition to the first, by the agency of the Club that had been accustomed to meet in the convent of the Jacobins; and agitation hourly increased in Paris. An immense multitude met in the Champ de Mars, to petition the Assembly to

dethrone the King, when the national guards were ordered to fire, and terror and death were dealt among the crowd. The mixed republican party, or Girondists, originally deputies from La Gironde, gained ground; and Danton, Brissot, Desmoulins, and others, were at their head. The term for the sitting of the National, or Constituent Assembly ended on the 30th of September, and unhappily for France they had previously agreed that no member of their body should form part of a second assembly.

The next body called the LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, elected according to the new laws, succeeded to the National Assembly, on the 1st of October. A Girondist ministry was now inevitable; and amidst the gathering storm of foreign war, they began to exchange the monarchy for a republic. The mob became the instrument of the most violent of the republicans; and the attacks of the 20th of June, and the 10th of August, 1792, on the Tuileries, gave the reins to democracy, and to forty days of anarchy. On the former of these two days, Louis was compelled to put on the cap of liberty, and to drink wine to the health of the nation. On the 10th of August, the miserable king was obliged to fly from his palace to the Assembly for protection, and after his departure scenes ensued at the contemplation of which humanity turns pale. A dreadful conflict took place between 1,200 of the

Swiss guards, and a mob of 10,000 of the people and national guards; the knell of death rung in the sound of the tocsin, amidst the cry 'to arms! to arms!' and the roar of cannon and musketry proclaimed destruction. A general massacre of the royal servants continued for two hours; nearly 800 of the Swiss guards were killed, after showering down a desperate fire on the mob; the palace and garden were one appalling scene of massacre and blood; heaps of mangled bodies were piled one on another in the Place du Carrousel, to the height of twenty feet. The flames from the burning barracks, the stench from the consuming dead, the scattered bodies stripped of their clothing, some still gasping as they lay amidst living men sunk in intoxication, and limbs separated from their bleeding trunks, filled up the dreadful scene.

The King was now suspended from his functions, and was imprisoned in the Temple, with the Queen, their son, and the Princess Elizabeth. It was from this time that the conflicting elements of human passion were aroused to their most furious and destructive energy. On the 2d of September, under the auspices of the infamous Danton, and the terrible committee of Public Safety, commenced the horrors attending the massacre of all the prisoners who had been accused of hostility to the existing state of things. These bloody orgies lasted for four days, during which, thousands of

defenceless beings were murdered, under all the circumstances of the most savage and atrocious barbarism. Danton had become a member of the 'Commune of Paris,' a self-elected body which had risen amidst the confusion that followed on the fall of the throne, and had attempted to seize the government. This party now succeeded in supplanting the Assembly, and assumed the reins of power, on the 21st of September, under the name of the NATIONAL CONVENTION. On their first day of meeting, royalty was declared to be eternally abolished in France; and the next day it was determined that all acts of state should be dated from this the *epoch of the Republic*. The chief parties in the Convention were the Girondists or Brissotines, and the Mountain party. Among the most celebrated of the Girondists, or the more moderate republicans, were Brissot and Condorcet: of the Mountainists, so called from the upper seats which they occupied in the hall, the chief leaders were the notorious Danton, Robespierre, Marat, and Collot d'Herbois.

The Girondists were anxious to punish the instigators of the massacre of the prisoners; but the Mountain party, supported by the clubs and by the mob, found means of defeating this object, and were always able to resist the strenuous attempts of the Girondists on behalf of the King, whose life the latter wished to spare, though they had

united in dethroning him. The Mountainists prevailed, and the unfortunate Louis was decapitated on the 21st of January, 1793.

The republicans had now to contend against a coalition of several of the European powers, including England; and a civil war broke out in La Vendée. Amidst the confusion of parties, and the contest for power, the country was divided, some holding with the Mountain party, others declaring for moderation; but the Girondists were no longer able to maintain their ground, and the Convention came under the dictation of the populace. The heads of the democracy seemed actuated by a frenzied desperation: arming themselves with fury, they sought to establish their authority by inspiring terror; and Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, ruled by the revolutionary tribunal and the guillotine.

During the progress and continuance of anarchy and bloodshed, endless dissensions and confusion arose, as was to be anticipated, among the fiendish leaders of the republic themselves — each being anxious to supplant the other, and determined to crush by a bloody despotism all who opposed. The Mountain party of the Convention had endeavoured to cloak their designs against the Girondists, and their aim at dictatorial power, by forming from their own partisans the *Comité de Salut Public*, on pretence of better providing for

the welfare of the republic. The Girondists were soon completely overpowered; and the Committee, with Robespierre at its head, obtained the ascendency over the Convention, and ruled the destiny of France for nine or ten months, with a series of executions and slaughters. Marat was assassinated by a woman, and Robespierre became master of the republic.

In 1793, the Queen, Marie-Antoinette, was beheaded; and soon afterwards the Duke of Orleans, and Louis's sister Elizabeth, were also brought to the block. This was the terrific reign of that atheism and sanguinary tyranny, which cast off all restraints human and divine, and perpetrated a series of atrocities scarcely to be paralleled in the history of nations. As though to remove every lingering sense of moral obligation, religion was wholly sacrificed to give place to atheism. Gobet, Archbishop of Paris, publicly renounced Christianity, a melancholy close to the career of Romanism, which had done so little to imbue the nation with moral principle. The churches were shut up; public worship was abolished; death was pronounced to be an endless sleep; and among other orgies that were substituted for religion, the festival of the goddess of reason was celebrated at Nôtre Dame. The revolutionary tribunal hurried its victims to the guillotine, untried and unheard. It was enough that their names

were on the daily list of the proscribed; and the summary nature of the process of extermination often produced mistakes in names, which caused the death of those who had not even been accused!

At Paris, Bourdeaux, Lyons, Nantes, Toulon, Arras, Strasburg, and many other places, the same appalling tragedies were acted; and the soil of France was steeped in the blood of her children, as it flowed from the scaffold,—or by the yet more wholesale slaughter of the sword,—the fusillade,—the grape-shot,—or by drowning, and various modes of death. The fury of the republicans was exasperated by the intrigues of the royalists, who hoped to profit by the spectacle that France presented to astonished Europe; and Robespierre declared that the system of terror was necessary to give strength to the government, and to consolidate the friends of the republic against domestic and foreign enemies. This cruel despot was himself but the instrument of the vilest scum of society, who, actuated by the love of plunder, and the most brutal passions, and having gained the mastery, were resolved to destroy all who did not go forward with the full tide of democracy. Prudhomme, himself a republican, estimates the number who perished in the butchery of the Revolution at considerably more than a million,—without including the massacres at Versailles, the Abbaye, the

Carmes, and other prisons,—the victims of Avignon, and of Bédoin,—nor those who were shot at Toulon and Marseilles, after the sieges of those cities.*

Amidst the collision of infuriated parties, the ringleaders of the republicans became successively the judges and the condemned; and Hébert, Danton, and many others, were guillotined. At length, after the commotions of the 9th Thermidor,† Robespierre, the dictator, himself, and one hundred and four others, shared the fate which they had inflicted on multitudes; and the most bloody scene of the Revolution ended. The Convention now received an infusion from the friends of order and constitutional government; and a number of the most violent democrats were executed. After a severe struggle of parties, during the progress of

* Prudhomme, *Victimes de la Revolution.*

Of the torrents of blood that were shed in Paris, during the 'Reign of Terror,' some idea may be formed from the statement of Riouffe, an eye witness, in his *Mémoires d'un Détenu.* Among other horrid details, he says: 'Déjà un aquéduc immense qui devoit voiturer du sang avoit été creusé à la place St. Antoine. Disons-le, quelque horrible qu'il soit de le dire, tous les jours le sang humain se puisoit par seaux, et quatre hommes étoient occupés, au moment de l'exécution à les vider dans cet aquéduc.'

† July 27, 1794. On the fall of the regal power, the republican date had been established: the names of the months were changed; they were all made equal in length, and five days were added; the Sabbath was abolished, and the week was made to consist of ten days.

which even the advocates for royalty began to take courage, a new constitution was prepared; and on the 13th Vindémiaire,* after more blood had been shed in a civil commotion in Paris, the government was appointed to consist of two representative bodies called Councils, and an Executive of five persons, to be called THE DIRECTORY, which held its first sitting on the 28th of October 1795. From this time the tide of revolution began to turn, and continued to ebb, with fluctuations, until it subsided into a monarchy without the name.

The Directory found, at home, a bankrupt exchequer, and civil discord; and, abroad, powerful enemies,—yet the French republic, liberated from the dictation of secret committees and communal factions, was able to maintain itself amidst the remaining elements of disorganisation; and the astonishing successes that had all along attended the French arms abroad, while revolutions had rapidly succeeded each other at home, threw a warlike glory around the republic, which, in process of time, prepared the way for its transformation into nothing less than a military despotism. But at present, the contests for power still continued, though in a different manner from before. There were now more conspiracies, and fewer

* 4th October 1795.

tumults and riots:—but these plots, whether royal, or hyper-democratical, were in general detected and defeated.

In 1797, however, the revolution of the 18th Fructidor,* as it is called, took place, in consequence of a collision between the legislative and the executive powers. The Council of Five Hundred gave indications of being in the way to a counter-revolution, and in the South of France the renewed hopes of the royalists occasioned fresh disturbances and massacres. Another crisis seemed impending, and the Directory, by calling in the aid of the army, re-established their power. That the times were altered for the better, was shown by the punishment that was inflicted on the deputies who were obnoxious to the men in power:—they were banished from France.

By the spring of 1799, Jacobinism had again recruited its strength; the clubs revived; and the elections were influenced by the reaction. Defeat had in some instances overtaken the French arms:—this was an unpopular contemplation. The Directory also became divided, Moulin and Gohier being strenuous republicans, while Sièyes, Barras, and Roger-Ducos, were inclined to the concentration of power. The speedy dissolution of the Directorial Government became evident; and every

* 4th September.

remnant of what could be regarded as constitutional authority was expiring. Appearances held out the apprehension that the spirit of the revolution might again be evoked to fury, and might riot afresh over a new scene of disorganisation and anarchy:—but the destinies of France were now to be wielded by another hand, the heterogeneous elements of discord and confusion to be repressed by a new power, and the reins of government were about to be held in a mightier grasp.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, of a family of rank in Corsica, had in early life entered the French army, and in the insurrection of the Sections of Paris, on the celebrated 13th Vindémiaire, the victory obtained by the Convention was attributed to the military skill of this young officer, then twenty-six years of age. A few months afterwards, he was appointed General in Chief of the army that was destined to fight the battles of the republic in Italy, and to oppose the existing coalition of half Europe against France.

His campaign in Italy was one continued series of splendid victories, obtained with a rapidity that produced the most enthusiastic admiration in France, and spread his name through Europe. After compelling the Continental Powers to make

peace with the Republic, he returned to Paris, having been absent a year and a half, and was loaded with honours:—but he aspired after something more. The Directory dreaded his popularity, trembled for their own power, and resolved to amuse the ambitious General by proposing to him the invasion of England. The 'Army of England,' however, was destined for Egypt; and Bonaparte, who saw that France was scarcely ripe for his wishes, accepted the command; and the thunder of his arms, which had recently been heard beyond the Alps, now re-echoed from the Pyramids of the Nile.

After gaining new victories, and organising a republican government for Egypt, he left the expedition, previously to the final successes of the English in that country, and hastened back to France, where his journey from Fréjus to Paris was one continual triumph. The time was come for a decisive movement towards that object which had long filled his imagination, and the effort was successful.

France was torn by factions; civil war raged once more in the west; the finances were in a state of ruin; the Directory was feeble; many of the Council of Five Hundred desired the public good, but they were divided, and could not govern the turbulent elements that again portended storm. The Directory received Bonaparte with shyness, and wished

once more to honour him with *fêtes*, and then to send him again into the field with a new command; but they had to do with a man who was something more than a mere soldier,—one who understood his position, and had resolved to take advantage of it. The demand for a change in the government was universal; and the favourite General was visited by some of all parties.

Those republicans who possessed the most of patriotism hoped to find in him a Washington, while the royalists dreamed of another Monk; but Bonaparte had harangued his soldiers in Egypt on the glory of the Roman arms, and he breathed more of Cæsar; he had acquired immense popularity by his military talents, and his thoughts were rather those of Cromwell. The virtues of a Washington would have found no settled basis on which to act, amid the ever-shifting sands of revolution, and it required a more iron-handed grasp to restrain the yet stormy elements:—nor would it have been possible for kingly state to have found security where the throne had been so completely razed to the ground, and all things were so changed. The only curb strong enough to rein in the still restless spirit of the revolution, was a military despotism under the name of a republic.

Sièyes was the grand mover on behalf of Bonaparte, in overturning the constitution of the year III., or the government of the Directory. Talley-

rand, Fouché, Lucien Bonaparte, and most of the generals then at Paris, were united in the plot. Fears were entertained respecting the Council of Five Hundred, and the democracy of the Faux-bourgs of Paris; but the Council of the Ancients decreed the removal of the representatives to St. Cloud, and gave to Bonaparte the command of the armed force. The two Councils opened their respective sittings on the 18th Brumaire, the 9th of November, 1799; and while confusion reigned in the Assembly, and a strong outcry arose against a '*dictatorship*,' Bonaparte suddenly appeared at the door of the hall, with the bristling bayonets of his victorious troops in his train. This roused the Assembly to indignation; and amidst reproaches and shouts of *à bas, à bas le dictateur!—mourons à notre poste!—vive la république!—vive la constitution!—à bas!—à bas!* Bonaparte, who had been accustomed to head armies amidst showers of balls, is said to have turned pale, and to have fallen, as in a swoon, into the arms of his soldiers. Encouraged, however, by his brother Lucien, by Sièyes, and by his generals, he adhered to the design of supplanting the existing government; and the Council of Five Hundred were dispersed by the troops, in the name of 'General Bonaparte.'

The deputies who were favourable to his views were immediately re-assembled; and by them the Directorial Government was abolished, and a Con-

SULATE appointed consisting of Napoleon Bonaparte, Sièyes, and Roger-Ducos. The two Councils of the Directory gave place to legislative commissions, whose office it was to frame the Consular Constitution, which was no other than an absolute government. A Senate was formed consisting of a Tribunate of one hundred, and a Legislative Body of three hundred; whose nomination, and whose functions, were under the immediate influence of the Consuls. In a few weeks, Sièyes and Roger-Ducos, became members of the Senate; and Cambacères and Lebrun were now the colleagues of Bonaparte, the FIRST CONSUL. But in this triumvirate, the head completely governed the inferior members; for the two Consuls had power only to give their *advice* to the first, as little more than his ministers.

The new Constitution was enthusiastically received by the French, when formally submitted to them; and Bonaparte was in full march towards absolute power. Political societies were forbidden; the number of journals was limited; a censorship of the press was instituted; and an active and watchful police was organised. Whatever discontents all this occasioned, it was readily submitted to by the nation at large: for the French had no idea of genuine political freedom; or if they had once caught a glimpse of it, all was lost in the fierce tyranny which after a time had be-

come the evil genius of the Revolution. Military glory, moreover, was the national passion; and this destructive kind of vanity Bonaparte was but too well able to gratify. The Consulate was established, in November 1799; and in less than three years, Bonaparte was made Consul for life, having previously been appointed for ten years. His power increased, and on the 2d of December, 1804, he became Emperor of the French.

Such was the rise of a man, who, for fifteen years, kept the world in agitation and astonishment; for his name, and his extraordinary achievements on the disastrous arena of arms, were known, and inspired terror, wherever modern civilisation had facilitated the intercourse of mankind; and were a sort of watchword of alarm, on the lips both of childhood and of age. Emerging like a comet from the chaos of the French revolution, he soon attracted the eyes of all to the portentous prodigy which he presented to view, as he overshadowed yet more and more of the political horizon, and advanced to the perihelion of his power, with a movement that confounded all ordinary calculation by its rapidity, disturbed all the stars of the political hemisphere in their orbits, hurled many down from their places, swept away ancient dynasties, and changed the geography of Europe.

The series of victories by which, during this period, he dazzled France and convulsed the world,

were connected with events—such as had not been witnessed in the modern history of nations. The thrones which had stood for ages, like the granite masses of the primitive mountains, were shaken to their foundations, as with the shocks of so many successive earthquakes; and many of them fell in ruins, as the mighty conqueror strode from capital to capital, and brought the astonished monarchs to his footstool. His genius was so prompt and decisive in executing the designs of his gigantic ambition, that to him plan and action were the same; or were separated by so short an interval, that they resembled the lightning and thunder of the storm, whose bolt is dealt in rapid and destructive succession, over extensive and distant tracts.

During the height of his ascendency, Europe was no longer the same Europe which it had been till the last years of the eighteenth century; crowns and sceptres were but a part of the machinery of his government, by the bestowment of which he sought to consolidate his power. The history of one quarter of the globe became a warlike romance; and in the astounding drama of the political world, the great enchanter presented one scene after another, in which not only ancient thrones were crumbled to dust, but new ones arose like fairy creations at his bidding,—while the throne from which he himself gave law, cast its shadow more or less broad and deep, from the Ural mountains to the pillars of Hercules, and

from the Illyrian provinces, and the Mediterranean, to the Arctic circle, and the shores of the Baltic.

It was his military fame, already acquired in the republican armies, that had enabled him to seize the helm of government, while the surges left behind by the terrific storm that had desolated France, still violently agitated the vessel of the state. France had armed against her the ancient dynasties of Europe, and a field was thrown open for the warlike talents of Bonaparte. His surprising successes in Italy, against the Austrians, had given an impulse to his own ambition, and held him up to France as a hero. The next year, Germany was the seat of war, and Bonaparte and his co-generals had taken possession of the greater part of the territory between the Adriatic and the frontiers of Bohemia.

The opening of another year had seen him again reaping the disastrous laurels of victory, amid the monuments of the dominion of ancient Rome, and against the forces of the Pope; and the conqueror had dictated a humiliating peace to *him*, whose predecessors in the chair of St. Peter could boast that monarchs had acted as their grooms, when they rode in state through the adoring crowds. The Alps had next witnessed the march of the modern Hannibal, to compel Austria to accept of a treaty which gave her Netherland provinces to

France, and erected the Northern States of Italy into the Cisalpine Republic. Thus did Bonaparte silence for a time the thunders of war that had opened from various quarters on France; which was now at peace with all Europe, excepting Great Britain, after having vanquished Holland, overthrown the Venetian States, crushed the independence of Italy, and weakened the power of Austria.

The Egyptian expedition, which next followed, though ostensibly designed to chastise the turbulent Beys, and to re-establish the power of the Grand Signior, was a war of conquest; and Alexandria and Cairo speedily fell before the French general, who now had the address to retreat from impending disasters, and to seize the helm of government in France.

Bonaparte was scarcely invested with the Consular power, when, aware of the effect produced on the French by the renown of victory, he was once more in arms. He crossed the Alps; and success again attended his career, and that of his generals, against the Austrians; who were so crushed at Marengo and Hohenlinden, that the German emperor, to save himself from ruin, consented to the Treaty of Luneville, after a campaign of forty days.

The increase of military glory did but inspire the modern Cæsar with a more intense passion for

arbitrary power; and he who had saved the Revolution *without*, was regarded by the republicans as its destroyer within; while the royalists saw everything but as dross that was not stamped with legitimacy. The attempts that were made against the life of the First Consul, only produced a reaction still more unfavourable to freedom; and, in 1801, about a hundred and thirty individuals were at once expatriated: nor did innocence, though proved by the discovery of the real conspirators, avail to save the accused from banishment to the burning plains of Guiana, the 'Equinoctial France.' In the mean time, the priests, and other emigrants, were recalled; and, by a *concordat* with the Pope, the Catholic religion was re-established in all its pomp; and in almost all its pretensions,—excepting its relations with the government, and its exclusion of toleration: for every form of worship was protected, and special care was taken to subordinate the triple crown to the Consular fasces; and to keep the Pope from exercising any independent, or really co-ordinate power.

The peace of Amiens between Great Britain and France, in 1802, hushed for a short period the storm of war; and the repose of Europe gave to the great military Chief, the opportunity of still further assimilating the curule chair to the imperial throne. Bonaparte was now Consul for life, with the right of nominating his successor. He could,

by the Constitution, create senators at his pleasure, and this subservient body had power to reform the laws, manage the elections, annul the acts of the authorities, and even the judgments of the tribunals, as well as to suspend the jury:—such was the absolute domination of the hero of the Revolution!—such the civil prostration of France! There was industry, and commerce, and public credit:—magnificent monuments of art and civilisation reared themselves to the honour of the Consulate:—a comprehensive code of civil legislation, immortalised the age, and carried equity into all the relations of society:—everything was secure but that which gave umbrage to despotism—there was everything but liberty.

The power of France at this period was immense. In addition to her former territory, she reckoned as her own the Netherlands, Germany west of the Rhine, Geneva, Savoy, and Piedmont. The Consul was President of the Cisalpine Republic, which included the Milanese, and a large portion of the Venetian territories; the duchies of Mantua, Parma, and Modena; and some of the former possessions of the Papal See. The Ligurian republic had no greater independence: and Tuscany was a vassal monarchy. Spain was the same, under the flattering title of an ally. Holland, also, was in chains to France; and the Swiss Republics possessed little more than the name of a national

existence, and could not call the Alps their own. Austria had seen her armies routed, and she was alarmed and humbled: Prussia had shown subserviency: all Germany, and the princes of the Holy Roman Empire, were overawed: Russia was passive: and there was not a Continental Power, whose politics were not influenced more or less by those of France, or which did not look with apprehension to that quarter of the horizon, in which the dreaded vision of her rapid eagles,—her veteran armies,—and her triumphant Dictator, might be expected to appear. Britain alone, enthroned on her own seas, amid the wreck of nations, and secure under the protection of the Almighty, was able to lift a front of defiance to this gigantic and still waxing dominion.

The dispute respecting Malta again roused the tocsin of war between France and England, in 1803; and Hanover and Osnaburgh were soon taken possession of by Bonaparte. Another plot against the Consul caused imprisonment, banishment, and death; and the Prince de Condé, Duc d'Enghien, suffered under the charge of being at the head of a band of conspirators. At length Bonaparte received the title of Emperor from the Tribunate, in which body, the only perishing shadow that remained of constitutional liberty, the last faint echo of the voice of the Republic was heard, in the objections of Carnot, Lambrecht, and Gré-

goire :—and now, amidst the acclamations of France, a hereditary throne, prouder and more despotic than that of the Bourbons, is seen planted on the disjointed fragments of several successive revolutions; and those who, five years before, declared they would 'die for the Republic,' now rend the air with shouts of *Vive Napoléon, Empereur des Français!* But, in some respects, the change was not so great as at first view it might appear; for it was but a speedy transition from one form of despotism to another: and however the door to rational freedom might still be closed, there would seem to be little room for deliberation in choosing between the reign of a military sovereign like Bonaparte, and that of Robespierre, or of the Sans-Culottes of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The public feeling had so altered, that the ancient pile of Nôtre Dame, which had, a few years ago, resounded to the infatuated orgies of democracy and atheism, now beheld the pomp of a more than regal coronation, when Rome sent Pius VII. to anoint Napoleon with the consecrated oil. France, ever vain, and regarding the splendour of her monarchs as that of every one of her children, was reconciled to an approach towards the old régime. There were now marshals, and princes of the Empire; a grand almoner, imperial chaplains, and a confessor. The clergy, in general, worshipped the ascending sun of power, with a servile reverence,

which significantly told that the time was gone by when potentates might be excommunicated,—and that now the church had become the creature of the throne. The relics of the ancient court gave to the new scene an air of legitimacy; but, at the same time, contrasted strangely with the *novi homines* of the military and senatorial *noblesse*. The Tribunate was abolished, the press, and personal liberty, were subjected to more stringent laws, state-prisons were re-established, imperial decrees were issued,—and the ghost of Liberty had vanished.

After a vain threat to England, Napoleon placed himself at the head of 200,000 men, to put down the third coalition of the European powers; and this campaign was another series of triumphs. In two months, Suabia, Franconia, and Bavaria, were overrun, and the French Emperor entered Vienna; and a fortnight afterwards again totally routed the combined hosts of Austria and Russia. He was acknowledged King of Italy, and the Electoral Princes to whom he had given thrones, were recognised by the German emperor. Napoleon's brother Joseph was created King of Naples; Louis, King of Holland; and the Empress Josephine's son became Viceroy of Italy: Murat was made Grand Duke of Berg; and Berthier Prince of Neuchâtel. Napoleon assumed the title of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine: Austria was prostrate at his feet;

and, in 1806, Francis II. was obliged to renounce the title of Emperor of Germany. In another campaign, not less successful than the former, the Prussian armies were almost annihilated, the power of the monarchy crushed, and Berlin occupied by French troops. Soon afterwards, Poland was the seat of war, and the Russians were defeated at Pultusk. Europe once more breathed at the peace of Tilsit, except Sweden, which was soon reduced to terms. Jerome Bonaparte, and the Elector of Saxony, were made kings; and Russia and Prussia joined France in the commercial blockade against England.

Napoleon had now reached the zenith of his power; and France, astounded and enraptured at the greatness to which he had raised her, forgot all thoughts of freedom; while she conferred on her master the epithet of *le Grand*. The last secret sparks of liberty seemed extinguished by the surges of the national pride, and by the full tide of military fame; and all the factions had vanished. But the brilliancy of this meridian glory was not destined to be of long duration. Insatiable ambition, and the intoxication of power, no longer preserved even the semblance of truth or justice; and war became only the expression of the arbitrary will of the mighty despot of Europe.

Yet the world was still, for a time, to be struck with wonder at new achievements. The Prince

Regent of Portugal fled to the Brazils from before the French arms. Madrid was occupied by the imperial legions, and Charles IV. ceded the crown of Spain and the Indies to Bonaparte, who treacherously placed his own brother Joseph on the throne. This led to a sanguinary war, the beginning of disasters to the great tyrant, and which after six years terminated with his fall. Renewed hostilities with Austria ended once more in her complete humiliation; and Spain alone remained the eyesore of ambition. The Pope was suspected of intrigue against the imperial power, and being menaced in his capital, began to hurl at Bonaparte the spent and idle thunders of the Vatican; but they recoiled upon St. Peter's chair. The Pope was dethroned, and held prisoner in France; and the Roman states were annexed to her territory.

The star of Napoleon's destiny, however, was about to set, and to be finally combust in its own fires. 'His ambition became an instinct, which led him to trample on all opposing interests, whether sacred or profane. Josephine, the guardian angel of his throne, the moderator of his schemes, and the object of his real love, was sacrificed to the policy of founding the fourth dynasty of France, the house of Napoleon, that was to reign over a second Carlovingian empire. Josephine was repudiated, and, amidst the crowd of royal and imperial princesses, Marie-Louise, the daughter of hum-

bled Austria, was chosen, in 1810, to fill the throne of her unfortunate aunt, Marie-Antoinette. The French empire, about this period, comprehended Holland, Belgium, part of Germany, and of Switzerland, and all Italy; and Napoleon reigned absolutely over forty-three millions:—but henceforth, his history became a series of reverses.

He formed the design of reducing Russia, and giving law from the ancient palace of the Czars. Untaught by the example of Charles XII. of Sweden, he ventured on a winter campaign, amidst the snows and ices of the north, with an army of half a million, composed of sixteen nations. Moscow was fired by its inhabitants, and Bonaparte, with a portion of his troops, rode through its deserted streets, amidst the flames that on every side glared upon him, as a fiend in human shape, the curse of humanity, and the demon of all the horrors that reigned around. The fighting retreat, through whirlwinds of snow, and all the rigors of a Russian winter, completed the work of carnage and misery; and at least half a million of human beings perished in a hundred and seventy days, to gratify the infernal lust of power, which remorselessly converted the whole region of its march into a theatre of blood, and crime, and misery,—presenting one of the darkest and most appalling tragedies that war ever exhibited on the earth!

The failure of this expedition was connected with disaffection and plot at home; and France herself began to perceive, that in consequence of the gigantic ambition of her military despot, she was under the ban of Europe, being regarded as the centre from which emanated all its miseries.

The time was come for the downfall of Bonaparte. Deserted by several of his allies, he entered on another campaign, with a new army, and the Russians and Prussians were compelled to retreat towards Silesia. The Emperor of Austria, seeing that his son-in-law was not sincerely disposed to peace, from a mediator became an enemy; and the war was attended with various fortunes, till at the battle of Leipsic, in October 1813, the French were completely routed by the Allies; who, amidst surrounding revolutions, all tending to the dismemberment of the French empire, began to enter France. Bonaparte, with a legislative body contrary to his views, and a staff of officers on whom he could not depend, endeavoured in vain to rouse the French nation to arms; and after contending for three months against a million of enemies, he was deposed, on the 2nd of April, 1814; and the military despotism of nearly fifteen years, received its death-blow, preparatory to its last convulsive struggle, the following year, at Waterloo.

Such was the fall of a man, who, far from being by nature a Nero, or a Caligula, was still his own

god; and was prepared, without pity, to sacrifice millions, as a holocaust to his ambition; and to resort to hypocrisy, impiety, and acts of barbarism, if these were deemed necessary to accomplish his ends. He was the means of unsettling those ancient fabrics of civil and ecclesiastical legitimacy, that have checked the march of human improvement; and his extraordinary career, though in itself so despotic, has been productive, on the whole, of the advancement of freedom, the grand basis of every other social benefit.—History is fraught with melancholy examples of the moral disorder in the constitution of man which has produced all his woes: —the only consolation is, that if evil is permitted, out of it good may be educed.

LETTER XXI.

Paris — Messageries — Situation, and general appearance — The Seine—Bridges—Quays—Extent—Mode of numbering houses —Camera Obscura—Views from the Bridges—Purity of the atmosphere—Want of planted squares—Barrières—Boulevards —Passion for amusement — French character — Execution— Effect of events—Palais des Thermes—Palais Royal—Tuileries —Place de Carrousel—The Louvre—Place Vendôme—Place Louis Quinze—Magnificence—Arc de l'Etoile—Hôtel des Invalides—Churches—Nôtre Dame, etc.—The Luxembourg— Bourse—Jardin du Roi—The Pantheon—Gobelins—Glaces— Revolution of 1830.

My dear Friend:—On reaching Paris at three o'clock in the morning, we soon found ourselves at the *Messagerie Générale*, one of those spacious areas, surrounded by numerous *bureaux*, from which diligences set off to all the surrounding countries of Europe: and the traveller who wishes to go to Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, or

Belgium, or to embark for England, is directed by the names of these countries, which he sees over the office-doors, where to apply.

It is usual in France for the conductor's fee to be included in what is paid for the fare; which is stated in the receipt that is given securing the places: and as our luggage was but slightly inspected, and every facility for obtaining porters and coaches was at hand, there was little cause of delay, and a short time sufficed to establish us at the *Hôtel de Lille*, near the Palais Royal.

The situation of Paris may in some respects be compared with that of London, the most important part being north of the Seine, though there is an immense population on the south side. The calcareous hill of *Montmartre*, is the Highgate, or Hampstead, of Paris, being on the north, and the most elevated ground in the environs; it is however a more immediate suburb, and is too near to command a very advantageous view. The neighbourhood of the Tuileries, and the *Faubourg St. Germain*, may be regarded as the Westminster of the French metropolis,—as including the seat of royalty, and partly that of government, with the mansions of the nobility and gentry, and lying on the western side.

The general appearance of Paris, as compared with that of London, in regard to the width, cleanliness, elegance, and beauty of the streets, and the accommodation for foot-passengers, cannot fail to

strike the Englishman, as incomparably to the disadvantage of the French capital. The narrowness of the streets, and of the *trottoir*, or pavement, in most places, and the multitudes of fiacres, omnibuses, and carts, which are all in motion together in such confined spaces, render it almost impracticable for ladies to walk about Paris, especially if the weather has been at all wet. The houses are built of stone, and are very lofty, not unlike those of the Old Town in Edinburgh; and, as in that city, they are frequently inhabited by a number of different families. You often find, when a great gateway is accidentally opened, as you are passing by, that a very splendid mansion is entirely concealed from view by a dead wall, giving the idea of its having been erected in a prospective regard to the dangers of war, or of revolution.

The *Seine* appears utterly insignificant to a Londoner who has been accustomed to the ample tide of the noble Thames, with its forests of shipping, and the many superb bridges which are thrown across it, exhibiting triumphs of human ingenuity and skill which are scarcely to be exceeded in any of the works of art. The Seine is scarcely half the breadth of the Thames, has no shipping, and presents banks of mud which, in dry weather, have an effect far from agreeable. Nor is this river improved by the wash-houses of the *blanchisseuses* that border the water, though the floating baths are neat and elegant.

Of the eighteen or nineteen bridges, the *Pont Neuf* is the largest and most ancient; and the most imposing as you cross it is the *Pont Louis Seize*, so called from its having been commenced while that unhappy monarch still sat on the throne. This bridge is adorned with colossal statues of several of the great men of France, and leads from the magnificent Place Louis Quinze to the beautiful front of the Palais Bourbon. The reason why there are so many bridges is, that in the very heart of Paris there are three islands in the river, one of which, now called *La Cité*, is the site of *Lutetia*, the ancient capital of the *Parisii*, mentioned by Cæsar and Strabo. This name, as some suppose, was derived from the *lutum*, or mud, that abounded all over the neighbourhood, which Cæsar* describes as a perpetual marsh. Several of these bridges unite the islands with each other, and with the shores. On the principal one, the Pont Neuf, is a fine equestrian statue in bronze of Henry IV., with *bas-reliefs* on the pedestal, representing his humanity in supplying the Parisians with provisions, at the time when they were holding out against him, during the disastrous civil wars of the Catholic League.

The *Quais* of the Seine constitute one of the most striking features of Paris: they are raised on a deep embankment of stone, on both sides of the

* Bell. Gall. vii. 57.

river, but there is comparatively little traffic on them, and no ranges of warehouses lining the banks, as in London, where the vast piles of building along the shore, convey so powerful an impression of commercial greatness. In London, the banks of the river are too valuable to be employed for any thing but wharfs and warehouses, and the Thames, excepting when it is crossed, is scarcely seen by him who traverses the vast English metropolis: but in Paris, there is a considerable space between the terraces of building and the river, and the long quays form an agreeable public pathway, defended by a parapet wall.

The extent of the city along the Seine is computed to be more than four miles, and its greatest breadth from north to south, nearly the same. The mode of numbering the houses savours of the ingenuity of the French in matters of detail, and must sometimes be a convenience to those residents who are *au fait* at the system. If the numbers are black, and decreasing, you know that you are approaching the river,—if red and increasing, you are going parallel with the river, from east to west; and *vice versâ*. You are sometimes reminded of the quickness and cleverness of the French, by the most trifling things. If a man exhibits to you, on the *Pont des Arts*, the exquisitely finished picture formed by the *camera obscura*, of the gay and striking panorama around

you, he contrives to announce that the show is ended, by suddenly stepping out, and presenting on the parchment, as the last scene, a solitary figure of himself, with a style of bow, which an Englishman in the same station would scarcely be capable of imitating.

It is from one or two of the more western bridges, that some of the finest views in Paris are obtained, consisting of the lofty and immense piles of buildings which rear themselves on both sides of the Seine: on the left, the end of the royal palace of the Tuileries, the vast gallery of the Louvre, and a long line of other buildings beyond it; on the right the Palais Bourbon, the Institute, and the Mint,—forming with other magnificent edifices an extent of a mile in length, and terminated by the solid towers of Nôtre Dame. Though the views from the bridges are more confined than in our own metropolis, and have not the advantage of so great a number of spires and towers, yet the effect is grand and massy.

The quays form a scene of considerable animation and activity, which exhibits with its moving and motley groups, a specimen of all the varieties of Parisian life and rank. Palaces and shops, fruitsellers and bookstalls, soldiers and boatmen; the costume of the lower class, with caps white as snow, and the elegance of the Parisian *haut ton*; the young officer of Louis Philippe, and the vete-

ran, adorned with his orders, and carrying in his port somewhat of the aristocracy of war, having served under the First Consul: and while the industrious washerwomen are plying their task on the river, the quays above are lined with carts and carriages, among which may pass along, one, which, by its antique form and decorations, points back to the old régime, and recals the palmy days of Louis XIV.

The pure atmosphere of Paris allows everything to be seen in a clear and brilliant light, with that peculiar, angular, and well-defined appearance, which gives to objects so prominent a relief, and adds so much distinctness to the perspective. In consequence of the city being so free from smoke, the sky appeared to be as blue and clear as in the country; and from the top of the towers of Nôtre Dame, the perfect transparency of the air was remarkably striking. Whether this may be one cause of the elasticity and hilarity of feeling which the air here seems to inspire, may not be easy to determine; but certain it is, that, in Paris, you escape the Stygian smoke which pours forth from our coal fires in London.

With a smaller census than London, the central part of Paris conveys much more of the idea of confinement and immurement, as the population is more densely crowded together; and several of the Fauxbourgs have an air of discomfort

and meanness which is anything but inviting; but the Faubourg *St. Germain* contains handsome streets, and many of the *hôtels*, or mansions, of the nobility and gentry, and the whole neighbourhood of the Tuileries is exceedingly fine. You look in vain, however, to find the densely-crowded masses of houses relieved by those agreeable shrubberies, or little parks,—that delightful *rus in urbe*, with which the English capital so much abounds, in its numerous squares. Nor does the neighbourhood of Paris exhibit those elegant suburban villas, which adorn the spacious outlets of London. In the French capital the strange mixture of magnificence and meanness, strikes you at almost every turn, and you have sometimes to get to a splendid palace, or a noble church, through very narrow and disagreeable streets.

To prevent the evasion of the excise duty, Paris was surrounded, about fifty years ago, with a wall, which is just within the external Boulevards. The circumference of the city is about fifteen miles. A great number of *Barrières*, or gates, form the entrances, through this wall; many of which are very tasteful and ornamental structures.

But it is the interior *Boulevards* that constitute the feature which most redeems the general appearance of the streets of the French metropolis. These delightful public walks, now in the midst of the city,

occupy the site of the ancient ramparts, and are a memorial of the reign of Louis the XIVth. They surround the centre of the town, with a circumference of eight or nine miles, describing a rude circle, part of which becomes, on the south, for a considerable space, identical with that of the outer Boulevards. This line of wide road is truly magnificent, and is probably not to be paralleled in Europe. It is planted with ranks of trees, which divide the central part from the broad and commodious paths for foot-passengers. On each side, are rows of buildings, many of which, on the northern Boulevards, are elegant,—consisting of handsome shops and magazines, fitted up with every kind of merchandise: and with the activity of commerce are blended noble private mansions, places of amusement, and gorgeous coffee-houses, and taverns,—with here and there a triumphal arch, or a beautiful fountain.

The church of *La Madeleine*, in the Boulevard of the same name, is an exquisite Grecian temple, but is not yet completely finished, and on inquiry we found that admittance could not be obtained to see the interior, without application to the government. On the Boulevard *du Temple*, is a *château d'eau*, the effect of which is very beautiful and imposing: it was erected by order of Napoleon in the noontide of his glory. Some of the Boulevards are quiet and solitary; but from the Boulevard *de la Madeleine*, to the Boulevard *du Temple*, they are

one grand centre of attraction to the gay and thoughtless Parisians. Here, in a fine summer's evening, you may see thousands, of both sexes, sitting in groups under the trees, and in front of the brilliant *cafés;* some reading newspapers, sipping coffee, or taking ices,—others engaged in lively conversation, and employing all the animated gesticulation which marks the continent, and particularly the French.

On the Boulevards, the past and the future seem alike forgotten, in the idle amusements of the present hour. On one side may sometimes be seen harlequins, buffoons, ballad-singers, and monkeys dressed up, and taught to bow precisely *à la Française;* on the other, musicians, and punchinellos:—here, a man eating fire,—and there, another, whose stomach seems to be an inexhaustible magazine of ribbons;—while the continually passing and renewed crowd, occupied in gazing at each other, at the equipages, and at the varieties that surround them,—the perpetual hum of voices that is heard over the gay and busy scene,—and the *tout ensemble* which it exhibits, convince the reflective stranger that to *kill time* is here held to be one grand concern of human life,—and that *pour s'amuser* expresses the motive for half the actions of the trifling and thoughtless multitudes, who throng the public walks, and the frequented places of the French metropolis.

The passion for amusement seems much more

prevalent here, than with the English, and descends much lower in the scale of society,—perhaps from its cheapness, and from the greater similarity of habits, and the sense of equality, which exist in France. There are in Paris, nearly two hundred places of public amusement, and it is calculated that no less than twenty thousand persons nightly frequent the *salles de spectacle*. Having occasion to get a book bound, I called for it at an early hour in the evening, but found the book-binder's shop fast, and was informed, by his neighbours, that Monsieur was *allé au spectacle*, in a tone which seemed to imply that this was as much a part of his day's business as book-binding.

The French character is said to have altered considerably since the great Revolution, and to have become less gay and frivolous than before. This may be,—but there is still a marked distinction in this respect between our neighbours and ourselves. The volatility of the French people, the quicksilver which they seem to possess, is continually obtruding itself on your notice, in the most trifling occurrences. Voltaire has, not very flatteringly, described his countrymen as a compound of the 'monkey and the tiger.' To judge whether there be any truth in this very severe caricature, those only can pretend who have had much intercourse with the French, and have become intimately acquainted with the national character:—

but it does not require a long residence in France, in order to perceive a gaiety and volatility of manner, which age does not seem to subdue; and French writers themselves acknowledge that the native fire of the people easily degenerates into ferocity. Their vivacity, mobility of gesture, complaisance, apparent readiness to oblige, and warmth of profession, at once strike every stranger:—but compliments appear to be the current coin of society, and are often mere words. Even the refined, chivalrous, and proverbial politeness of the old régime, is said no longer to exist.

If the English population, in general, are less polished, and more phlegmatic in their address, than their neighbours, they are, probably, as has been remarked by observers, less inclined to inconstancy, and to those rash and hasty resentments which constitutional ardour may readily admit. At Troyes, where the diligence stopped on the way from Switzerland, at a very early hour in the morning, it was amusing to witness the instantaneous manner in which a scuffle arose between a French gentleman and the book-keeper, a lad of eighteen, who was rubbing his eyes, and seemed scarcely enough awake to give Monsieur his change, so quickly as was desired. The gentleman was impatient, and the book-keeper intimated to him that there was no great hurry, as the diligence stayed some time. Monsieur instantly flew at the

book-keeper, as he was sitting at his desk, and began slapping his face, and cuffing him about the head and ears in a very active manner, calling him '*un petit poisson*,' and declaring, with no very benign expression of countenance, that 'a little chastisement would do him good.'

Such scenes as were witnessed during the ten years of revolution, in the interval between the fall of the royal authority and the consulate, could not fail to have their effect on the nation, and to familiarise even posterity with the remembrance of blood. When last in Paris, I was borne along by a tide of people who were going down the Quai Pelletier to the Place de Grève, to the execution of a criminal, and finding myself at the very edge of the platform on which stood the guillotine, and feeling horror at the idea of witnessing the minutiæ of the decapitation, I made my way, by a great effort, through the dense masses of people that wedged up all the avenues leading to the fatal spot, and succeeded in crossing the Pont Nôtre Dame, so as to behold the awful sight from across the river. In a few moments, the procession came along the quay, consisting of a cart, with the criminal, attended by two priests. The cart halted at the foot of the scaffold; immediately there was a movement on the platform, and the next moment—for there was no interval—the axe could be discerned falling down the guillotine: almost instantly the cart was again

in motion with the headless body: the fall of the instrument of death, however, was all that could be discerned of the execution, from the opposite side of the river.

But the guilt of the wretched malefactor, who had committed murder, was not the only painful reflection immediately connected with this scene of retribution. The sudden change that was expressed in the feelings of the crowd, from the silence of tragic expectation to a heartless kind of merriment expressed in jokes and shrugs, and the repeated exclamation, *c'en est fini*, was revolting. Whether an English mob of equal number would have discovered the same frivolity under similar circumstances, and have given indications of regarding so solemn a transaction equally in the light of a *spectacle*, or not, certain it is, that the concourse of both sexes who flocked in thousands from the spot, seemed more like persons returning from a holiday than from an execution.

It is scarcely possible that a people who have been accustomed to the sight, or the eager contemplation, of bloodshed, for so many years, should not, in some degree, have felt the effect on their national character.* During the revolutionary times,

* The late Abbé Farquharson frequently mentioned the fact, as having transpired under his own eye, during the Revolution, that Punch was exhibited immediately beneath the guillotine; and the *plausus theatri* were continually awarded to his feats, though even the puppets were sometimes sprinkled with the blood of the petishing victims.

blood was flowing as water from the guillotine, and scenes of violence and carnage were common occurrences:—and, by Bonaparte, the people were taught to look on men as little more than the *matériel* of an army, and as born for the slaughter-house of war, in order to support the glory of France; so that the shedding of human blood was a thing consecrated by the national vanity.

The same people have been deeply enslaved by superstition, on the one hand; and on the other, have been exposed, more perhaps than any other nation, to that infidelity which pronounces men to be mere animals, of a higher order, and that death is an everlasting sleep. Yet, notwithstanding all the disadvantages to which the French have been subjected, there are in the national character moral energies of the highest promise, which only require to be guided by the transforming influences of true religion, in order to be of the greatest benefit to the church, and to the world; and it is not to be doubted that these volatile people are destined, one day, to make lively, active, and interesting Christians.

Paris is such a world, that it would be hopeless to attempt, in brief, more than a slight survey. Its public buildings, by their number and their magnificence, distinguish it above most of the capitals of Europe, and render it a queen among cities. There is here, too, a fine, and solitary specimen of Roman antiquity, called the *Palais des Thermes*,

situated south of the Seine, in the Rue de la Harpe; and we did not fail to visit this relict of the grandeur of the former masters of Gaul, and of the world. It consists of the remains of one large vaulted apartment, sixty feet high, chiefly of Roman brick, and was the hall belonging to the baths of an extensive palace. It is supposed to have been erected by Constantius Chlorus, the colleague of Galerius in the empire, in 306, and to have been occupied by himself, and by Julian, Valentinian, and Valens. Paris appears to have been a favourite place of the emperor Julian, who in his 'Misopogon speaks of it as his 'dear Lutetia.' This may account for the remains being called *Les Bains de Julien*. After the Romans had held possession of Lutetia for five hundred years, the Franks became its masters, and the Merovingian kings are said to have established themselves in the palace of the Cæsars.

One of the most striking features of this great city, is the *Palais Royal*, a surprising monument of ecclesiastical luxury and ambition; for it was built by Cardinal Richelieu, who left it by will to Louis XIII. Louis the XIVth gave it to the Duke of Orleans; and at the time of the Revolution it was the residence of Philippe *Egalité*, the profligate and abandoned prince who was one of the first promoters of that anarchy and confu[illegible]n which ultimately brought himself to the scaffold. The southern end of this superb mass of building, which is of the Doric and Ionic orders, is still a royal

palace; but the greater part of the whole is let out in shops, coffee-houses, taverns, and suites of apartments; and it brings in an immense revenue to its present royal owner, who is said to be the richest man in Europe. It is the grand bazaar of Paris, where merchandize, and luxury, may be found in abundance.

Independently of the court, and the buildings connected with the royal residence,—the vast, lofty, and magnificent parallelogram, lined with a hundred and eighty arcades, encloses a space of about six acres, in the centre of which is a garden, and a fountain fifty feet high, rising from an immense basin, and showering down, in numerous divergent streams, the colours of the rainbow, amid the surrounding scene of life and gaiety. A gallery, or terrace, which goes round the building, is supported by the arcades; and on the south side, is an elegant double range of splendid shops, beneath an immense skylight. But it is under the side arcades, that the brilliancy and beauty of the jewellery, and costly articles of workmanship, in gold, silver, and precious stones, exhibited with the utmost French taste, and splendidly illuminated at night, dazzle the eyes of the innumerable loungers that press forward in the busy, and ever-flowing throng.

There are said to be between seven and eight hundred suites of apartments in this immense aggregate of uniform buildings, occupied by persons of various grades of society, and following a

great variety of pursuits. The ground-floor contains a multitude of small but elegant shops, devoted to ornaments, and luxuries of every description; and there are here also some large and splendid *cafés*. The upper stories are inhabited by private families, and many of the apartments are used as reading-rooms, places for public exhibitions, literary societies, coffee-houses, taverns, and the like.

The whole place, above and below, teems with population; and seems to form an epitome of all Paris. Here, too, are the haunts of gaming, and the dens of vice, infamy, and ruin, which have long rendered the French metropolis a sink of iniquity, and a fountain of pollution to France. Here lurk the harpies of fortune and of life, of the body and of the soul, either under the mask of elegance and fashion, and amidst the glitter of profusion and splendour, or in the more undisguised forms of degrading vice. To the eye, however, all is decent and decorous, and the flood of light which, in the evening, throws a mimic day over the splendid arcades, would not lead the uninformed stranger to think of the orgies of darkness and guilt that may be going on around him; for nothing is now tolerated by the police which can be regarded as revolting to the propriety of public manners. Yet the gaiety and cheerfulness that here seem to reign, are but the flimsy veil of moral deformity and corruption,—

like the deceitful calm of the sun-illumined ocean, whose insatiable and unseen depths are covered by a tranquil surface; but which has entombed its innumerable victims, and is still prepared to ingulf and to destroy.

The vast massy pile of the *Tuileries*, a thousand feet in length, was begun, in 1654, by the profligate Catherine de Médicis, in the reign of her son Charles IX. This sumptuous palace, the scene of so many changes, since its final completion in the luxurious reign of Louis XIV., derives its name from standing on the site of a tile-yard. Its magnitude gives it a grand effect, and it looks worthy to be the royal residence of the monarchs of France; though there is a strange admixture of the Greek style with that of the château, as is seen in the heavy central roof, and the truncated pyramids at the sides, which do not harmonise with the circular arches and the pilasters of the façade. The magnificent garden is in the old style, adorned with fountains, orange-trees, antique statues, and shady groves, and is one of the most frequented public walks: here the French are quite at home, close under the windows of royalty, at all hours of the day, and have a thoroughfare through the palace itself.

The *Place du Carrousel*, on the east side of the royal château, commemorates by its name a *divertissement*, given in 1662 by Louis XIV.;—so much

of moment has there been attached to fêtes, and amusements in France! This vast area, which lies between the Tuileries and the Louvre, has been, from time to time, cleared of obstructing buildings, and now fifteen or twenty thousand men can be reviewed within its space. Here, beyond the gilt lances which form the high *grille* of the palace-court, is the triumphal monument, erected in 1806 by Bonaparte, to the 'glory of the French arms:' it is an imitation of the arch of Septimus Severus at Rome. This memento of the disastrous lustre of the sword, is rich in sculptured figures, though connoisseurs find fault with its general effect. When Bonaparte had trodden on the neck of Italy, and the spoils of Europe were crowded in the Louvre, the celebrated bronze horses of St. Mark's church at Venice surmounted this arch.

The *Gallery of the Louvre*, which is one of the most remarkable things in Paris, unites that palace with the Tuileries, stretching along the banks of the Seine, by a magnificent façade, to the extent of full a quarter of a mile. Henry IV., and Louis XIV., both contributed to its completion; and Bonaparte conceived the design of uniting the two palaces on the north side, by a range of building opposite the gallery, and in the same style, so as to form one immense parallelogram. This project has at present been but partially accomplished, and several streets still project into the ample Place du

Carrousel; but when the whole plan is realised, so vast a mass of palaces and galleries will be one of the wonders of the world.

During the military dominion of Bonaparte, the Louvre was the depository of almost everything that was most exquisite in statuary and painting. Many of these *chefs-d'œuvre* returned, after his fall, to their rightful owners; but a fine collection of statues is still to be seen, though the Apollo, for three hundred years the pride of the Vatican, the Venus,—its rival in another style of ideal excellence,—and other immortal sculptures, no longer adorn the magnificent halls of the ground-floor. The works of art are beautifully arranged; and many hours may be spent among antique creations of the chisel; tablets which carry you back to Athens, and the times of the Peloponnesian war; bas-reliefs of the Pagan rites and festivals; fragments of temples—to shew what Greece once was:—the urns, the cippi, and the sarcophagi of the Greek and Roman dead,—engraven by those who knew not of immortality! with emblems of no greater sacredness than Sileni, Fauns, and Bacchantes, blended together in drunken riot. The Gallery astonishes by the novelty of the perspective produced by so unusual a length, and is covered, on both sides, with a profusion of paintings, ancient and modern, of the French, Flemish, and Italian schools,—some by the most eminent masters.

The palace of the *Louvre* itself, which is quite independent of the gallery, is regarded as the most beautiful in France. The effect of the inner court, of four hundred feet square, is exquisite; and the harmony and symmetry of this elegant quadrangle of Grecian architecture, are at once felt by every stranger. The *colonnade*, or eastern façade, is the admiration of Europe; and the whole is a costly and superb monument of the splendid reign of the Grand Monarque.—One of the most pleasing sights in Paris is the *Exposition des Fruits de l'Industrie Française*. On a former visit, an opportunity occurred of seeing this biennial exhibition, which was shown under a temporary erection surrounding the quadrangle of the Louvre, and containing an immense collection of the most remarkable specimens of French ingenuity and skill, in the mechanic and manufacturing arts.

The localities of these two gorgeous palaces, are associated with events the most momentous, and appalling in the French history. What scenes of corruption, and profligacy, and slaughter, have not here darkened the glory and the chivalry of France! What memorials are these edifices—of the luxury, the rapacity, and the uncontrolled power of her princes, and of the terrible retribution that came at last! Catherine de Médicis rewarded Delorme, the architect of the Tuileries, by giving him two abbeys, though he was not bred an ecclesiastic! Here,

in 1791, the unhappy Louis XVI. was no longer his own master, and this splendid palace became his prison-house, from which he and the royal family were glad to make their escape in disguise, only to be brought back to greater humiliation and woe:—and here was acted the dreadful scene of the 10th of August 1792, when the palace, and all its precincts, were one frightful arena of massacre and carnage, and the staircases and ballustrades were choked up with naked carcases,—while the flames, at midnight, threw their terrific glare over the ghastly dead, and the yet palpitating bodies of the mangled living!

In one of the splendid halls of this palace, after the king's death, sat the Convention, which had condemned him; and here, under the influence of a lawless mob, and an infatuated ambition, the party prevailed who ruled France by the guillotine. In these gardens, on the 20th Prairial,* Robespierre celebrated the *Féte de l'Etre Suprême*, the infidel orgies of which, were but the prelude of the speedy fall of this detestable tyrant, on the 9th Thermidor.†

The 13th Vindémiaire,‡ desolated the château and garden of the Tuileries, more than any former tumult; the whole neighbourhood was the scene of murderous conflict between the royalists, and the

* 8th June, 1794. † 27th July.
‡ 4th October, 1795.

troops of the Convention under Bonaparte; and the palace once more flowed with blood. Again, on the 18th Fructidor,* the two parties of the directorial government were on the verge of producing another sanguinary revolution, when the cannon of General Augereau occupied the garden, and threatened to bombard the château.—What changes has not the Tuileries since seen! Bonaparte's iron domination,—the Consulate,—the Empire,—the Restoration, the Hundred Days, the second Restoration,—the Revolution of 1830,—the throne of the Barricades! It is scarcely possible not to feel a tumult of strange and mournful emotions mingling with the view of this massy pile,—the emblem of the greatness, and the reverses, of the French monarchs!

If the Louvre recalls associations of its own, they are not less tragical. In the halls of this palace, as it existed in 1572, the treacherous and diabolical massacre of the Protestants was planned, by the infamous Catherine de Médicis, and her son Charles IX.,—whose misery it was to have such a mother! Most of the Huguenot lords and gentry had been inveigled to Paris, on pretence of an invitation to be present in the Louvre, at the marriage festivities of the king's sister and Henry of Navarre, a Protestant prince,—a union which seemed to promise much for France—long distracted by religious wars. The cold-blooded per-

* 4th September, 1797.

fidy, and fiendlike determination, with which this conspiracy was carried on, is almost incredible; and it is difficult to account for the insensibility of the Protestants to the warnings which portended their danger. The worthy Admiral Coligny fell the first victim. On the 24th of August, the arrival of the Sabbath morning was announced by the tocsin sounding from the steeple of the neighbouring church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the signal for entering on the pre-concerted and well-arranged work of massacre, which was general for three days, and did not wholly cease for nearly a week!

The Louvre was one of the scenes of blood: Henry, the royal bridegroom, and the Prince of Condé, only escaped death by agreeing to go to mass; and their attendants were butchered: all Paris was one great slaughter-house; Charles himself assisted in the orgies of destruction,—firing from a window upon the Huguenots, and impatient of the delay occasioned by the loading of the carbines that were handed to him. The Seine, the streets, the courts, and houses, presented one disgusting and inhuman spectacle of assassination. At least ten thousand persons, of all ages, and of both sexes, are computed to have perished in Paris alone;*—and, in the provinces, twenty thousand

* Peter Ramus, the opponent of Aristotle, and one of the most enlightened men of his time, was among the number.

more! The ambition of ruling without control, appears to have been the main impulse of the queen-mother, in being the prime mover in this infernal scheme; and this demon, in the shape of woman, exhibited the strange combination of a mind enslaved by astrological superstitions, and a heart fearlessly daring in unbounded crime, alike restless of restraints, human and divine. This example of atrocity is an awful illustration of the ultimate consequences of mixing up religion with politics, and of identifying with the struggles of ambition and of power, an element which has only to do with this world at all, as an inward moderator, and an antagonist force to all evil passions.

The *Rue St. Honoré* is the Cheapside of Paris: and to the west of it, are some of the finest parts of the metropolis;—as the Rue Rivoli, along the north side of the garden of the Tuileries, the Rue Castiglione, the arcades of which lead to the *Place Vendôme*, the handsomest square in Paris, surrounded by uniform houses, and adorned in the centre with an elaborately-wrought and lofty column, after the model of Trajan's pillar. This monument, which is one hundred and forty feet in height, was erected by Napoléon, to commemorate the campaign of 1805. The stone shaft is covered with plates, cast from the cannon taken from the Austrians, and represents the battles; and the whole has the effect of bronze. The Rue de la Paix, a short but very

elegant street, leads from this square to the Boulevards.

Nothing can be conceived more imposing than the views in the immediate suburbs of the city, on the western side. The garden of the Tuileries, with its terraces, its foliage, its orange-trees, its piece of water, and its walks, contributes its effect in giving to Paris a luxurious air; while the taste of the people for an out-door life lends to it the aspect of a more southern city, and the vast variety which it exhibits make it not the representative of France only, but of Europe. The gates of the garden open into the great area of the Place Louis XV., the spot in which the unfortunate Louis XVI., his consort, and his sister, met their fate.

This is decidedly the most magnificent part of Paris: on one side is the stately royal palace, with its princely gardens: opposite are stretched out the extensive Champs Elysées, their foliage inviting the pedestrian lounger to seek the shade, and the long, broad, central avenue de Neuilly, animated with the motion of horses and various vehicles; while, on a gentle ascent, where the vista terminates, at the distance of a mile, the most superb public monument of the French capital rears its vast, massy arch, in imperial and dusky grandeur, relieved on both sides by the dark shadows of the adjacent trees. This edifice, which is near the Barrière de l'Etoile, is called the *Arc de*

Triomphe, and was commenced by Napoléon in 1806. The avenue of trees continues to a great distance beyond the arch, forming the road to St. Germain; and the entrance to Paris, on this side, is probably unrivalled for grandeur in Europe.

As you stand in the *Place Louis XV.*, with this magnificent *coup-d'œil* before you,—on the right, at the extremity of the Rue Royale, is the exquisitely chaste and beautiful edifice, the *Eglise de la Madeleine*, looking, for whiteness, like a temple of alabaster. In the same direction, and forming the northern side of the area, runs one of the handsomest ranges of building in Paris. On the opposite side, is the statue-crowned bridge of Louis XVI., and, across the river, is seen the classic front of the Palais Bourbon, the French House of Commons, while in the back-ground, rises the elegant and aspiring dome of the Hôtel des Invalides.

One of our visits was to this immense building, the Chelsea Hospital of France. It is an asylum for four or five thousand old soldiers, and is situated near the Ecole Militaire, and the Champ de Mars, a vast area, celebrated in most of the popular movements; and which recalled especially the assembly of the 'hundred days.' The *Hôtel des Invalides*, founded by Louis XIV., cannot fail to strike every beholder with surprise and admiration,

—so vast is its scale, and so well is it adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. The extent of the galleries gives an effect to the interior, which well harmonises with its plainness. The library was instituted by the Emperor, for the advantage of the pensioners, a number of whom we saw reading,—and these veterans appeared as much at home in their great mansion, and in their library, as though these had been their patrimony. Napoleon has everywhere left the impress of his greatness, and of his knowledge of mankind; and had it not been for his insatiable ambition, he might have been the greatest benefactor of France, and have spared to the inmates of the Invalides, the page in his history which tells of Spain, and Moscow, and Leipsic, and Waterloo.

The chapel of the Invalides, surmounted by the dome, is one of the most splendid and costly monuments of the magnificence of the reign of Louis XIV., —a magnificence, however, over which imagination always fancies the first prophetic shadows of the future revolution to hang. The interior of the chapel is adorned with the trophies of war, taken from the European nations, and, among the rest, some from the English. When the allied armies approached Paris, in 1814, the old soldiers who gloried in beholding the standards which they had won, under Napoléon, from the Austrians, destroyed a number of them, lest they should fall into the hands of their

enemies.—You may enter this church many times, and not see a single individual at private devotion, which is seldom the case in other churches; but Bonaparte's soldiers were not likely to gain the habit of looking on their religious ceremonies as much more than an appendage to the glory of arms.

The churches in Paris are numerous; and several of them are much admired. *Nôtre Dame*, the cathedral, is interesting from its ancient associations, having been originally founded by the Merovingian kings, and marking the locality of the previous pagan worship of the Roman times. The present structure dates from 1160, and has a venerable appearance, remarkably contrasted with the airy elegance of many of the modern buildings of the city. Its two flat and stunted towers, rear themselves in massy gloom, over the gay and busy population, and seem to point back to a more solemn age, as the stern chroniclers of bygone years. The interior is spacious, but not so striking as some of the Belgian churches.

The church of *St. Roch*, a locality of the sanguinary scenes of the 13th Vindémiaire, is remarkable for the splendour of its decorations, and the arrangement of its altars, one behind another, which give it a theatrical effect. We happened to be present during the solemnisation of an annual fête, and a 'procession of the *true* cross.' A very small

crucifix, under glass, let into a large cross, was carried round the church with great pomp, the procession halting at several stations adorned with pictures representing the life and sufferings of Christ: each picture was honoured with throws of incense, and with bows;—the whole affair partook largely of the ludicrous; but popery still rears its head, with its cap and bells, in the infidel city, and the church was thronged,—chiefly with women. A marriage, in the meantime, was taking place at one of the altars: the ceremony was very long, and at one part of it a canopy was held over the pair, whose numerous friends formed a separate congregation, for the multitude were too intent on the celebration of the fête to indulge their curiosity.

The church of *St. Etienne du Mont* is remarkable for the lightness and singularity of its architecture, and for the monuments of Pascal and Racine. Here also is the tomb of St. Geneviève, the tutelar saint of Paris, before which candles were burning, and devotees kneeling. She died in 512. *St. Sulpice* is one of the finest churches. It is of modern date, and is a bold and magnificent structure, both within and without. The grand Doric and Ionic portico has an imposing effect, but the two towers are studiously different from each other, in style and in height,—a sacrifice of uniformity to variety, which is not very pleasing to the eye. The

architecture of the great church of *St. Eustache* exhibits a singular mixture of Greek ornaments with a barbaric style.

The *Pantheon* has proved, by the changes of its appropriation, a sort of index of the times. It was erected by Louis XV., as the new church of St. Geneviève. The Constituent Assembly transformed it into a general mausoleum for great men, and for many years, the frieze of its noble portico, which is an imitation of that of the Pantheon at Rome, bore the inscription *Aux Grands Hommes, La Patrie Reconnoissante.* After the Restoration, it was re-consecrated, and the smoke of incense again ascended beneath its lofty dome, amid the pomp of the Romish worship. Under the *Citizen-King* it is once more a superb mausoleum. The plan of this grand and majestic temple, is a Greek cross, and its general appearance something like that of St. Paul's in miniature. The dome of this edifice, and that of the Invalides, rise dominant over all the other buildings in Paris. In the vaults below the Pantheon, are many small apartments filled with tombs, which are shown by candle-light, and a train of solemn emotions is excited, while the guide points to the names of those, celebrated in the great Revolution, or in the annals of infidelity, or in the armies of Napoleon, whose bodies, in the awful silence of these catacombs, so contrasted with the scenes in which many of them once mingled, await the dread summons of the archangel!

There are several public cemeteries in Paris, besides the celebrated one of *Père-la-Chaise*. This vast depository of mortality, contained, ten years years ago, upwards of twenty-five thousand tombs. It is situated on a rising ground, without the wall, on the east, commanding one of the finest views of the domes and towers of this magnificent city, whose population it will one day rival. Amidst foliage, and on ground undulated in various directions, are scattered the memorials of the dead, from the humble grave, with its plain slab, and single chaplet of amaranth, perpetually renewed by bereaved affection, to the splendid mausoleum, which tells what grandeur and honours its tenants had to leave for the narrow house appointed for all living! Urns, pyramids, obelisks, little chapels of Grecian, and of Gothic architecture, and solid massy sepulchres, are crowded together on every hand; and in the central part is a chapel for the funeral rites of the Romish church. Many of the tombs are inscribed with the most touching memorials of sorrow,* and the cha-

* The following are examples:

'Ci-git.

* * * *

Au meilleur des Fils,
Par la plus malheureuse,
Et la plus tendre des Mères,
Toujours inconsolable!
Et ses infortunés
Sœur et Frères!

'Ici repose.

* * * *

Repose en paix, ombre chérie,
Les larmes de ton Epoux, et celles
de ta Famille
Couleront sur ta tombe, jusqu'au
moment
Où ils viendront te rejoindre!

De Profundis.

racteristic ardour of the people may in some measure be seen, in the expressions of grief which may be found in this populous grave-yard. The new-made widow, and the orphan child, may be seen renovating the amaranth, which adorns many of the tombs, in the form of a chaplet, a heart, or a cross; and the whole is a deeply-impressive scene.

The *Luxembourg*, and the Palais Bourbon, are the localities of the French legislature. The garden of the former is one of the most delightful and frequented walks of the capital; and this chaste and beautiful palace is adorned with many fine paintings and sculptures, and contains, among other remarkable things, the handsome but small chamber of Peers, of a semi-circular form:—also the splendidly-adorned apartment of, the foundress, Marie de Médicis, wife of Henry IV., and mother of Louis XIII. The *Palais Bourbon*, where the Deputies of France hold their sittings, is one of the greatest ornaments of the metropolis, having a broad, magnificent peristyle towards the Seine, adorned with twelve lofty Corinthian columns. The form of the *Salle des Séances* is similar to that of the chamber of Peers, but the hall is larger, and is in a style of great elegance.

The *Hôtel de Ville*, and the *Palais de Justice*, are the seats of the civil and criminal administration. The latter is interesting as the ancient site of the Roman Prefecture, of the palace of some of

the early kings, and of the *Maires*, their masters. Here is a small but beautiful ancient Gothic chapel, now used for records. So many of the large buildings in Paris are *Palais*, that even the Exchange is called the *Palais de la Bourse*. It is an elegant, and classic edifice, and the ornamental paintings of the interior are much admired. On looking at this building, a Londoner can scarcely refrain from thinking how short a time it would retain its beautiful whiteness in the English metropolis.

Paris possesses a great number of literary institutions: the oldest is the *Université Royale*, long so celebrated throughout Europe, and comprising a number of colleges, in which is taught every branch of science and literature. The faculties of Science, Letters, and Theology, are united at the ancient *Sorbonne*, originally founded in 1253, by Sorbon, chaplain of St. Louis,* and rebuilt by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629. The faculties of Law, and of Medicine, give their lectures at two other separate establishments in the neighbourhood.—The *Bibliothèque du Roi*, in the *Rue Richelieu*, is the largest library in Paris, and is probably unrivalled in the world, containing more than 400,000 volumes.

The spacious grounds called the *Jardin du Roi*, or *Des Plantes*, are the grand locality of the general science of nature, where all the stores of the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms, are open

* Louis IX.

to the inspection, alike of the scientific student, and the passing visitor, and where Daubenton found occupation for fifty years in the study of nature.

To an English eye, several of the numerous *Fountains* in Paris have a very novel effect; and the abundance, and tasteful disposition of their waters, and the elegance and beauty of their structures, give to some parts of the city an air of luxury and southern grandeur, which is not always sustained by the localities in which these *jets d'eaux* are situated. The numerous *Passages*, or *Galeries*, which are imitated in miniature, in Burlington and Lowther Arcades, also form a remarkable feature of this city of varieties, especially when the motley crowds press through these brilliantly illuminated bazaars in the evening. A different impression is felt by the stranger, as he gazes on the proud, historical trophies, raised by the Parisians to their magnificent monarch, in the triumphal arches called the *Porte St. Denis*, and the *Porte St. Martin*, erected within two years of each other, and inscribed *Ludovico Magno.*

The numerous *Marchés*, and *Halles*, cannot fail to attract notice. Many of the former are very spacious and commodious, and are adorned with fountains. The *Halle au Blé* strikes the eye by its large cupola; and near it is the *Colonne de Médicis*, or the celebrated pillar, which the wicked and superstitious Catherine de Médicis erected, in

1572, for the purposes of astrology. The vast *entrepôt* called the *Halle aux Vins*, is a magnificent monument of the reign of Bonaparte.

The *Abattoirs*, or slaughter-houses, remove from the crowded parts of the city all the annoyances attendant on the killing of animals: the *Abattoir Montmartre*, is one of the most considerable, where sheep, oxen, and calves, to the amount of some thousands, are slaughtered every week.

The most interesting Manufactories to visit, are that of the *Gobelin* tapestry, in which natural objects, and historical pieces, are exquisitely wrought, on a web of silk, or worsted;—and the *Manufacture Royale des Glaces*, where mirrors of the largest and most splendid description are made.—But the remarkable localities of this city, the emporium of taste, the seat of French literature, and science:—its libraries and museums,—its hospitals, palaces, and churches,—its squares, walks, triumphal arches, fountains, gardens, markets, gorgeous coffee-houses, and taverns,—not to speak of its places of gay and thoughtless amusement, are innumerable.—It may be added that strangers meet with little difficulty in getting access to most of the public curiosities, as it is generally sufficient to show a passport.*

On the Boulevards, we observed the impres-

* A few places require an express order from the government; as, of late, those vast domains of mortality, the *Catacombes*. In Paris the *passport* was still required, but the practice

sion which the balls of the 'infernal machine' had left on the trees near the *Café Turc*, and on the wall of its garden. This diabolical device of Fieschi to destroy the King and the royal princes, and the havoc which was made of human life, appeared to have excited the universal horror so foul a deed deserved, which might have thrown France, in a moment, into confusion and anarchy. An attempt, in some respects similar, was made, at the corner of the Rue Nicaise, to assassinate Bonaparte when, first Consul, by means of a barrel of gunpowder, then called *la machine infernale.*

Several parts of Paris still bear traces of the Revolution of 1830. We noticed, particularly in the Champ de Mars, and at the Louvre, that certain spots were marked, as being the places of the fall, and of the burial, of some of the active agents in the conflict. The Louvre was one of the main points of attack during the memorable 'three days,' when the government, untaught by the awful lessons of the past, again roused the people to take the redress of their wrongs and grievances into their own hands. The graves of those who fell at the Louvre, are under the façade, on the east

of registration was not enforced, which we had met with in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, compelling every male traveller, immediately on his arrival in a town, to write in a government book, his name, birth-place, the place he last left, and his next destination.

side: the place was still adorned with evergreens and flags, showing how the memory of the dead, as martyrs to the liberties of France, is cherished by the Parisians.

A restoration, after a revolution that has originated from within, is always a political experiment of great difficulty, and is seldom favourable to freedom. The people have changed,—the elements to be governed are no longer the same; but the princes of the dynasty are apt to cling to their ancient ideas, and are anxious to reign with the prerogatives of their forefathers, though more than ordinary tact is necessary, in order to discern the temper of the times, to allay suspicions, fears, and jealousies, to harmonise opposing interests, and to carry the national mind along with the government, in the maintenance of authority.

Rarely did prince undertake a less enviable task than that which fell to the lot of Louis XVIII., when, in the spring of 1814, after twenty-three years of exile, he trod over the spoils of his country, to ascend the throne of his ancestors, under the auspices of the European armies. The concussion produced by the fall of Bonaparte, had loosened the bond which, during his reign, had held the hetero-

geneous materials of society together, and they had now become a mass of disorganised elements. There were the imperialists of the late reign,—and the royalists,—and the republicans of 1789,—a new and an old nobility, with clashing claims,—and a clergy eagerly seeking all their ancient ascendency. Multitudes were weary of wars, and conscriptions, and a military despotism, the glory of which had departed, and they wished for some salutary change. This feeling was cherished widely among the agriculturalists;—but their hopes were mingled with apprehension and anxiety, especially in the case of the landed proprietors. Many were to be found, of the manufacturing and commercial part of the nation, who were willing to believe that the restoration was likely to prove favourable to their interests, and, excepting those who viewed the change politically as decided royalists, they welcomed it, probably, more than any other class.

Those whose attachment to the ancient regime had now the opportunity of displaying itself, saw in the dignified smiles of Louis, and the grace of the Comte d'Artois,* the return of the old court, and the promise of basking, as in days that were gone by, in the sunshine of the royal favour. But the military were chagrined,—and the pride of the nation was wounded, to see the glory of the French

* Afterwards Charles X.

arms trampled on, by the victorious legions of the Allies, and while their 300,000 bayonets escorted Louis to his throne, he became identified with the defeat and the humiliation of France.

The court, and the emigrants in general, consisted of those who had become strangers to their country, and were aliens, as much from her politics as from her soil, possessing no sympathy with the progress of her public mind. France was not the France she had been before the Revolution,—the style of the Bourbon rule was obsolete and a monarch, like Louis XVIII., destitute of firmness, deficient in energy, and of a temporising policy, who seemed more intent on avoiding present inconveniences, than on adopting a comprehensive and uniform scheme of government, was not likely to merge, in the support of his dynasty, the different factions of the new and the old regime, and, in ten years, to hand down a sceptre powerful enough in itself to repress, by its own weight, the latent elements of confusion, or to compensate in any measure for the want of skill in him who should next attempt to wield it.

A throne was to be consolidated on the wreck of that mighty one, which, though it had reared itself into a superstructure of the most towering and colossal despotism, had nevertheless been deeply based in the chaos left behind by the sweeping disorganisations and desolations of the Revolution. The extraordinary genius of the archi-

tect of that throne had enabled him, by an easy transition, to combine into one fabric, the republic and the empire, and had erected an absolute dominion, not of legitimacy, but of military glory, which enchanted the spirits that it subdued, and rendered them its willing slaves, by enlisting the national vanity on its side. It was now too late for mere legitimacy to be a sufficient prop to power; and he who would be the restorer of the throne of the Capets, must remodel it with new materials, and not endeavour to reconstruct it on the ancient plan, from the fragments into which it had been shattered, by the convulsions and the earthquakes that had overthrown it.

Louis did not succeed to the sceptre of his ancestors,—he succeeded to the Revolution,—to Bonaparte,—to the throne of *new* France:—but there was a party who looked for the return of feudalism, and the old Bourbon system, the divine right and holy anointing of kings, the antique state and exclusiveness of the court, and the ghostly and mysterious dominion of the clergy:—all this was scarcely less reasonable than it would have been, for the post-diluvian family to have expected to find the surface of the earth unchanged by the waters of the deluge. The ultra-royalist party gained ground during the reign of Louis XVIII., and the reaction on the people was, a strenuous liberalism, which, under the wrong-headed Charles X., came into direct collision with the government.

—and the Bourbon power was at once laid prostrate in the dust.

The theory of legitimacy, given forth to the world by the Congress of Vienna, was calculated at once to delude the returning dynasty with false images of its own position, and to provoke contempt among the people, by its absurd inconsistency. For the inference to be drawn from its doctrines was, that there had been no radical change in men's minds,—that the Revolution, and the career of Bonaparte, which had been operating on the public mind for a quarter of a century, were to be regarded merely as an extinct rebellion; and that the stupendous events, and mighty changes, of the Consulate, and the Empire, formed but an episode in the reign of Louis XVIII., and were now to be forgotten. Moreover, the very same theory which pronounced Bonaparte a usurper, acknowledged, as lawful sovereigns, several of the kings whom he had created.

The *Charte Constitutionnelle* itself, drawn up on the accession of Louis, though proclaiming civil and religious liberty, the freedom of the press, equal rights, deliverance from the conscription, and no invidious exemptions from taxation,—was, notwithstanding, ill-starred, and ill-omened in its birth. It was not a compact, as it ought to have been, between the head of the state, and the members,—it was studiously put forth as one of those documents, said to be *octroyés* or *granted*, as a sovereign boon

from the King.* It possessed also, with the general complexion of a limited monarchy, several of the features of despotism, inasmuch as it secured to the King alone the right of proposing a law, and of determining whether any amendment to it should be discussed: a wide door was found to be opened to practical abuse, in consequence of the monarch being intrusted with the establishment of 'regulations and *ordinances* necessary for the execution of the law, and the safety of the state:' the ministers also were entitled to speak in both chambers, solely in virtue of their *office*.

It would have been surprising if the new order of things,—so different, in its genius, and its origin, from any of the changes that had occurred since Louis XVI. sat on the throne, had been found to secure the goodwill of all the incongruous parties which now formed the French nation. The censorship of the press was complained of by the republicans, as inconsistent with the freedom promised in the Charter, and their alienation from the new government was increased. The Parisians were discontented with the police regulations, and the revival of the ancient forms and usages of the monarchy. The very agitation of the question relating to the property of the emigrants, excited apprehension among many, and the annuities

* Nous avons accordé et accordons, fait concession et octroi à nos sujets etc.—*Charte Constitutionnelle.*

granted to those whose estates had been sold, provoked the envy and jealousy of all, excepting the royalists themselves. Louis felt himself obliged to court the marshals and generals of Napoleon, but the soldiery were in the highest state of irritation, on finding their influence and their pay diminished, and their corps disbanded and re-formed,—while the badges of their glory, and the eagles of the Empire, were exchanged for the *fleur de lis*, which they had been taught to despise. The continuance of the imposts called *droits réunis*, on articles of consumption and convenience, produced serious discontents, as some pledge had been given that they should be taken off; which the condition of the finances, however, did not allow.

In this state of things, Bonaparte re-appeared in France, on the 1st of March, 1815. There was no opposition to his progress,—which rather resembled a triumph, than a daring adventure to regain a lost throne. Some of the marshals were passive: Massena appeared to connive, and even Soult, the minister at war, was suspected of doing the same: Ney came forward, and offered to take Bonaparte dead or alive, and, a few days afterwards, joined him, and proclaimed to his army that the Bourbons were unfit to reign. By the 20th of March, the Tuileries had again changed masters, and the 'hundred days' commenced.

The army supported Bonaparte; but the nation

at large, wearied of expensive wars, and the conscription, had less confidence in him,—and the liberal party, who were strong, compelled him to promise a Constitution of greater freedom than that of the Empire. The four great Powers, England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, combined once more to put an end to the sway of the great military chief, and agreed to raise more than half a million of men. The legions of the Allies poured down on France, the battle of Waterloo decided the fate of Bonaparte, and Fouché was placed at the head of a provisional government; and now, Louis was once more sovereign of France, which had never been so prostrate since the days of Henry V. of England, and the battle of Agincourt.

The French army that evacuated Paris retired sullenly to the banks of the Loire, and at length yielded a reluctant adhesion to Louis. While the result of the 'hundred days' gave another humiliating blow to the military influence which was an obstacle to constitutional government, it tended more than ever to weaken the confidence of the people in public men; whose doubly violated oaths proved that interest rather than principle was their guide. The vast armies of the Allies occupied two thirds of the country, which elsewhere was the scene of insurrection and bloodshed:—but the ultimate effect of the whole was, a decided re-action in favour of ultra-royalism.

The *Chambre Introuvable*,* which met, in October 1815, three months after the second return of Louis, granted to the government the power of arbitrary imprisonment, without trial, and banished for ever from France, all who had taken part in the death of Louis XVI., or had accepted office under Bonaparte, after his return from Elba. Several individuals were executed, numbers of judges and other functionaries were dismissed, and the royalists were in the complete possession of power. The violence of some of the ultras of this party, induced the prime minister, the Duke de Richelieu, to dissolve the Chamber, and a more moderately royal one met in November, 1816. This change took place under the influence of Decazes, whose maxim was *royaliser la nation, et nationaliser le royalisme.* A new and more liberal law of election was passed, and the ultra-royalists lost ground in consequence of the discovery of their intrigues, in fomenting disturbances at home, and seeking for influence abroad.

By the end of 1818, the allied troops had evacuated France; but Louis, the same year, joined the *Holy Alliance*, a scheme which originated in the tendency too common among monarchs, to cling for support abroad, in order to enable themselves to maintain ideas of kingly power no longer

* The name given to the first Chamber of Deputies, after the second restoration, on account of its anti-national character.

suited to the state of their subjects, instead of finding their stability in the convictions of those, for whose good alone they reign. Though the obsolete spirit of royalism was again reviving, and the Duke de Richelieu, the prime minister, declared against further popular freedom, and wished to check it by altering the law of election, Decazes triumphed in the Chamber, and liberal principles were maintained.

Dessoles succeeded Richelieu, but his ministry was overthrown in 1819, in consequence of not being able to maintain itself between the extreme parties; and Decazes was made premier of a ministry, not more harmonious in itself than the preceding. The assassination of the Duke de Berri, in 1820, roused violent clamours against the liberals, and produced great excitement between the two parties. Decazes, vilified by the ultra-royalists, and mistrusted by the liberals, resigned, and the Duke de Richelieu was again at the head of the government.

The ministry of Dessoles had been conducted on the principle of maintaining the popular law of elections, and both Dessoles and Decazes were of the moderately royal party, and for the most part carried the King with them. *Monsieur*, soon destined to overturn his dynasty by his obstinacy and folly, was the patron of a more violent policy, and aimed at great influence over the government.

Both of Richelieu's administrations were attempts at mediating between the weakness and indecision of Louis, and the rashness of his brother.

Richelieu's second ministry was embarrassed with the laws, left by their predecessors for discussion, respecting personal liberty, the journals, and the elections; and now the absolutists prevailed; and their influence soon became evident in the administration, whose power was fortified by the talents of de Serre, and afterwards of de Villèle. Parties, however, had now become more subdivided, and there were not only the *right* and *left*, or the high and low parties, but also the *right* and *left centres*: the spirit of faction increased, and violent mobs were frequently assembled in Paris. In 1821, the ministers were unable to maintain themselves between the parties, a temporary coalition of which overthrew them, and de Villèle became premier of the *sixth* administration. Strict royalism, which had already begun to gain the ascendency, was now triumphant; and for several sessions, including two elections, the liberal party lost ground in the Chambers; so that in 1824 they received the name of *La Faction des Seize*, in allusion to the leaders of the Fronde, the party who opposed the court and the minister Mazarin, in the minority of Louis XIV.

During these sessions, the trial of all offences of the press was taken from the jury: the peers, in a spirit contrary to the charter, resolved that no

member of their House should be arrested on account of a civil suit: also the censorship of the public journals was renewed. Conspiracies and insurrections occurred in various places;—there were some troubles in Paris; and a kind of Carbonari* society was detected. The liberal party were defeated on the great question of the expedition into Spain, and 100,000 men were sent, in 1823, into that country, under the King's nephew, the Duc d'Angoulême, to suppress democracy. The campaign was successful, and the Bourbons gained a triumph, both in France and Spain. The septennial act was carried; but the proposal for reducing the interest on the public debt, to defray the charges of the war, was lost. Châteaubriand, who refused to defend the bill, was dismissed from the ministry, and in the *Journal des Débats*, he became a strenuous opponent of de Villèle's government.

Louis XVIII. died in September, 1824. Though too vacillating in his policy, he had prudence enough, so long as he was equal to the task, in some measure to moderate the ultra-royalists; but during the last years of his life, he yielded to the influence of his brother Charles, and of de Villèle. Previously to this, he wanted firmness to keep down the ascendency of the fanatical party, who wished to put back the political time-piece, to the days of the

* The name of a large political, secret society in Italy, who originally called themselves *Colliers*.

old regime; while proscriptions, and executions, and the massacres of the south, recalled the reign of terror, converted friends to enemies, and formed an indelible blot on the government, under whose sway they occurred.

France was indebted to Decazes for many of those plans for the improvement of commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts, which marked the æra of the Restoration; during which period, the country was in a state of great physical prosperity. With this minister, the chance of the continuance of the Bourbon dynasty fell. When he began to yield to an aristocratic alteration in the existing popular law of election, and, in other respects, to recede from his former position, he arrayed against him Lafayette, and the liberals, and, at the same time, failed to conciliate Labourdonnaye, and the royalists, who looked on his measures with suspicion and contempt; while he forfeited the support of Foy, Constant, and the *Doctrinaires.*

Charles X. ascended the throne with popularity, in some measure on account of his personal activity as compared with the late King, and his royal manners. His abolition of the censorship of the public journals, produced an enthusiasm in his favour that was altogether remarkable; but it was a momentary flash, which soon proved to be a delusive harbinger of prosperity:—the spirit of the reign

soon sealed the fate of the monarchy. The line of policy adopted by the King, and de Villèle, gratified the aristocratical and *theocratic* party, while the government was becoming daily more unpopular. The bill for indemnifying the emigrants to the amount of nearly thirty millions sterling, and that for reducing the interest on stock, called forth loud condemnation.

The ecclesiastical measures betrayed the bigotry of the priest-ridden monarch; and, among these, a law of sacrilege was passed, punishing the profanation of sacred places and utensils with death. Superstition increased; processions were multiplied in the streets; and the Romish clergy, and the Jesuits, gained more influence than they had possessed since the times preceding the Revolution. The law relating to primogeniture, though thrown out by the peers, had been adopted by the Deputies, and was regarded, by the nation, as an index of the wish of the government to found a new aristocracy, and to disturb that legal equality of all, so dear to Frenchmen. The enormous expenses of the Spanish campaign, and the ill-concealed abuses which increased the amount, did not add to the popularity of the ministers.

The royalists, and the Jesuit party, were now at more open war with the liberals, two of whose journals were prosecuted. The government became more and more alienated from the feelings of the people;

and the state of things in Portugal, South America, and Greece, augmented the excitement. The failure of the law to crush the freedom of the press, was followed by violent demonstrations of joy, illuminations, and riots attended with bloodshed. The national guard testified their feelings against the ministry, at a review of 45,000 men in the Champ de Mars, and the next morning they were disbanded.

An *ordonnance* established a rigorous censorship of the press, which had been denied by the legislature, and this, the most obnoxious of all measures, was made to tell its own tale, by whole columns of the journals appearing blank. De Villèle saw that the ministry was losing ground: he dissolved the Chamber, and seventy-six new peers were created. The elections were unfavourable to the ministry, and, in the rejoicings at Paris, fifty persons were killed by the *gendarmes*.

The triumph of the liberals was followed by the resignation of de Villèle,—a man of talent, but not possessed of grasp enough for the crisis:—a slave to circumstances, without a grand principle; often acting contrary to his convictions, in order to obviate the difficulty of the moment, or to avoid resigning; and who drove the chariot of the monarchy to the verge of an abyss, from which it was scarcely possible for it to be recovered.

De Martignac was at the head of the next ministry, in January 1828; and he appears to have been

soon convinced that it was not in his power to save the throne. Most of the members of the administration had been supporters of de Villèle; but their measures were more moderate and liberal than his. They had to manage four or five different parties in the Chamber, besides the court. The liberal party carried, by a small majority, the insertion, in the address to the King, of the words *système déplorable*, as applicable to de Villèle's administration; and after gaining strength by the informality of some of the elections, they proposed the impeachment of the late ministry, charging Villèle with 'high treason against the people,' with causing the Spanish war, the disbanding of the national guards, the support given to the Jesuits, and the Trappists, the creation of seventy-six peers, and with interfering in the elections. The impeachment fell to the ground, but it manifested the state of parties. The ministers conceded the dismissal of obnoxious *préfets*, more liberty to the press, and a law to regulate the jury, and the elections, the purity of which had been much corrupted by their predecessors. The ordinance which the King was obliged to grant, calculated to check the influence of the Jesuits, raised the hostility of the clergy, who pronounced it to be a conspiracy against religion; but the Pope advised them to yield.

The ministry were not cordially supported by

the King, nor, on the other hand, had the *coté gauche*, or liberal side of the Chamber, sufficient confidence in them: hence they had no solid basis. The King thought they were too much influenced by popular opinion; but, after de Villèle's strong anti-popular measures, the concessions they made, appeared to the nation like an acknowledgment of the weakness of a government, which only gave what was wrung from it, instead of spontaneously devising liberal things.* The former administration had trodden on the extreme limit of authorised power, and this aggression had not overawed the liberal party,—the concessions of the present administration were a kind of retreat, not a pacification. Hostility to the Bourbons was gaining ground, and there was an increasing impression that they could not stand.

One of the most popular deeds of this ministry, was their determination not to remove, on account of political opinions, any of the officers who commanded the troops in the Morea. This declaration added to the displeasure of the ultra-royalists, while loud complaints were heard from the liberals, in consequence of a measure of a very different character,—the granting of pensions to peers whose income

* How different a spirit actuated the framers of the English Reform Bill!—many persons of the most liberal politics were not more gratified, than surprised, at the extent and generosity of the plan.

was less than 30,000 francs. At length, the ministry could command neither party, and Charles determined on the experiment of a decidedly royalist government.

De Villèle's ministry had been characterised as *le ministère déplorable*,—that of de Martignac, as *le ministère phraséologiste*,—and now, on the 8th of August, 1829, came *le ministère impossible*, composed of the Prince de Polignac, a bigotted Romanist, who was completely identified with the old regime, Labourdonnaye, a violent partisan of the *coté droit*, or aristocratical side of the Chamber, and other high royalists. The nation saw, in the King's choice, open war with free institutions, and that the attempt to bring the monarchy into union with them was abandoned: hence the cry against the ministry was universal. Labourdonnaye soon resigned; and, after various changes in the cabinet, de Polignac alone retained his place, to guide his new colleagues to the edge of that precipice over which they were about to plunge both themselves, and their infatuated sovereign.

The King's speech, on the 2nd of March, 1830, as remarkable for its graceful emphasis, as for its lofty spirit, caused an instant depression in the funds. The address of the Deputies was carried against the ministers, condemning their presumed line of policy, and respectfully warning the King, of the consequences of continuing in office an administration to which the nation

was strongly hostile. Charles replied that his resolutions were fixed, and that his ministers would represent his views. The Chambers were immediately prorogued, and great excitement followed all over France, accompanied with a furious paper war. Associations were formed for printing pamphlets to oppose the government. The names of the majority who voted the address, were published in various forms,—and to have been *un des* 221, was a badge of honour. The ministers *purified*, as it was called, every branch of the administration, and many *préfets*, and other officers, who were not sufficiently subservient, were dismissed, journalists were prosecuted, and the sale of snuff-boxes and other articles, inscribed '221,' were prohibited.

The anniversary of the entry of Charles X. into Paris, was celebrated with great pageantry, and the deluded monarch, and his ministers, were securely dreaming, amidst the full pomp of monarchy, on the brink of ruin. The Chamber of Deputies was dissolved, to re-assemble in August; and the King sought to influence the elections, by a weak and ridiculous proclamation,—while the ministers plied all the manœuvres used by de Villèle, in 1824. The success of the French arms at Algiers, was known in Paris on the 9th of July; and amidst fêtes, and *Te Deums*, and illuminations, the ministry seemed to think they saw the prelude to gaining a triumph over liberty at home, and some of their abettors broached this doctrine.

De Polignac became more violent and determined, and at the same time more detested; while the priests enchained the conscience of the monarch, and blinded his mental vision. The elections increased the opposition to two hundred and eighty votes. The ministers immediately concerted with the King to suspend the liberty of the press, —and with the will, but without the talent for despotism, they drew up a miserable state-paper, which attempted to shield, by sophistry, what no reasoning could reconcile with the Charter. The celebrated and fatal *ordonnances*, were issued on the 26th of July,—one dissolved the Chamber, and consequently annulled all the elections; a second entirely extinguished the freedom of the press; and the third commanded a new and aristocratical law of election. Most of the liberal journalists determined that their papers should appear, in spite of the *ordonnances;* and their seizure, on the 27th of July, was the signal of revolution.

Desperate conflicts now began, between the people and the soldiery; the Marseillaise Hymn, the song of the revolution, was on innumerable tongues; and all Paris was in arms. The pavements, and the public carriages, were converted into barricades, across the streets and boulevards; and, for three days, the contest was going on, in various parts of the city: in the mean time, Charles had fled,—the tri-colored flag waved over the royal palaces,—and the Bourbons had ceased to reign.

Upwards of 3,000 individuals were killed, or wounded, during the progress of this Revolution,—another awful example of the consequences of attempting to maintain arbitrary power, in opposition to the growth and developement of the national mind! No crisis ever bore more completely the aspect of a struggle for principles. It was a moral revolution, like that of America,—not a scene of anarchy and plunder among citizens,—but of a people fighting for their liberties, against the instruments of arbitrary power.

It is melancholy that so much blood must be shed, to teach princes that they can no longer hold their crowns as an independent patrimony, apart from the voice of those over whom they reign!—The proudest monarchs must be exiles from their thrones, to proclaim to all other potentates, that their power, and their grandeur, exist but for the good of the community:—that hereditary government is but a form, in which the majesty of nations may be embodied most safely for themselves, and that when any *legitimate* ruler ceases to reign for the public weal,—tramples on the sacred claims of freedom,—and forgets the interests of millions in his own will, the time is come for a higher power to utter forth its mandate,—that kings may know that the source of all sovereignty, on earth, is in the people,—before the indignant thunders of whose voice, no tyranny can stand.

LETTER XXII.

Religion in France—History of Protestantism—Persecutions—Present state of Protestantism—Institutions, and exertions—Toleration—Moral state of France—Infidelity—Romanism——Demoralisation of the capital—Versailles—St. Cloud—Mont Calvaire—Ruel—St. Denis—Amiens.

THE entire population of France is estimated at 33,000,000, of whom only about a million and a-half are nominally Protestant: the rest are Roman Catholics and unbelievers. Though, in the large towns, the majority of the *men* may with propriety be regarded as of an infidel character, the great body of the people are still, in a considerable degree, attached to the Romish religion. There has been a gradual re-action, of late years, in its favour, and this has no doubt been very much owing to the bitter experience which many thousands have had, of the effects of infidelity, and their ignorance of a system which can better meet

the wants of the immortal spirit, and lay a more satisfactory foundation for human hope, than Romanism.

The hierarchy and ecclesiastics consist of 14 archbishops,—of whom two are also cardinals,—66 bishops, 174 vicars-general, 680 canons, and 29,495 inferior clergy,—making a total of 30,429. The amount which is to be paid from the treasury for their support, during the year 1836, is 33,976,600 francs, or 1,359,064 pounds sterling; and for 1837, it is likely to be rather more than 34,000,000 of francs. The ministers of the established Protestant church are in number 596, of whom 366 are Reformed, and 230 Lutheran, the latter being chiefly confined to those parts of France which are adjacent to Germany. Each denomination has a Theological College, in which the candidates for the ministry are educated: that of the Reformed Church is at Montauban, and that of the Lutherar at Strasburg. The sum appropriated by the government for the maintenance of the Protestant worship, during the year 1836, is 856,000 francs, or 34,240 pounds; and it is probable that it will be increased, for the following year, to 890,000 francs, or 35,600 pounds.

The history of the Reformed religion in France, has been a truly mournful one. After the sanguinary wars of the League, the Huguenots obtained from Henry IV., in 1598, the celebrated

Edict of Nantes, which guaranteed their civil and religious liberties. The measures of Louis XIII. again roused them to defend their rights by arms, and that monarch was compelled to confirm the Edict. During the greater part of the reign of Louis XIV., this engagement, which he, with his two predecessors, had declared to be perpetual, was shamefully broken; and at length the last semblance of legal protection was removed, by the formal revocation of the Edict, in 1685. This abolition of liberty of conscience, was followed by torture, and military executions, wholesale murders, the destruction of the Protestant churches, and the flight of more than 500,000 of the most virtuous and industrious of the citizens of France, from their native land.

From this period, the Protestants were exposed to every kind of oppression; and during the reign of Louis XV., while religion was reviving in England, by means of the scope which freedom gave to the labours of Whitfield and Wesley, France was filling up the measure of her iniquities, by adding, to the profligacy of her court, and the demoralisation of her people, the guilt of carrying on a fierce persecution against the best part of her population. The Protestants, whose only crime was their religion, were tracked and hunted from their caves and hiding places, by bloodhounds; condemned to prisons and galleys; subjected to various kinds of

torture, with the loss of property and life; and several of their ministers were publicly executed.

It was not till the Revolution was making rapid strides towards producing a universal change, that the Protestants obtained the first shadow of a civil existence, in 1787, through the agency of such men as Turgot, Malesherbes, and especially Lafayette,—men who were among the best and most judicious friends of the unfortunate Louis XVI. But the Protestants were still without freedom: they existed only on sufferance; and they had much to receive from a new order of things, which, however, they were unjustly charged, as a body, with bringing about. Towards the close of 1789, the Romish clergy, many of whom had previously been the promoters of change, became alarmed for the property of the church, and the Protestants were made the scapegoats of the Revolution. The massacres at Nismes, in 1790, and the dreadful re-action which attended them, were occasioned by the attempts of the fanatical partisans to produce a counter-revolution, in the south of France, on pretence of upholding the Romish religion; and the Commissioners appointed by the King and the National Assembly, in their report, entirely vindicated the Protestants from blame.

The confusion and disorganisation that ensued on the progress of the Revolution, gave the fanatic party the opportunity of occasionally renewing

their attacks in the south of France, till the consolidation of power in the strong hand of Bonaparte restrained their fury; and the Protestants, during his sway, enjoyed their civil rights. The Restoration found them honourably sustaining those relations to the State, to which they had been admitted from the beginning of the Revolution; but the proclamation which announced the return of the Bourbons, was the tocsin for the commencement of scenes which were not unworthy of the days of Charles IX., or of the assassinations and butcheries of the Jacobins, in the worst times of the Revolution. The cruel outrages, and the treacherous and atrocious massacres, that took place at Nismes, and in other parts of the department of the *Gard*,* in 1814, 1815, and 1816, by the agency of the partisans of the refugee priesthood, are a blot of infamy on the escutcheon of the Restora-

* Amidst cries of *Vive le Roi*, in the taverns and public places, the sanguinary persecutors were accustomed to sing, in the *patois* of the country, cannibal songs, in the chorus of which were the words,—'*We will wash our hands in the blood of the Protestants —we will make black-puddings of the blood of Calvin's children!*'

Lavaren nostri mans
Din lou sang di Proutestans.
Duon sang deis enfans de Calvin
Faren de boudin.

See the History of the Persecutions of the Protestants, by the Rev Mark Wilks, who has during many years employed himself for the religious benefit of France.

tion which will never be effaced. During these years, and even to a later period, the Protestants were the victims of a ferocious bigotry and intolerance, under the mask of loyalty to the Bourbons; and the government, if it did not connive at their sufferings, at least maintained a faithless and disgraceful indifference to them, notwithstanding the promises of the Charter.

The Revolution of 1830 secured to the Protestants all their rights, and placed them, in relation to the State, on the same footing as the Catholics. Provision has been made that, in the Royal and Communal Colleges, as well as in the Normal and Primary Schools, the children of Protestants may receive instruction in the religious faith of their parents; which law protects them from the proselyting influence of the Catholic priesthood. This just and wise course of policy emanated from the King Louis Philippe himself, and M. Guizot, his late Minister of Public Instruction.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Protestant churches in France, like those in many other parts of the continent, declined greatly from the doctrines and piety of the Reformation; but, for the last fifteen years, evangelical religion has been making gradual progress, and there are now many faithful and zealous ministers of the Gospel.

Numerous institutions have been established, the object of which is to extend the kingdom of Christ: as the *French and Foreign Bible Society;* which, during 1835, the second year of its existence, has distributed six or seven thousand copies of the Scriptures: the *Protestant Bible Society;* which has circulated thousands of the same, for many years: the *Paris Tract Society*, which, in 1834, issued half a million of tracts: a *Missionary Society*, which supports nine labourers in South Africa: a *Society for the Education of Poor Children*, which has nearly 800, in its establishment in Paris: and the important and useful *Evangelical Society*, for promoting in France, the preaching of the Gospel, the dissemination of the Scriptures and religious books, the encouragement of pious schoolmasters, education for the ministry, and the building of chapels.

Good is also attempted from without. The *British and Foreign Bible Society* maintains a large depository in Paris, from which, in 1835, upwards of 60,000 copies of the Scriptures were sent forth to benefit France. *The Evangelical Society of Geneva* employs several preachers, and about twenty *colporteurs*, who labour in the eastern departments of the kingdom. The *European Missionary Society* has also ten or more agents in this wide field: and the *Wesleyan Missionary Society* maintains thirteen or fourteen ministers, of

whom five or six address English congregations in Paris, Boulogne, Calais, and other places; while others preach in French.

So far as *law* extends, toleration, or rather religious liberty, is enjoyed in France; but the efforts which are made, to promote evangelical religion, are still liable to vexatious hindrances. A law exists, directed against seditious publications, which prohibits the sale or distribution of pamphlets, tracts, and the like,—but has been explained, by *ordonnance*, not to include *Bibles*; yet the subordinate officers of the police sometimes give trouble to Bible-agents. Religious tracts cannot be safely distributed without a written license from the *Préfet* of a department, or other officer; and when he happens to be either ignorant or bigotted, the license is difficult to obtain. Redress indeed, in case of grievance, can always be found by applying to the government; but this cannot be done without trouble and delay. By the Charter of 1830, perfect freedom of worship is secured to all; but an old unrepealed law, which forbids an assembly of more than twenty persons, without permission from the magistrates, is sometimes annoyingly brought forward to contravene the Charter. It will require time to drill the local agents, the *Préfets*, and *Sous-Préfets*, who are often under priestly influence, into those just sentiments on this subject, which characterize the government:

but those who have the best means of judging, think there is much in this country to encourage the highest anticipations of Christians.*

The influence which France has exercised on all the surrounding nations, renders its moral and religious state, not only a topic of local, but of European interest. The unbelief which has so widely prevailed, has gone hand in hand with a false philosophy, flattering to the national vanity,—an extreme corruption of manners,—and a despised and palsied system of superstition, which haunted the imagination, when it did not restrain the conduct. The infidelity of France is eminently that of the heart, which has rejected God, for the idolatry of the passions.

The authority of the philosophers has been greatly weakened, in all reflecting minds; and the unbelief of the encyclopædists, has been found to have no real basis, in those sciences which it was wont to boast of as the foundation of its speculations. An enlarged and advanced system of knowledge has brought no incense to the flimsy sophistry of the school of Voltaire, and his kindred band of virtual atheists. Infidelity and materialism have

* For those of the above statements which relate to the present aspect of Protestantism in France, and for some valuable facts of the same kind in regard to Belgium, and Switzerland, the author is indebted to his esteemed friend the Rev. Robert Baird, of Paris.

been felt, by many, to be too cold an abstraction, and connected with too gloomy prospects, to lay a firm hold on the mind. Some of the events of the political world, which have swept over France like a destructive whirlwind, have taught awful lessons of the miseries and horrors, which desolate a nation when the passions of men once break loose, unrestrained by moral principle, and the sanctions of religion!

These and similar considerations, have been forced on the attention of thousands; and however sunk in apathy to religion, or in moral corruption, are millions of the French,—it may be hoped that infidelity has passed the zenith of its pride and glory. It has indeed descended in the scale of society, where it may still be found boldly rearing its head; but men of politics, and literature, and taste, are no longer, as they were half a century ago, in the foreground of unbelief, as the loudest claimants of the character of *esprits forts*. Religion, of some kind, has been felt to be necessary; and since the late revolution, there has been a change in favour of Romanism, a very considerable increase having taken place in the attendance on the Catholic worship, particularly among the superior classes of society. The withholding of political power from the clergy, which has rendered the Revolution of 1830, so obnoxious to them, has been coeval with an increase in their

real influence, and the result has been very far from showing that even a deeply erroneous and corrupt religion must 'lift its mitred front in courts and parliaments,' in order to gain an ascendency over the public mind.

The religious liberty, also, which it is the aim of the new government to secure, has, in some cases, left room for the spontaneous offer of homage to a ceremonial, which lofty spirits, not wholly subdued by superstition, disdained to pay, till they could yield it unbought,—when it was no longer, as in the case of our own once disgraceful Test Act, a moral prostitution for the sake of place and honour. It is true indeed that Romanism has hitherto been the chief gainer by what infidelity has lost; but we must look at the effect of religious liberty on the grand scale. The advantages that will result from leaving religion to itself, to fight its own battles, are becoming every day more apparent in France. It is in this way alone, that the friends of the gospel will be enabled to obtain legitimate and untarnished victories, over a sentimental superstition on the one hand, and a turbulent and democratic atheism on the other. Not long ago, a mistaken suspicion of collusion between the Romish clergy and the government, to restrain the licentiousness of the press, at once opened anew the brazen mouths of infidelity, to vent their rage and venom against Christianity itself.

The irreligion, unbelief, and vice of Paris, have long been a theme of sorrow to the Christian philanthropist, and a master element of social disorder and misery to the nation. The trite remark that '*Paris is France*,' is scarcely less true of its moral influence over the country, than of its political importance. While the revolutions which have occurred in the capital, have quickly extended themselves to the Jura and the Pyrenees, the Belgic border and the Ocean,—the opinions and the manners, the literature and the habits, which are diffused through France, in the great towns, acknowledge Paris as their grand source. It has unquestionably the full influence of a great metropolis; and its own population, of nearly 800,000 souls, gives to it a momentous moral interest. The demoralising practice of gaming is one of the most prominent evils in this vast city; and the precious time that is lost, and the misery that is entailed, by this dominating mischief, and especially the suicides which it occasions, are appalling to contemplate.*

The desecration of the Sabbath, is a characteristic

* There is a place in Paris, on the north bank of the Seine, called *la Morgue*, in which the bodies of persons unknown, that have been found dead, are exposed for three days to public view, that they may be claimed by their relatives; and it is calculated that there are three cases of suicide to one of murder, though instances of the latter frequently occur, from quarrels at the gambling houses.

of Paris, which cannot fail to strike the observation of every Englishman. Extensively as this day of religious privilege is undervalued in our own metropolis, there is no comparison between the two cities, in respect to its outward observance. In Paris, the markets, and half the shops, are open during the morning, and the proportion of *men* who attend worship in the churches is small. After mass the Champ de Mars is frequently the scene of horse-racing, and Charles X., and his court, were accustomed to encourage this Sunday amusement by their presence. Various museums are open to the public during the day; and it is a favourite time for many of the sons of science to make excursions into the country, for the purpose of collecting specimens of vegetable, or mineral nature.

In the evening, the numerous coffee-houses are full, the shops are shut, the semblance of religion which the morning attendance in the churches presented, is over; the public gardens, and all the humbler rendezvous of pleasure in the environs, are thronged; the theatres are open; the Champs Elysées, and the Boulevards, are crowded; and gaiety and dissipation reign triumphant. The Christian Sabbath has thus been almost universally lost, as to its effect on the population; and the Catholic religion has proved but an inefficient control to the depravity of this great city, which is one of the

most licentious in Christendom. With an external decency of manners,—with less of vulgar and obtrusive vice, than is seen in the English capital, Paris is unquestionably in a far more extensively and deeply diseased moral condition.* Vice is here legitimated, and can lift its head as virtue, without a brand. Domestic life, the cradle of national morality, the guarantee of social order, and the nursery of religion, has long been strangely and extensively polluted; the home has ceased to be the school of virtue, and a predominant licentiousness, and a laxity in the conjugal bond, have converted the hearth into an altär to vice. The gospel will here have to gain triumphs, almost similar to those which it has achieved in heathen countries, in altering the very structure of society, and in annihilating practices which, though utterly repugnant to Christianity, have obtained the sanction of custom, and are not considered disreputable, in the heart of Christendom.

Few strangers visit Paris without making an excursion to the sumptuous palace of VERSAILLES: nor is there any other single object that conveys

* For several years in succession, 8,000 children, born in Paris, have been deserted by both their parents, and left to the care of the hospitals.

such an impression of the luxury and grandeur of the reign of Louis XIV.,—that brilliant and delusive æra in the French monarchy, which was but the prelude to its decline and fall. The city of Versailles itself, one of the most beautiful in France, is overlooked by the traveller, in his admiration of the vast and splendid château, the apartments of which are in number upwards of 1,500; and the whole extent of the western front is nearly 2,000 feet.

The extensive gardens are as striking as the fabric itself; and the vast basins, the splendid water-works, and fountains; the pavilions and temples; the innumerable statues; the parterres, the shrubberies, and the orangery; the magnificent avenues; the exquisite secluded spots, among which are the *Bains d'Apollon*, and the *Bosquet de la Colonnade;*—in short, the objects of lavish grandeur, which are seen on every side, including the two small palaces within the precincts,—and the theatrical effect of the whole scene, complete the picture of a reign of magnificent conceptions, and of the triumph of the arts,—but, at the same time, of unbounded and ruinous luxury; and a melancholy gloom seemed to overhang the tranquil lake, which lay solemnly shaded at the extremity of the vista formed by the trees of the great avenue which leads from the terrace; and the silent stateliness and pomp of all things, appeared fraught

with the images of revolution, and to tell of those scenes with which it here opened on astonished Europe.

ST. CLOUD is a *bijou* of a palace, with an elegant and costly interior, and noble gardens. This was the favourite residence of Bonaparte; and it was at this place that he began his extraordinary career, by dissolving the Directory who were holding their session in one of the halls. Here too was signed the second capitulation of Paris, when the mighty chief finally ceased to reign.—On the way from this place the rich and beautiful collection of porcelain, in the manufactory at *Sèvres*, well repaid our curiosity.

On a former visit to Paris, a remarkable scene presented itself at *Mont Calvaire*, at the fête of the '*exaltation of the holy cross.*' Nothing could exceed this exhibition of superstition. Three crosses, with figures on them as large as life, stood on the summit of the hill; and, below, a ghastly figure represented Christ in the tomb, round which devotees were kneeling, and offering tapers. The adjacent church was crowded with worshippers; and after mass, the Bishop of Nancy, in his robes and mitre, with his crosier in his hand, and attended by a train-bearer, walked down the hill, in procession, to the grave-yard, and, standing amidst the tombs, delivered an address to the living, exhorting them to pray for the departed. The people afterwards

re-ascended the hill, singing one of the *Cantiques de Calvaire*, which expressed, in the most harrowing language, the lamentations and cries of a soul in purgatory. What a strange mixture do Paris, and its environs, present, of superstition and infidelity!

St. Denis is a place of great interest, as the burial place of the French kings, for more than a thousand years. Louis XIV. declared that the reason why he left his palace at St. Germain was, that he did not like to see the steeple of St. Denis always before his eyes. Alas! the glories of his reign were not those which would tend to render agreeable the contemplation of the hour, when he must be numbered among his ancestors, in the last of all pomps, that of death!—During the Revolution, so great was the hatred against monarchy, that the bodies of several of the kings were dragged from their repose, and their bones scattered in the air; but the tombs have been restored, and the crypts in which they are contained, constitute one of the most impressive and interesting sights in the neighbourhood of Paris. In one part of the vaults, we saw the coffin of the unfortunate Prince de Condé, in a dark apartment, gloomily lighted by a lamp which is always kept burning.

The church itself is undergoing a thorough repair, and will be one of the most brilliant temples of Romanism, though the oriflamme of the ancient kings no longer waves over its altar, and its trea-

sury, once among the richest in Christendom, is despoiled. The tomb of Francis I., which is in the nave, is considered the finest in France. Bonaparte did much to restore this beautiful church, after it was dismantled, in the reign of anarchy: and he was ambitious to mingle his ashes here, with those of the legitimate monarchs, in a vault, for the security of which he prepared massy brazen gates:—but his last home was destined to be in another, and far distant clime.

A tedious journey to Calais, of two nights and a day, relieved by a stay at AMIENS just long enough to inspect the stately cathedral,—and a short but stormy passage across the channel,—brought us to the white cliffs of Dovor, and to the shores which Almighty Goodness defended by the billows that roll upon them, when the flames of war desolated the Continent of Europe.

THE END.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

00085056

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016